

Rich^d Bigland
SELECT *Prose*

1760.

NOVELS,

TRANSLATED

From the FRENCH of
Madame De GOMEZ.

V I Z.

Effects of Simpathy.

Clodomark.

Fair Gardener.

Sequel to the Vestal.

The Vestal.

Tartarian Prince.

Never before Published.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Published by T. GARDNER, at
Cowley's-Head against *St. Clement's Church*,
in the *Strand*; and W. SHROPSHIRE in
New-Bond-Street.

MDCCXLV.





T H E P R E F A C E,

NOVELS are now so general a Taste in the polite World, and are in reality so agreeable a Manner of conveying Instruction into the Minds of Youth, and forming their Ideas to the Love of Virtue, when they are wrote with that proper Regard to Morality and Decency which ought never to be neglected; that it is presumed the giving the English Reader a Specimen of a Collection which is so justly celebrated Abroad, and has had so considerable Success both in France and Holland, cannot but be esteemed a reasonable Attempt to please, and as such may hope for a favourable Reception.

The Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, of
Madame De Gomez, from which these
were

were selected, are universally allowed to be, in the Original, the best wrote Things of their Kind: How far the same Delicacy of Sentiment and Elegance of Expression are preserved in the English Translation, must be submitted to the Judgment of the Public, whose Applause will always be the most certain Test of a Writer's Merit.



SELECT



SELECT
NOVELS.

MEMOIRS of the Count and
Countess D'ORNEVAL.

O R,
The EFFECTS of SYMPATHY.

HE Count *d'Orneval* was of one of the best Families in the Province of *Agenois*. As he was an only Son, his Father married him when he had scarce attain'd his twentieth Year, lest the great Estate he was to inherit, should run a Hazard of passing into a collateral Line. Though the Count entered into that Engagement merely out of Obedience, and tho' his Heart even felt an Inclination for a young Person of Condition, an intimate Friend of her who was chosen for his
B Wife,

Wife, yet he made no Effort to prevent it; his Inclination being either less strong than his Submission to paternal Orders, or at least, his Reason triumphing over his Passion, he testified no Repugnance to this Marriage; so that Madame *d'Orneval* never perceiv'd that her Friend would have been preferr'd had he been his own Master; nor had her Friend on her side had any Suspicion of the Passion she had created, she would not perhaps have been insensible to it, her Heart having as favourable a Disposition for the Count as his could have for her; but both of them, as reserved as they were wise and prudent, had carefully conceal'd these secret Emotions, and each of them in private applauded themselves for it when they were obliged to enter into different Engagements. The Count having married *Mariane de Rismont*, which was the Name of Madame *d'Orneval*, and *Silvia de Tonnin's* her Friend having united herself to the Marquis *de la Sagne*.

These Marriages, which were celebrated almost at the same Time in the City of *Agen*, having obliged the two Families to reciprocal Civilities, the Friendship which reign'd between Madame *d'Orneval* and Madame *de la Sagne* was mutually increas'd by it; and as the Count and the Marquis had a settled Esteem for each other, there soon arose the strictest Intimacy between these four Persons. In the meantime the Count and Countess *d'Orneval* liv'd in the most perfect Intelligence, and Madame *de la Sagne* in the same with the Marquis; and them by degrees being
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led into a Habitude of each others pleasing Society, they form'd a Resolution of never separating: and to perpetuate to their Posterity this Friendship, they agreed to unite in Marriage all the Children of different Sexes which should be born of them; and to give more Force to this reciprocal Promise, they sign'd a Deed to that Purpose before a Notary.

Their Wishes were not long before they were fulfill'd; Madame *d'Orneval* brought into the World a Son; and some short Time after, Madame *de la Sagne* was delivered of a Daughter. The Joy of both Families was excessive; and desirous that their Children might from that Instant conceive for each other Sentiments of Tenderness that might be Proof against the Incidents to which the Life of Man is subject, they gave them both to the same Nurse. As Madame *d'Orneval* had already chose out one, and as she was capable of accomplishing this Design, the little *Silvia de la Sagne* was deliver'd to her, whom she nursed together with the young Count *d'Orneval*, not doubting but that the being brought up together from their earliest Infancy would create in their Hearts that Sympathy so necessary to the Felicity of those who engage in a married State. These two Infants, even at that Time, gave a Promise that they would be the most amiable Creatures upon Earth; and they perceiv'd, with equal Surprize and Satisfaction, that by a singular Effect of Nature they were both brought into the World with a Branch of Myrtle imprinted beneath their left Breast, as if Providence, seconding the Intention of

their Parents, had been willing to assure them by that of the Love they should have for each other, and the Approbation it gave to their Union. These amiable Children confirm'd this Opinion still more strongly by the tender Attachment which they testified to each other even from the Cradle, not being able to support the smallest Absence, or to let the Nurse separate them tho' but for a Moment. They lived in this Manner till they were two Years old, and the Count *d'Orneval* and the Marquis *de la Sagne* were considering upon their being brought back to them, when the Countess was attack'd with a contagious Distemper, which after eight painful Days brought her to the Grave. Though Monsieur *d'Orneval* had married her without being in Love, yet he was extremely sensible of her Loss, the Merit and the Virtue of that Lady having render'd her excessively dear to him.

Madame *de la Sagne* was in the utmost Concern, she had never quitted her a Moment during her Illness, and at the last Moments of it she had discours'd to her in so moving a Manner, conjuring her to take upon her the Care of her Son and be as a Mother to him, that she thought she could never feel a more lively Sorrow; but she soon found that there were Ties still more cruel to be broken than those of Friendship. The Funeral Honours had been scarcely paid to the Countess, when the Marquis *de la Sagne* was seiz'd with the same Distemper. The Count *d'Orneval* never abandon'd him, and he and the Marchioness took the same assiduous Care of him as they

COUNT D'ORNEVAL, &c. 6

they had before done of the Countess. But notwithstanding all their Attention, and the Art of the most able Physicians, he expired the eighth Day, leaving *Madame de la Sagne* and the Count *d'Orneval* in a Situation not to be express'd. The Marquis had behaved to *Madame de la Sagne* with the utmost Complacency, and given her so many Marks of Esteem and Tendernefs that she at last had truly loved him, and it was imagined she could not survive him: so many fatal Events happening at once took from the Count all Methods of consoling her, being himself in the same melancholy Situation.

In the mean time their common Friends employed themselves so assiduoufly, and remonstrated to them so strongly, of what Consequence it was to preserve themselves for the Sake of their Children, the sole Pledges of those Ties so lately broken, that they recall'd their Reason, and made Nature triumph over conjugal Love. But *Madame de la Sagne*, unable to support living in the City, and in the House which continually renewed in her Memory the Loss which she had undergone, took a Resolution to pass some Time in the Country: she inform'd the Count of it, and conjur'd him to let her take his Son along with her, lest, by separating him from the young *Silvia*, some Accident might happen to them both; and that at her Return they would take proper Measures to make their Education continue on together with their Friendship. Tho' the Death of *Madame d'Orneval* was still too recent for the Count to have any Thoughts

but those of Sorrow; yet the secret Inclination he still preserv'd for the Marchioness not permitting him to refuse her any thing, he consented without Hesitation to the Departure of his Son. He judg'd also, that as Decency would require that Madam *de la Sagne*, now a Widow young and beautiful, should not receive his Visits so frequently as in the Lifetime of her Husband, his Son would be a plausible Pretext for seeing her often without giving a Licence to Reproach. The Marchioness, who unknown to herself was as far from being cured of that Inclination which byass'd them to each other, was charm'd with his Complaisance, and felt a secret Joy at the innocent Stratagem by which she had procur'd herself the Pleasure of sometimes enjoying the Presence of a Man whom she imagin'd was only dear to her because she regarded him as the Father of him who was to be her Son-in-Law.

It was with these Dispositions that they parted, the Marchioness to endeavour to amuse herself at a Country-Seat which she possess'd some Leagues from *Agen*, and the Count remaining in the City to regulate several Affairs relating to the Inheritance of his Father who was then dead, and to the Estate which was to revert to the young *d'Orneval* upon the Death of his Mother. The Country and its rural Amusements soon produced an Effect upon the Mind of Madame *de la Sagne*, and the Pleasure she took in the innocent Carresses of her Daughter and the young Count, having entirely banish'd all Sorrow from her

Breast, she passed for seven Months the most easy and agreeable Life. The Count often visited her in her Retirement, and never quitted her without Pain. She felt not much less; but both of them attributing these Emotions to Causes very different from the Truth, they mutually concealed them from each other; Count *d'Orneval* imagining that the Love he had for his Son was the Source of his Uneasiness when he quitted the Marchioness; and that beautiful Woman believing that that unusual Melancholy, which seized her upon his Departure, had no other Motive but that of finding herself alone after having possessed an agreeable Companion. But a Misfortune, which neither of them could foresee, at length opened their Eyes to their own Sentiments, and constrained their Passion to throw off its Disguise. As the Nurse of the young *d'Orneval*, and of *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, was a Woman of Sense and Prudence, as she was of a good Family and had been properly educated, the Time of her being to nurse these Children was no sooner ceased, than, by the unanimous Consent of their Parents, she had been named their Governess, to take care of them under that Title till it was a proper Time to trust their Education into other Hands; and it was in this Quality that she accompanied them to the Country-Seat of *Madame de la Sagne*.

This Retirement was composed of a large Building in the antique Taste, but convenient and magnificent, and of a small Park planted in a regular manner, and which, to render it more agreeable, had a back Gate that opened

8 MEMOIRS of

to the Banks of the River *Garonne*. A little Wood, which separated the Park from the high Road and the River, was the usual Walk of the Marchioness and her Children, that Place being the more agreeable, as, without being overlook'd, they could see every thing that passed by, and enjoy a View up the River to its farthest Extent. The Governess, who took an equal Pleasure in it with Madame *de la Sagne*, often conducted thither her two Pupils without the Marchioness. One Day, when that Lady had no Inclination to go out, the Governess, according to her usual Custom, carried the young Count and *Silvia* to enjoy the Air in the Wood. It was excessively hot, and after these Infants had played together for some time, Sleep having overcome them, the Governess chose out the coolest and most shady Place, and seating herself at the Foot of a Tree, she laid the little *Silvia* upon her Knees, and placed the young *d'Orneval* so as that his Head might rest upon her Arm; and in this Situation, her Spirits being exhausted by the Heat of the Weather, they all three fell into a most profound Sleep.

The Time which this fatal Repose lasted is unknown; but it is certain that the Governess awaked not out of it till she was roused by the redoubled Cries of the little *Silvia*, accompanied with Tears and Sobbs. This Woman awaking with a Start, immediately looked around her to see the Cause of so many Tears: but what was her Astonishment and her Concern, when she saw the young Count was not with her, nor that she could not perceive him

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as far as her Eyes could reach? Senseless and trembling she caught up *Silvia* in her Arms, who never ceased crying, and run thro' all the Paths of the Wood, search'd, call'd, wept, and groan'd, and finding nothing, wrought up to the highest Pitch of Despair, she returns to the House, goes up to the Apartment of the Marchioness, and throwing herself at her Feet, relates to her what had happened, and conjures her to put her to Death. It is easy to conceive the Situation into which this News must throw *Madame de la Sagne*; but losing no Time in useless Tears, she made her People immediately mount their Horses, and ordering them to take different Ways upon the Banks of the River *Garonne*, she conjured them to neglect nothing that could discover what was become of the Child; and at the same Instant dispatched a Messenger to the Count, to beg he would repair to her immediately, hoping that his Prudence might imagine better Methods than she could of finding out his Son.

The different Agitation and Movements that she gave herself having for some time suspended her Sorrow, she was not sensible of the Violence of it till the Return of her People, who informed her that their Search had been fruitless. It was then that reflecting upon the Condition into which this Loss would throw the Count, the Reproaches he would have a Right to make her, and above all, the Hatred that so cruel an Adventure might create in his Heart towards her, she abandoned herself to the utmost Depair. Tho' she tenderly loved the young *d'Orneval*, and was livelily touched with

with his Misfortune ; tho' she was too sensible that the Consequences of his Death or his being stolen was what interested her much more ; yet the Fear of losing the Esteem, the Confidence, and the Sight of the Father, affected her still more strongly than the Destiny of the Son. This Discovery of her Sentiments recalling to her Memory those she had felt before her Marriage, she perceived with equal Confusion and Surprize that they were not changed ; that, on the contrary, Love had only disguised itself to maintain the Possession of her Heart ; that enchain'd for a Time by Virtue and Duty, it had listened to their Dictates ; but that since her Widowhood breaking its Chains and triumphing over her Reason, it had so fully established itself in her Heart, that it was no longer in her Power to banish it from thence. However, the more Force her Passion had, the more she apprehended the Anger of the Count ; she even repented that she had sent for him ; and not knowing how she could possibly support his Presence, she dreaded it as much as she had before desired it.

Monsieur d'Orneval, who, on his side, had made serious Reflections upon the Emotion which the Sight and Absence of the Marchioness gave him, and who was obliged to own to himself that he was the most passionate of Lovers, had no sooner received her Express, than charm'd with being necessary to her, and that she should desire his Presence, he departed with all the Eagerness of a Man who knows no Happiness but with the Object of his Love, and repaired to her House. The whole Family

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was in Consternation; but as he was ignorant of the Loss of his Son, *Madame de la Sagne* having forbid her Messenger to inform him of it, and his Thoughts too much employed to take notice of the Concern which was spread upon the Countenance of the Domesticks, he went to the Apartment of the Marchioness, without any other Thought but that of seeing her. The Moment he was named she advanced to meet him, and conducted him to her Closet, her Eyes bath'd with Tears, her Heart full off Sighs, and unable to pronounce one Word.

So melancholy a Reception could not fail of alarming the Count, all his Joy vanished in a Moment, and looking upon the Marchioness with an Air conformable to her own—What Misfortune, Madam, said he to her, can have put you into the Condition I now see you in? What can have happened to you? And what can be done to restore your Tranquillity? Command me, without Hesitation, my Fortune, my Arm, and my Life, are more yours than my own.

Ah! Count, cried she at length, I kept too ill the Pledges you have already entrusted me with, ever to demand any other from you; and far from wanting your Life, I wish, by offering my own, I might repair the Loss you have sustained, of which I alone am the Cause. The abundance of her Tears prevented her from continuing her Discourse, and *d'Orneval* not doubting but these Words regarded the young Count—What, returned he, with the utmost Affliction, is my Son dead? His Death, replied she, would have been perhaps less sensible

sible to us than what has happened; we should have used the utmost Affiduity for his Recovery; you would have been Witness of the Progress, or of the small Success of the Remedies which were applied; you would have had nothing to reproach me with; and, in fine, we should have exhorted each other to see his Death with Patience, as we know there is no appointed Age for the quitting this Life; but that having entrusted him to my Care, I should have the Imprudence to repose that Trust upon another, and that he should be stolen even almost before my Eyes, without my knowing how, by whom, or what is become of him, is a Crime that I can never forgive myself of, and for which, I believe, I shall never be consoled.

The Count loved his Son with too much Tenderness not to be penetrated with Grief at this News; Nature produced its Effect: he fell into a Chair like a Man struck with a Blow that had been given him; and fixing his Eyes upon the Ground, he remained above a Quarter of an Hour in deep Silence; during which the Marchioness finished her Relation of this Accident, and of the Movements she had given herself in order to search for the Child. But this is far from being enough, continued she, to repair my Fault and your Loss; I say to myself every thing that you might say to me; I am conscious of the Extent of my Negligence; I consider only in what manner I may punish myself for it, at least I shall have the Consolation of putting that into your Power, and it was with that Intention only that I desired your Presence: therefore, my
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Lord, added she, accept my Estate, and that of my Daughter; leave me only what is sufficient to retire with her into a Convent, where I will take the Veil, and persuade her to take it when she is of a proper Age, if Heaven grants me her Life so long: all that I possess was to have been your Son's; I have lost him, it is just therefore to make you the Possessor of it. If my Daughter was capable of reinstating him, or that her Life could satisfy you, I would freely leave you the Master of it; however, dispose of her Fate, I abandon her to you, and will submit, without murmuring, to whatever you ordain: still too happy if our Lives and our Fortunes can fully satisfy your just Revenge. The Marchioness spoke from her inmost Heart, her Tears confirmed the Sincerity of her Words; they roused the Count from his fatal Reverie, and lifting his Eyes upon her, she appeared so beautiful in her Sorrow, that he felt his own diminish at the Sight, and his Love increase; and perceiving that she waited for his Answer—I cannot deny, Madam, said he to her, but that the Loss of my Son is extremely sensible to me, the Ties were too strong that attached me to him to be capable of regarding this Misfortune with Firmness. If he was dear to me by the Rights of Blood and Nature, he was still more so by the Chains of that pleasing Alliance which he was to have form'd between us; yet however great my Despair may be, it cannot blind me to that Degree as to render you answerable for this fatal Event, or to accept those Offers, which, far from softening, would inviolably

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augment my Sorrows. It is surely enough, good Heaven, added he sighing, to lose my Son, without depriving myself of the only Consolation that is left me: I find it in you, Madam, continued he; our Misfortunes are almost equal; I mourn a Son, and you regret a Son-in-Law; I ought not to be less sensible of your Loss than you have been of mine: All my Fortune would have passed with my Son into your Family by his espousing *Silvia*; but since Providence has disposed otherwise of his Fate, let us repair our common Misfortune by forming a Tie more strong than even that which was to have united us; and since you render me Master of the Destiny of your Daughter, suffer her to become mine; and by attaching myself to you by the holiest Ties, let me in the Place of a Husband restore her a Father; it is the only Means of drying up my Tears, and making me forget the Loss of a Son. I shall go to use the utmost Diligence to find out his Destiny; but whatever that may be, mine can never be happy unless you consent to unite it to yours.

Tho' Madame *de la Sagne* had not the least Expectation of this Proposition, and that she was extremely surprized with it, yet still her Heart felt a secret Satisfaction at it; she however constrained herself; and preserving her usual Moderation in so delicate a Conjunction, she answered the Count with Prudence, that tho' she was perswaded this Motion proceeded solely from an Excess of Generosity, yet she was not less sensible of the Honour he did her; but that notwithstanding the Difference of
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their Fortunes, the Family of *la Sagne* being far from the Opulence of that of *d'Orneval*, she would not abuse his Bounty; that he should always dispose of the Fate of her Daughter, and that, without forming an Union which he might perhaps hereafter repent of, she should make it the strictest Duty to herself to leave him the Disposer of the Fortunes and Destiny of the Mother and the Daughter.

These few Words having assured the Count of his Happiness, he expressed himself by the most tender Thanks; and, as if the Consent of the Marchioness had reanimated his Love for his Son, he took fresh Resolution to spare nothing that might conduce to his Discovery. In effect, *Madame de la Sagne* and he departed the same Day for *Agen*, where he informed the Magistrates of this Accident, and took the necessary Measures in case he should have been stolen away, as all Appearances seemed to prove. There was strict Search made throughout the Wood, and in all Places adjacent; and nothing being found that could give any room to imagine that the Child had been carried off and devoured by some wild Beast, there was the greatest Reason to imagine that some Villain had been the Occasion of it. The Count *d'Orneval* was extremely rich; his sole Heir, in case he died without Children, was a Cousin-German; and it might be suppos'd that this Relation, who was not in affluent Circumstances, had been not too well satisfied with his Marriage and the Birth of the young Count. On the other side, the Heirs of *Madame d'Orneval* had also an Interest in the

Death of this Child, that the Fortune of its Mother might be returned. All these Things gave violent Suspicions of a premeditated Attempt; however, as nothing could be proved against them, and that the Count would not begin a Process which might dishonour the Relations of his late Wife, being fully persuaded that from whatever Hand it came he should never see his Son again, and that doubtless they had murdered the poor little Innocent, he rather chose to restore the Fortune of its Mother, than to disclose a Crime, the Punishment of which would be an eternal Blot upon the Family, and even be a Blemish to his Son, if he should ever be restored to him again.

In regard to his own Relation, he thought that if he had been capable of such a Treason, with the Hopes that his Estate would revert to him, he should be sufficiently revenged upon him by his marrying again, and that he would find his Punishment in the Inutility of his Crime. Thus, therefore, after having made all the Enquiries that were possible, having promised the most excessive Recompence to whoever should bring back the Child, (who was easy to be known by the extraordinary Mark he brought into the World with him) and taken all the necessary Precautions which might put him in a Condition to re-demand the Fortune of his late Wife if his Son should be restored to him, he espoused Madame *de la Sagne*, adopted her Daughter, and, by his Contract of Marriage, named her his sole Heiress in case he had no Children by this
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second Marriage, and declared, that if he had she should share equally with them. This Hymen was celebrated without any Magnificence, but with the mutual Satisfaction of them both. The new Countess spared nothing that might make the Count forget the Loss of his Son; and by her Affiduity, her Tenderness, and her Complaisance, she soon succeeded in making him easy. In the mean time the young *Silvia de la Sagne* increased continually in Beauty as she did in Age; and as one Misfortune naturally leads us to apprehend another, Madame d'Orneval, dreading lest she should have the same Destiny as the Count, never suffered her to be from under her Sight, and became her first Governess. Her Education gave her no Pain, Heaven having endowed this beauteous Maid with all the Qualities that render a Person of her Age and Condition worthy of Esteem: her Sense and her Discretion much exceeded her Age: and four Years having run on since the Countess's Marriage without her having any Child, the Count having no Hopes to see one born, attached himself so strongly to *Silvia*, that she could not have been more tenderly beloved by her own Father than she was by him. Madame d'Orneval had inspired her so very early with Sentiments of Love and Respect for the Count, that he had the Joy to see her return his Affection as perfectly as he could desire. It was in this manner that near twenty Years had passed, during which the Beauty and the shining Fortune of Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* had occasioned very considerable Proposals; but this

charming Person dissatisfied with their Addresses, and feeling an invincible Repugnance to them all, so earnestly demanded of the Count and Countess not to engage her in the Laws of Hymen, that they were obliged to consent to it, loving her too much to be able to constrain her. She was not ignorant to whom she had been destined, *Madame d'Orneval* had concealed nothing from her that had passed between the Count and her upon that Occasion, and they often regretted together the Loss of the young *d'Orneval*: *Silvia* even imagined she could remember having seen him, and whether, notwithstanding her early Infancy, she had really preserved the Idea of him, or that having several times heard the Adventure related which separated them, she had her Mind fill'd with it, she never spoke of it without Emotion, and protested that she perfectly remembered the Sorrow she felt and the Cries she made when he was forced away; but that she had no Idea of those who then offered themselves to her Sight, nor could she recollect whether it was Man or Beast; however, the Impression that this Accident had made upon her Heart was so strong, and the invincible Ties which attached her to the young Count, had fixed her Heart in such a manner, that she felt the utmost Indifference for all those who made any Proposals; and she confessed there were Moments in which her Soul was involuntarily concerned, and sigh'd after an Object whose Absence gave it Pain. This had made her Contract a kind of Melancholy which it was not in her Power to conquer.

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But that Air of Languor, far from diminishing her Charms, served only to render them more redoubtable; and if the Desire of pleasing had accompanied the Graces which darted from her Eyes, there are few of her Sex who could have extended their Conquests farther. Monsieur and Madame *d'Orneval* used their utmost Efforts to determine her to enter into an Engagement; and as they were conscious of her Prudence and her Virtue, they left her Mistress of her Choice, assuring her that they would subscribe to it. She expressed the most lively Gratitude for their Goodness, but made no Use of it; and steady in her Resolution of flying the Bands of Hymen, she made them so plainly apprehend that it would render her miserable, that they spoke of it no more, and dismissed all those who addressed her. However, the Countess surprized that with so much Beauty and so many Adorers, she should preserve this Insensibility, made her one Day some gentle Reproaches upon that Head, but with her usual Tenderness and Softness. My Dear *Silvia*, said she to her, I dread lest this Indifference that you now think an Honour to you, should become the Source of Misfortune; for certainly the Heart was formed to feel Emotion, and none can boast that they have never loved; you will one Day love, perhaps place your Inclination ill, and blush at it; you will endeavour to vanquish it, and for ever lose your Repose; but if you take a Husband worthy of you, the Obligations of performing your Duty, the Cares that Marriage always exacts, and the Occupations of a
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virtuous Wife, will preserve you from this Precipice.

I hope, Madam, return'd she, that I have given you no Reason to suspect that I shall ever have Sentiments contrary to my Birth; I even dare to assure you that they shall be always worthy of the Education that I have receiv'd: but to dissipate in some degree the Fear which seems to possess you, I shall not disguise that it is not in the least the Insensibility of my Heart which gives me a Dislike to Marriage. I shall astonish you, I believe, Madam, continued she, but the pleasing Liberty in which you have brought me up, of telling you all my Thoughts, does not permit me to conceal from you what passes in my Breast: I love, added she sighing, but without having any real Object; something occupies my Heart, and I am ignorant what it is; it searches, waits, and flatters itself every Moment with seeing it appear: I have used my utmost Efforts to find it in the Number of those whom you proposed to my Choice; but how far distant are they from the Perfections of him of whom I have form'd to myself so charming an Idea? such doubtless if the young Count *d'Orneval* had lived would he have been; he was destin'd for me, and by a Capriciousness that I cannot understand, he is the only one that presents himself to my Mind when I wish to realize the Object which must triumph over my Liberty. With such Sentiments you cannot apprehend that Love should overcome my Reason: a Man so perfect, as the Image I represent to myself, cannot be unworthy of entering into

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our Family : the Qualities which I give him are not found where there is no Birth, and no Education, so by consequence I shall never blush at my Choice ; and if Heaven has not form'd such a Man, and that my Idea is only a Chimera which owes its Being to my difficult Taste, you have still less Reason to fear for my Repose and for my Honour.

However extraordinary the Discourse of *Silvia* appear'd to the Countess, it was accompany'd with so much Reason that she could not oppose it ; she only therefore endeavour'd to prove to her that the most innocent Things, carried to a certain Degree, became as unjust as those which were so in all their Circumstances ; that real Wisdom consisted as much in regulating our Ideas, as our Actions ; and that it was as blameable to fight after Things impossible, as to abandon one's self to those which were improper ; that the Phantom, after which her Imagination made her search, seem'd still more dangerous to her Repose than a Passion whose Object was real ; that she was charm'd to find her so difficult upon the Merit of the Object that could move her ; but that she must not suffer her Prejudices to carry her too far, since it was certain there was nothing perfect here below ; and that she conjured her to employ all the Strength of her Reason to stop the Progress of the Ideas she had form'd.

Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* received this Remonstrance with Submission, and promised the Countess to follow her prudent Advice ; and she herself was conscious what must be the Consequence

Consequence of this Situation of her Heart: she endeavoured earnestly to retrieve its Liberty, but in vain; the invincible Object which had seized upon it was too strong for her to drive it out; the more she wished to turn her Thoughts another way, the more strongly they were attached to it; and seeing that her Efforts to vanquish it were useless, she only endeavoured with the more Care to conceal what passed within her Breast; and in several Conversations which she had with the Countess upon this Subject, she constrained herself so well, that she imagined her entirely cured of that Weakness. She was in this Situation when Madame *d'Orneval* received a Letter from a Sister that she had at *Paris*, who was extremely dear to her, and who by the Distance of Place despairing ever to see her more, expressed the painful Concern she felt at their Destiny's having settled them so far from each other, and that the Distance which parted them was so great an Obstacle to the Pleasure she wish'd of seeing her, of knowing Monsieur *d'Orneval*, and expressing her Tenderness for Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, whose astonishing Beauty and uncommon Qualities Fame had not left her ignorant of. The Count was present at the reading of this Letter; and seeing that it drew Tears from Madame *d'Orneval*, he asked her, smiling, if she should like to take that Journey. The Countess answered in the same Tone, that nothing in the World could give her so much Pleasure; that her Sister had educated her; that she had always loved and revered her as if she had been a Mother;

Mother; and that rightly judging that her advanced Age made her apprehend she should die without seeing her again, she should have been charmed to have been able to give her that Satisfaction; but that her Reason having the Superiority over her Desires, she easily made them submit to her Duty; and that thus attaching herself to her Husband and her Daughter preferably to her Sister, she could not think it proper to exact this Journey from their Complaisance, nor to separate from them in order to perform it alone.

We will not separate, resumed the Count, my Design is that we should make it together; and since *Silvia* will never quit us, and makes the pleasing us her only Pleasure, it is but just to procure her some Amusement; she knows only her own Province, she sees no Person here worthy of her, let us conduct her to another Place, perhaps she may find there the Termination of this Indifference which deprives her of a Husband. Tho' this Design appeared to be formed only in Raillery, it was executed seriously. The Count *d'Orneval* had an extreme Desire to marry Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* whilst he lived, and to give his Name to him whom she should marry; and as he was almost as difficult as she was, and that he saw nothing in the Province that satisfied his Delicacy, he had for some Days fixed a Resolution of conducting her to *Paris* with the Countess, that they might enjoy the Pleasures of that great City, and that he might introduce *Silvia* to the Court, and see whether in the Number of the shining Youth of Quality who
composed

composed it, there was not one who might determine her to change her Condition, persuaded that her Beauty, her Virtue, and her Riches, would not fail of meeting many Admirers; and it was with this Thought that he seized the Pretext which the Letter of his Sister-in-Law gave him, he communicated his Ideas to the Countess, who having no Will but his, immediately approved them, and regulated every thing in order to fulfil them.

As to *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* all Places upon Earth were equal to her; however, she was not sorry to have an Opportunity of diverting herself. The secret Trouble with which her Heart was agitated began to make her uneasy, and in the Hope that a Diversity of Objects would amuse and relieve her, she prepared for her Departure with a Joy she had never yet felt. *Monsieur d'Orneval* possess'd so affluent a Fortune, as put him in a Situation of sacrificing large Sums to his Pleasure without any Inconvenience; and as he was naturally magnificent, he spared nothing that might make his Appearance in *Paris*, and at the Court, do him Honour. He writ to a Friend of his in that City to hire him a Hôtel, and sent away his Equipages a Month before him, that he might find every thing ready for his Reception at his Arrival, and kept no Servants to accompany him but two Valets de Chambre; and when he heard that he was impatiently expected he set forward on his Journey. *Madame d'Orneval* was in her Litter with her Daughter, the Count and his two Valets de Chambre were on Horseback, and
were

were to take fresh Relays every Night. The Women of the Countess were departed before by the publick Coaches, to be always ready at the Places where they stopt to refresh themselves. The Beginning of the Journey was extremely agreeable; Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* appear'd in a charming Gaiety, and had never appear'd so satisfied, and so beauteous. This Joy continued till they reach'd *Limoges*; but at some Distance from this City, traversing through a thick Forest which they were obliged to pass through, six Horsemen mask'd, and with Pistol's cock'd, attack'd the Count, kill'd the Muletier, and endeavour'd to force Madame *d'Orneval* and her Daughter out of the Litter.

'Tis easy to judge with what Terror they were seiz'd, and with what Shrieks they made the Forest resound. Monsieur *d'Orneval*, less astonish'd with his own Danger than at that of two Persons so justly dear to him, supported by his Valets de Chambre, immediately fired at those who would have forced them from him, and kill'd two of them; but their Companions having discharg'd their Pistols, kill'd one of his People, and broke the Arm of the other, so that the Count remaining alone against Four, would infallibly have perish'd in this Combat, notwithstanding his Courage, if Heaven had not sent him Assistance at the Instant when he least expected it.

A young Dragoon, who was passing through the same Wood in his Way to *Limoges*, hearing the redoubled Outcries of the Countess and her Daughter, spurr'd hastily that Way, and

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seeing

seeing what pass'd, and feeling himself animated with an extraordinary Emotion, drew out both his Pistols and fired them at once with so much Address and good Fortune, that he killed two of those Villains, and in a Moment drawing his Sword he fell upon the other two with such Impetuosity, that it was impossible to withstand him. The Count then taking fresh Courage, fell upon him who press'd him the most, and came to second his valiant Defender; but he had already made both his Enemies lick the Dust, Monsieur *d'Orneval*, equally touch'd with Gratitude and Surprise at such uncommon Valour, advanc'd towards him, and looking attentively upon him—If all the Cavaliers of your Company, brave Unknown, said he to him, have your Force, your Captain need dread none of the Dangers of War. I owe my Life to you, and Deliverance of two Persons who are still dearer to me; I am in a Situation capable of shewing my Gratitude to you, and I conjure you to set any Value upon your Service that you think proper.

I am too well recompens'd already, my Lord, reply'd he with Respect, by the Happiness of having been of Use to you, and I demand nothing but the Honour of your Esteem. This young Warrior spoke so gracefully, and Nature had endowed him with so many Charms, that the Count could not be satisfied with looking upon him. He appear'd not to be above Twenty; he was tall, and his Mien noble and easy; no Man managed a Horse with more Address, the Beauty of his Features, the

the Softness of his Countenance, and an Air of Grandeur which shone through his whole Person, render'd him a most uncommon Object. The Count was penetrated with it, and immediately felt the most lively Tenderneſs for him; he embraced him, and conducted him to the Litter of the Ladies. Their Cries had ceas'd as soon as they ſaw the Succours which Providence had ſent them. The amazing Valour of the young Soldier had diſſipated their Fears, their ſole Care now was to regard him, and to offer up their Wiſhes for him. The beauteous *Silvia* form'd the moſt ardent Prayers; her Eyes had followed every Stroke his Arm had given, and her Heart a thouſand Times more troubled at the Danger of the Unknown, than it had been at that which he preſerved them from, had imprinted upon her Face, during the Combat, all the Movements with which ſhe was agitated.

His Victory and the Careſſes which the Count gave him reſtoring her Tranquillity, and attributing what ſhe felt only to the Joy of ſeeing herſelf deliver'd from ſo imminent a Danger, ſhe believ'd that Gratitude alone render'd her Deliverer dear to her. But alas! what did ſhe feel when he approach'd near enough for her to remark that as he was the moſt valiant of Mankind, he was alſo the moſt amiable. Her Confuſion augmented in ſuch a Manner that ſhe could not pronounce one Word. Madame *d'Orneval* alone was in a Condition capable of expreſſing her Applauſe and her Thanks; ſhe would embrace her Deſender, and would have Madamoifelle *de la*

Sagne do him the same Honour. The young Warrior immediately leap'd from his Horse, open'd the Litter, threw himself at the Knees of the Countess, and would only have kiss'd her Robe, but she press'd him in her Arms, and making him turn towards her Daughter, she commanded her to embrace him: which she obey'd, but without knowing what she did. The Soldier, as confused as *Silvia*, imagin'd that this Favour would cost him his Life, by the extraordinary Emotions he felt within his Soul; the astonishing Beauty of *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, had struck him almost at the Instant that he cast his Eyes upon her; Love was his Conqueror that Moment; but something still stronger than that Passion was join'd to it when her Face drew near to his; it seem'd as if this Interview was a Reunion, that this Object had been wanting his whole Life, and that this Adventure restored a Treasure that he had lost.

Silvia herself was not less moved; the Idea which had so long agitated her now reviv'd with double Force; her Heart inform'd her that this was him whom she had sought so many Years; charm'd at his Presence, and fill'd with Confusion at a Choice which appear'd so much beneath her, she sigh'd with Concern, and was in a Situation worthy of Compassion. However, they each of them constrain'd themselves so well, that these different Emotions were only known to themselves. The Condition of *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, and the Extasy of the young Soldier, pass'd in the Mind of the Count and of the Countess.

Countess only as the Consequences of what had then happened; one by the Fear with which she had been seiz'd, and the other by the Astonishment of seeing himself loaded with such uncommon Honours and Caresses. When they had given some Truce to these first Transports, they thought only how they should quit this fatal Place. The Count and the Unknown visited the Dead to see if they could find any of them that were yet in a Capacity to speak. They unmask'd the Assassins, and of six there was but one whom Monsieur d'Orneval had ever seen; but this Remembrance was so confus'd that he could not be certain of it; he found one of his Valets de Chambre still alive, it was him who had his Arm broke. The young Soldier no sooner perceived that the Count interested himself in his Life, than he made him swallow some Drops of an Elixir which he always carried about him, and having brought him to himself again, he bound up his Arm in the best Manner he could, and some Peasants appearing in View, he called them to him, and made use of them to conduct the Litter and the wounded Person to the next Village. They laid him upon the best Horse, and tied him on, two of the Peasants supported him on each Side, the others took care of the Litter, the Count and the Unknown remounted their Horses, and in this Condition arriv'd at the Village, which was not far distant.

During the Way the Count ask'd several Questions of the young Soldier, in regard to his Country, his Name and his Birth, without

receiving any further Intelligence from him, than that he was a *Creolian*, being born at *Martinico* of *French* Parents ; that a Gentleman of the same Nation having conceiv'd a Friendship for him, had educated him in such a Manner as made it imagin'd that he design'd to procure him a Condition much above that of a Soldier ; that it was with that Intention he brought him into *France* about five Years before ; but that dying suddenly some few Days after his Arrival, he had found himself deprived of all Support, and that having neither a Desire nor an Opportunity of returning to the Island, he had engaged himself from that Time with a Captain of Horse ; that he had had the Happiness to distinguish himself upon several Occasions ; that his Captain express'd a great Friendship for him, but that all this had procured him no Advancement, and that this Captain being with his Family at *St. Yrier*, a Town in the upper *Limousin*, he had obtain'd Permission to attend him there with an Intention of demanding his Discharge, not foreseeing any Hopes of a Rise, this Company being in a new-raisd Regiment, which it was fear'd upon the approaching Peace might be broke.

In all this Discourse the young Man shew'd so much Sense, Modesty and Discretion, that Monsieur *d'Orneval* was concern'd when it was finish'd ; and the Soldier who by invincible Chains felt himself not less strongly attach'd to the Count, sincerely wish'd the Way had been farther, that he might the longer enjoy the Presence of him whose leaving him he felt must
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make his Life unhappy. They arriv'd in this Manner at the Village, where the Count stopp'd at the most tolerable House to have his Servant took Care of, and to give some Hours Repose to the Ladies. He also had the Bailiffs of the Place advertis'd of his Adventure, who immediately repair'd to the Forest; but finding only the dead Bodies, they contented themselves with only drawing up a verbal Process with it. Monsieur *d'Orneval* provided himself with another Muletier, and a sufficient Escorte for any other dangerous Ways which they might have to pass. A Chirurgion of the Army happening to be in the Village, he trusted to him the Care of his Valet de Chambre, leaving him sensible Proofs of his Liberality. The young Warrior assisted him in all these Things with the most ardent Zeal, and promised him to return through this Place, that he might have an Eye to the Health of the wounded Patient; and when he saw there was nothing farther to do than to part, he prepared himself to take leave of the Count and of the Countess. This Moment was equally terrible to them all; Monsieur *d'Orneval* appear'd entirely sunk with it, *Silvia* was much struck with Sorrow, the Countess could not restrain her Tears, and the Unknown was in a kind of Despair. The Count remark'd it; his Tenderness was augmented by it, and pressing him in his Arms—My dear Deliverer, said he to him, if you don't obtain your Discharge, write to me, and I shall easily procure it for you; and if you do succeed, repair directly to *Paris*, where I shall reside for
some

some Months ; come to meet me there, I will take care of your Fortune, and be a Father to you ; you have let me perceive Sentiments which increase my Gratitude to you ; but I flatter myself that you won't refuse the first Proof of my Friendship by a Present which will continually oblige you to remember the Count *d'Orneval*. At these Words, untying his Picture enrich'd with Brilliants, which Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* wore upon her Arm, he desired her to deprive herself of it in favour of the valiant *Arsan*, so he had told him he was named. She obeyed immediately, and never any Command had been more agreeable to her.

Arsan receiv'd the Picture upon his Knees ; and being unable wholly to surmount the Fire with which he burn'd, he kiss'd the Hand that presented it to him with an Ardour that made her blush, but at the same Time moved her to the Soul. The young Warrior dying with Love, penetrated with the Goodness of the Count, and with the most sensible Sorrow, threw himself at his Feet to return him Thanks, and receiving his Caresses with the most tender Respect—I do not deserve, my Lord, said he, these glorious Marks of your Esteem ; I cannot express how valuable they are to me ; the eternal Remembrance which I shall always preserve of them, will be the most pleasing Business of my Life ; and the only Regret I feel, after that of parting from you, is to know myself so unworthy of your Generosity. The Count could make him no Answer but by his Embraces, and both of them

them felt themselves so extremely mov'd, that they mutually forced themselves from each other's Arms; *Arsan* to mount his Horse, and the Count to give Orders for his speedy Departure. The valiant Soldier pursued his Journey to *Limoges*, and Monsieur *d'Orneval* having placed the Ladies in their Litter, continued his with them to arrive at *Paris*. The Remainder of the Journey pass'd without any Accident, but in great Melancholy. The Count, unable to banish *Arsan* from his Mind, spoke of him continually; it seem'd as if his Presence was necessary to his Repose, and that he could not enjoy it without him. Madame *d'Orneval* who perceived this Change without penetrating into the true Cause of it, and who attributed it solely to the Trouble of their Adventure, employ'd such tender Affiduity to dissipate his Concern, that she overcame it. Confused that a Stranger should have a greater Share in his Heart than what was most dear to him, he resolv'd never to speak of him again, hoping that Silence would efface the Idea of him. But if his Absence was a sensible Concern to the Count, it was still more to the beauteous *Silvia*. This amiable Unknown had forced away her Heart along with him; a thousand cruel Reflections disturbed her Mind, and it was not without the strongest Efforts that she was able to conceal it from the Eyes of the Countess. But as the Melancholy of Monsieur *d'Orneval* was a Pretext for her's, that Lady gave the same Interpretation to them, and her Tenderness for them both, letting her neglect nothing that could restore them

them to their usual Tranquillity; she in Appearance succeeded. The Count and Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* having an equal Interest to constrain themselves, tho' out of different Motives, Monsieur *d'Orneval* looking upon his Sentiments for *Arsen* as a Weakness, and still more as he had saved his Life, and that he fear'd giving Reason to imagine that his Fear of Death was what gave such Force to his Gratitude; and Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* blushing forever with Confusion at having refus'd the most illustrious Addresses only to surrender her Heart to an Adventurer; and unable to conquer this Passion which she look'd upon as the greatest Stain to her Honour, she however was so fully the Mistress of herself as to appear with her usual Behaviour as soon as the Count had resumed his. It was in this Situation they arriv'd at *Paris*. As the Families *d'Orneval* and *de la Sagne* were very considerable, and had form'd many illustrious Alliances, as soon as their Arrival was known the great World were assiduous in paying their Compliments to them. Madame *de la Farre*, the Sister of Madame *d'Orneval*, felt a sensible Joy at her Presence; she was a Lady far advanced in Years, a Widow, and without Children, from whom Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* was also to inherit. She was enchanted with that beautiful Person, and several Times repeated that she was satisfied to die now that she had had the Pleasure of seeing her.

The Count and Countess acquired the Esteem and Consideration of all those to whom they were known. The Beauty, the Sense,
and

and all the Graces of *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, were the Discourse and Admiration of the whole City ; and it may be said that she had as many Adorers as Beholders. She was even obliged to abandon the publick Walks thro' the Inconvenience of that Crowd of Lovers which always followed her Steps. She had not fewer Admirers at the Court, where Monsieur and Madame *d'Orneval* were receiv'd and behav'd to with Consideration ; and for the Space of three Months, there scarce pass'd a Day without the Invention of gallant Feasts and amusing Entertainments to endeavour to please *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, or without the Count and Countess's being importuned by the Demands of those who imagined they might pretend to her.





The Sequel to the foregoing.

WHILST Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* refused her Heart to all the Homage that was paid her Beauty, and that an unknown Soldier triumphed imperiously there over all that was considerable in *Paris*, this unfortunate Youth was not less to be pitied than she was. His Passion, as lively as it was sudden, far from being extinguished by Absence, took new Forces from it; the Image of *Silvia* followed him every where; and tho' he represented to himself the want of Hope to nourish his Flame, the invincible Obstacles which opposed his Happiness, and the dangerous Consequences his Passion might be of to him, yet it was impossible for him to conquer it: not only he found himself fixed in too fatal and too durable Chains by this beauteous Maid, ever to be able to break them, but he was also drawn by a secret insurmountable Inclination to the Count *d'Orneval*; and the Attachment he felt for him often threw him into an Incertitude, scarce knowing whether the Daughter or the Father-in-Law were more dear to him.

Something more lively, more pressing, and less subject to his Reason, animated him for *Silvia*; but yet such tender Emotions seized upon his Heart at the Remembrance of the Count, that he was almost as much surprized

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at the Swiftnefs of his Friendship, as at the Violence of his Love. These Reflections accompanied him to the Town of *St. Yvri*, in which he found his Captain, who forced him to use many Sollicitations before he could obtain his Dismission. He detained him with him above two Months, putting him off from Day to Day, in hopes of gaining him by his Careffes and his Generosity; and if the News had not come of the disbanding of the Regiment in which his Company was, it is certain he would not have obtained it so easily; but the Captain seeing he had no longer any Reason to alledge for his Refusal, and that the young Man merited a happier Fate, he granted him his Demand, and gave him a Dismission, filled with Applauses of the Actions he had performed, and with Esteem of his Manners and his Person. The brave *Arsan* having nothing farther to detain him in the *Limousin*, departed from thence with an Intention of leaving the Kingdom, and going to search in foreign Wars a Death which alone could terminate the Trouble with which he was agitated: but being desirous, before he banished himself for ever, of acquitting himself of what he had promised to the Count, and remembering in what Condition the Valet de Chambre was, he repaired to the Village where he had been left.

He found him upon his Recovery wanting an Arm, but as to the rest entirely out of Danger. This Man, to whom *d'Orneval* had writ an Account of the Service he had received from *Arsan*, and informed him that he

was to come to join him there, commanding him to treat him with the same Consideration as he would do himself, and, if possible, to engage him to repair to *Paris*, punctually obeyed his Orders. *Valerin*, which was the Name of this Domestic of the Count's, had Sense and Prudence; and the manner in which his Master had writ to him, making him judge that he wished to have *Arfan* near his Person, he used all possible Methods to oblige him to form that Resolution; and thinking to succeed in it by exciting his Ambition, he exaggerated to him the Opulence of the Count, his Magnificence, the Splendor of his Family, and the Fortune he was in a Situation to procure him, if he would attach himself to him. He informed him also of every thing that concerned *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, of the great Proposals which she had refused, finding none of them worthy of her, of the immense Riches of which she was to be the sole Heiress, and how advantageous it must be to him to consecrate his Services to this Family, *Silvia* having too much Tenderness for the Count *d'Orneval*, whom she regarded as her Father, not to diffuse her Favours upon all those that he esteemed.

But what he imagined he said to conquer him, were the very Things that entirely prevented his yielding to him, for besides that his Sentiments were too noble to be guided by a Motive of Interest, the more Greatness he made him perceive in the Situation of the Count, the more he dreaded shewing a Passion which the Meanness of his Birth did not permit

mit him to acknowledge. He adored *Silvia*; it was a Crime in him to dare to aspire to please her: he felt himself incapable of seeing and hearing her continually, without forming Desires which all his Respect and his Prudence might fail to stifle. Monsieur *d'Orneval* was dear to him; and reflecting that it would be outraging him in the most sensible manner to make no other Return to his Goodness, than by endeavouring to seduce a Heart which was destined to the highest Alliances, and even thought them beneath what it was conscious it deserved; he armed himself therefore against the seducing Snare which was laid for his Virtue, and answered *Valerin*, that he was touched with the most lively Gratitude at the Offers of the Count, that if his Life could be of Service to him he would sacrifice it without Hesitation; but that he was a Soldier, and he was resolved to acquire Glory, or to die; that he had quitted his Regiment, but not the Service; that the Peace hindering him from satisfying himself in *France*, he designed to follow the War into other Countries; and that when he had acquired a Name worthy of the Esteem of the Count *d'Orneval*, he would return to conjure him to grant it to him; and not to submit to the pressing Sollicitations which his Love continually gave him, to accept of so pleasing a Proposal. He parted from *Valerin* with the Design of flying from all Opportunities of seeing *Silvia* again: but how difficult are our Passions to be surmounted at the Age of twenty! a Move-

ment stronger than his Reason soon made him change his Sentiments.

The Idea of banishing himself for ever from Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* troubled his Repose so cruelly for many Days, that all his Resolutions vanished; and unable to resist the Inclination which drew him so strongly towards her, he at last resolved to repair to *Paris*, not to go to the Count's, nor to put his Gratitude to such a Trial, but only to see them without being seen, and enjoy once more the Presence of the Object of his Love. His Design appeared the more easy to him, as he had left *Valerin* perswaded that he would not go to that City, as no Person there had any Knowledge of him; and the Tumult and Confusion that always reigned there would hinder him from being remarked, and facilitate to him the Pleasure of seeing the admirable *Silvia* without running any Risque. This new Resolution restored a Calm to his Mind; and judging by that of the Necessity he was under of abandoning himself to his Destiny, he took the Road to *Paris*. He arrived there without any Accident, and knowing the Residence of the Count, he took up his own in the same Quarter, that he might have the more Opportunities of meeting the Object that took up all his Thoughts.

He had been already some time arrived without having had that Satisfaction, Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* not often going out; when one Day the passionate *Arsan*, chagrin'd at the ill Success of his Project, mounted his Horse

Horse with a Design of indulging his Reverie upon the Banks of the River *Seine*. The Indifference which he felt for every thing but what regarded his Love, had made him ignorant that this Day was consecrated to St. *Fiacre*, and celebrated amongst the *Parisians* by the Fair of *Befons*, which at that Time was magnificent, by the Number of People of Distinction who repaired thither mask'd in a thousand different Habits: but the Concourse of People which he saw that way having excited his Curiosity, he demanded the Cause of it; and having learn'd it, he perswaded himself that Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* would not neglect this Amusement, and that by the Assistance of a Masque he might procure himself the Pleasure which he had come so far in search of.

This Design was as soon executed as it was formed; he bought a Masque, and took the Road to *Befons*. When he was at the Bank of the River, seeing that the Ferry-Boats which went and came continually, were then only in the Middle of the Water, he went into a small Boat on Foot, holding his Horse by the Bridle. Whilst he went quietly on, one of the Ferry-Boats, which brought over the People from *Befons*, offered to him a Spectacle which broke all his Measures: the Horses of a handsome Equipage which were in the Boat, kicked in so dreadful a manner, that splitting a Plank of the Boat, the Water rushed in with such Violence, that it sunk in a Moment. The Coach was empty, but the Master of it was in the Boat, which was filled only by him and

his People. At this Accident all the Blood of the young Soldier was moved, and scarce knowing what he did, he let go his Horse, threw his Masque and his Sword on one Side, and on the other leaped into the River with so much Swiftnefs and Agility, that those who were by him perceived him in the middle of the Water sooner than they saw him throw himself into it. He seemed to fly rather than to swim; and his Heart guiding him justly to the Assistance of him whom he wished to save, he followed him by the Trace, and seized him by the Arm just as he was sinking the second Time. Then assured of his Safety, they saw him swim back with his Prey, and regain the Shore, as in Triumph, to the Astonishment of all that beheld him. But how great was his Surprise, when he knew the Count *d'Orneval* to be the Man whom he had snatched from the Grave! In the mean time, whatever Agitation this Sight caused within him, his Cares redoubled at it, and every one being eager to assist him, they soon made the Count discharge the Water which he had swallowed; and when he was entirely delivered from that, *Arsan* made him taste some Drops of his Elixir, which recovering the Use of his Senses, recalled him wholly to Life.

Monfieur *d'Orneval* then recollecting what had happened to him, turned his Eyes on all sides, as to demand to whom he was indebted for so great a Service; and perceiving himself in the Arms of *Arsan*, his Joy and his Surprise were so great, that being unable to dissemble them—My dear *Arsan*, cried he, embracing him

him with Transport, do I once more owe my Life to you ? I cannot employ mine better, my Lord, said he returning his Caresses, than in the Preservation of your's. This Discourse, and the Water which dropped from his Clothes, informing him of the Truth, he felt himself penetrated with a Gratitude, which he was never satisfied with testifying by renewed Embraces: but at length reflecting that they both stood in need of changing their Habits, he enquired what was become of his People and of his Equipage. So many People had run to the Assistance of his Domestics that they were preserved ; but as to the Horses and the Equipage they were lost. The Count *d'Orneval* easily satisfied himself for that Loss, when he heard that his Domestics had received no other Harm than their Fright ; and making use of a Coach which was returning empty from *Besons*, he took *Arsan* by the Hand, and constraining him to enter into it with him:—You shall escape me no more, said he to him, and since Heaven has reunited us, and appears to have destined you to be the Happiness of my Life, you shall pass the Remainder of your's with me.

The passionate *Arsan* saw it would be in vain to oppose this Eagerness ; and if he had wished to do it, his Heart would not have suffered him : therefore yielding to his own Inclinations as much as to the Desires of the Count, he submitted without Resistance. The Boat in which he had designed to pass the River, having brought back his Horse, one of the Count's Servants mounted it, the others

took other Conveniencies; and all returned to *Paris*, rendering Thanks to Providence for the Danger from which they were escaped. Monsieur *d'Orneval* was more sensible of it than they were; he knew not how to swim, and perswaded he must have been drowned without the Assistance of *Arsan*, he thought he could not do too much to acknowledge such a Service. All their little Journey passed in Discourses full of Tenderness and Gratitude on both Sides; and when they were arrived at the Hôtel *d'Orneval*, the Count conducted *Arsan* by a private Stair-case to his own Apartments; and forbidding his Servants to inform the Countess of his Return, that he might have Time to change his Habit, he sent a magnificent one to his Deliverer, and as they were of the same Height, it fitted him exactly. *Arsan* easily adorned himself with it, the noble Pride that animated him, rendering that Metamorphosis less extraordinary to him than the Meanness of his Birth might suggest. The Valet de Chambre of the Count having put him in a Condition to appear, he went immediately to salute him. Monsieur *d'Orneval* was struck with a new Admiration when he saw him, never Man reassembled in his Person so many Graces at once. As they neither of them felt any Remains of their Adventure, the Count would not delay his introducing him to the Apartment of the Ladies. It was at that Moment that the young Soldier stood in need of all his Prudence to conceal the Agitations of his Soul; and blushed and turned pale alternately a thousand times, as he reflected that
he

he was to see again *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*, and that he could no longer avoid giving himself wholly up to his Passion.

Madame d'Orneval was alone with her; a slight Indisposition had hindered her from going to *Besons*, *Silvia* would not be persuaded to leave her, and both of them had engaged the Count to conduct some Ladies there who were their Friends. He had consented to it, and having conveyed them there, and being not amused with the Entertainments of the Fair, he was repassing the River in order to return home, when this Accident had happened to him. As the Coach which carried them was not returned to the Hôtel, *Madame d'Orneval* was extremely surprized at his Return; but she was still more so when presenting to her the Cavalier that accompanied him, she perceived it to be *Arsan*. The beauteous *Silvia* had not been mistaken in him; she had him too deeply engraved in her Memory not to know him again: they both gave a Cry of Joy at his Sight, which persuaded the Count of the Pleasure his Presence gave them. *Arsan* bowed himself profoundly before the Countess and *Mademoiselle de la Sagne*; and the Count taking him by the Hand, and addressing himself to his Spouse — If my Life is dear to you, Madam, said he to her, that of *Arsan* ought not to be less valuable: not content with having preserved my Life in the Mountains of *Limousin*, he has now again preserved it from as imminent a Danger. Then relating what had happened to him, he threw the Mother and the Daughter into a Situation not to be expressed:

expressed: but the more Terror the Idea of his Danger inspired them with, the more Vivacity it gave to their Gratitude. The Count was too perfectly beloved by them, for him who preserved him to be indifferent to them. The Countess knew not what Terms to make use of to express her Thanks to *Arsan*; and *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* finding this Occasion too favourable to be neglected for disclosing a Part of her Esteem without hazarding the Secret of her Heart, said all that it suggested that was tender and obliging.

Arsan, emboldened by this Reception, answered them with equal Sense and Modesty; and the Count, charmed that his Wife and his Daughter-in-Law entered so fully into his Sentiments, declared to them, that he designed that his Deliverer should never be separated from him, desired the Countess to treat him as her Son, and conjured *Silvia* to love him as a Brother. This Order was too pleasing not to be submitted to; and from that Day the happy *Arsan* saw himself caressed, beloved, and respected, not only by the Count and Countess, but also by all those who approached them. *Monsieur d'Orneval* gave him an Apartment, would have him attended upon as himself, have no other Table but his, and, with the Consent of the Countess and *Silvia*, prepared Things in such a manner, as to settle upon him a Revenue of 4000 Livres.

Such uncommon Liberality would have sufficiently compleated his Wishes, if Fortune had been the Object of them; but far from being any Alleviation to his secret Pains, they only

only augmented them, by representing to him continually that they rendered his Passion a thousand times more criminal; and that if his Birth forbid him to lift his Eyes to Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, the Goodness of the Count and Countess ought still farther to prevent it. However, notwithstanding all his Efforts, constrained to adore her, he resolved to make himself so far the Master of his Passion, that it should never come to her Knowledge, and to die rather than break his Silence. The charming *Silvia* on her side was not more easy; surprized at the Singularity of the Fortune which had first made *Arsan* been seen by her, and had now brought him back to her when she imagined him lost for ever, she ventured to flatter herself that that Destiny, which had now reunited them, foretold a Consequence still more happy; but the Moment after, blushing at the Thought, she employed all her Reason to represent to herself the Shame of her Choice, and the Impossibility of rendering it worthy of her. Tho' this appeared invincible, her Inclination was still more so; and judging that she combated in vain, she took a firm Resolution of concealing it so closely in her Breast, that no Person should have it in their Power to reproach her Weakness. This Project was not too difficult for her to put in Execution; she was born prudent and virtuous, and her Heart satisfied with the sole Pleasure of seeing what it had so long searched after, easily consented to love, and to enjoy the Sight of what it loved, without letting him ever perceive his Happiness; and, as if her own
Tenderness

Tenderness alone was capable of making her happy, far from wishing that *Arfan* should burn with the same Flames, she found a kind of Diminution of the Shame with which her Sentiments seemed to cover her, when she imagined that he felt none for her but those of Respect and Gratitude.

It was upon this Plan that without communicating it to each other, they both regulated their Conduct, and that they lived near three Months without perceiving the Secrets of each other's Heart; though the Conformity of their Thoughts and of their least Actions might have instructed them of it, *Silvia* forming nothing which *Arfan* did not immediately execute without knowing it; and that amiable Stranger doing or saying nothing but what *Silvia* in his Situation would have perform'd herself. A Look alone was sufficient for them to apprehend one another, and their mutual Love was the only Thing they could not divine. Monsieur and Madame *d'Orneval* had often Occasion of being surpriz'd at this Resemblance of their Sentiments; but far from having any Suspicions from it, they were charm'd at it, and amused themselves by rallying them with Delicacy upon it.

In the mean time, the Count had rendered *Arfan* as much Master of the House as himself; he was of all his Parties, and presented him to all his Friends as a Man to whom he twice owed his Life, and for whom he wish'd them to express the utmost Consideration. As he was of a Character proper to inspire it, no Person refused him their Esteem, and many
thought

thought it an Honour to acquire his ; but the Situation of his Heart rendering him insensible to all the Advantages which his Merit procured him, he fell into a Melancholly which he could not surmount. His Love, to which the early Presence of *Silvia* had given new Strength, was rose to such a Degree, and the Violence that he did himself to conceal it was so great, that it was impossible to support it. He became silent, musing and abstracted ; he avoided all Conversation, and whole Days alone in his Apartment, or in the Garden, walking with an Agitation that plainly shew'd that of his Mind ; sometimes forming a Resolution of flying, sometimes wishing to declare himself that he might meet his Death by the Indignation of the Count, and the Contempt of Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, and never having Courage enough to execute any of his Schemes.

This Situation was too cruel to be long conceal'd. The Count perceiv'd this Change with the greatest Chagrin ; *Silvia* was alarm'd at it, but not daring to testify the Interest she took in it, she shar'd the Pains of *Arsan* in profound Silence. Monsieur *d'Orneval* did not follow her Example ; and with an Intention of knowing the Cause of this Melancholly, he took *Arsan* in private, and conjur'd him to discover it to him, asking him if he had receiv'd any Displeasure in his House, or if he had any thing to desire, promising to satisfy him whatever it was. These Questions touch'd *Arsan* to the Heart ; he threw himself at his Feet, and more resolved than ever to keep his

fatal Secret, he returned a thousand Thanks to the Count for all his Bounty, and assured him that what gave him Uneasiness had no other Cause than the Disorder of his Health; that he had the utmost Reason to praise the whole Family; that he received every Day Honours that confused him, being conscious that he could not deserve them; and that he should look upon himself as the most unworthy of Men, if he was capable of wishing any thing more after the Favours he had loaded him with. Though he used his Language with all the Appearances of Truth, yet the involuntary Sighs with which it was accompanied, perswaded Monsieur *d'Orneval* of the contrary; but seeing that this Conversation only augmented his Trouble, he terminated it by the most touching Caresses, feigning to believe him. However he had no sooner quitted him, than he pass'd into the Apartment of Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, being unwilling to speak to her before the Countess, and having desir'd her to go into her Closet not to be overheard by her Women—My Daughter, said he to her, as he always called her, I come to desire a Favour of you, and I flatter myself that you will not refuse it me. I love *Arsan*, continued he, you know that Gratitude engages me to it; but a Movement strong, of which I know not the Cause, inclines me in his Favour; all that regards him is sensible to me; what affects him, touches me; and I cannot see him suffer without Concern. You must have perceiv'd the Alteration in his Manner, that has been within this Month; it gives
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me the more Uneasiness as I see that he will hide from me the real Cause of it. I have made vain Efforts to oblige him to tell it me: whether it is Fear, or Timidity, or that notwithstanding my Friendship my Age imposes a Respect upon him which restrains his Confidence, he would not however open himself to me; he has not less Respect for you, but your Softness will re-assure him: besides youth is more free and less reserv'd with mutual Youth than Age, and all his Actions have too plainly shew'd me his Submission to your Desires, for me to doubt of his Obedience, when you command him to be sincere. Penetrate then into this Mystery, my dear *Silvia*, I conjure you, and let me owe this important Service to you.

Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* was too nearly affected with the Situation of *Arsan* not to seize upon this Opportunity of instructing herself without Suspicion; and the Sentiments of the Count seeming to authorize her's, she thought herself less guilty in loving this Stranger, since Monsieur *d'Orneval* had such an uncommon Tenderness for him: she even imagined that her's too was only Friendship, and that her small Experience in the Emotions of the Heart had made her take that for Love which was only the Effects of that Justice which was owing to the amiable Qualities of *Arsan*. With this Imagination then she promised to neglect nothing that might persuade him to discover his Secret, and to inform him of it immediately.

The Count, enchanted with her Complaisance, testified his Satisfaction at it by the most tender Thanks, and quitted her with the Hope of soon hearing what he had so great a Desire to know. The beauteous *Silvia* was not long before she found an Opportunity of conversing with *Arsan* alone. The Habitude that his Melancholly had given him of passing a Part of the Day lost in Thought in the shadiest Walks of the Garden, favouring her Design, the very Day after she put it in Execution with the more Freedom as *Madam d'Orneval* was obliged then to pay some Visits of Ceremony to Persons where *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* never accompanied her. When she was gone out, this charming Maid followed by her Women went down into the Garden. *Arsan* was already there; she perceiv'd him, and having call'd him to her, she took some Turns leaning upon his Arm and speaking of indifferent Subjects. This young Man had never been more melancholly; agitated with a thousand different Thoughts at finding himself alone with her; he answered all she said with Words interrupted by Sighs that too plainly shew'd the Emotion of his Mind. Whilst *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* who was not in a less embarrassing Situation, was resolving within herself in what Manner she should speak to him, and advancing at the same Time towards a Pavillion composed of Ever-Greens, which terminated the Walk, *Monsieur d'Orneval* who saw them pass from the Window of his Apartment, solicited

solicited by an involuntary Motion of Curiosity, followed them down into the Garden; and taking a different Walk from theirs, where by the Height of the Elm-Hedges he was entirely cover'd from their Sight, he went up to the Back of the Pavillion, and conceal'd himself there so well that it was impossible for them to see him.

They entered into it; *Silvia* seated herself upon one of the mossy Banks with which it was adorn'd, and the melancholly *Arfan* stood up before her, and seem'd to fix his Attention wholly upon her. The Women of her Train tired with so silent a Conversation walk'd about in the Garden without going to too great a Distance. Then Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* breaking Silence—*Arfan*, said she, fixing her Eyes upon him, it is not without Design that I have conducted you hither; the Desire of doing you a Service was the Motive of it; the Condition you have for some time been in interests us all; and though you have already told the Count that this Change proceeds from an Alteration in your Health, yet as it appears to me to have other Causes, I have flatter'd myself that you will be more sincere to me than you have been to him. Your Melancholly, those Sighs which involuntarily escape you, and your Fondness of Solitude are strong Proofs to me that you nourish in your Heart a Sorrow which is more lively by your Obstinacy in concealing it. I must know it, *Arfan*, added she, and 'tis only by this Mark of your Obedience, that you can perswade me of the Attachment you have so often pro-

tested to us. As *Arfan* had not the least Expectation of this Attack, he turned pale with Surprize and Fear, and was considering what apparent Reasons he could make use of to deliver himself from this Labyrinth, when *Silvia* continuing to press him—Speak without Hesitation, said she to him, explain frankly to me the Cause of your Chagrin. Are you displeased with your Situation here? Is the Liberality of Monsieur *d'Orneval* insufficient to satisfy you? Has his Friendship ever fail'd you upon any Occasion? Has the Countess testify'd too little Gratitude to you? Or have I myself given you any Occasion of Complaint? Whatever it is I am positive I shall be able to terminate your Inquietude; but above all, act with Frankness, use no Artifice to deceive my Curiosity; and deserve by your Sincerity the Step I make in your Favour.

Just Heaven! cryed the passionate *Arfan*, to what a Trial do you put the Power you have over me: You shall be obeyed, Madam, since you will have it so; and whatever Fate I prepare for myself by the Confession of my Secret, I give myself blindly up to it: but since I must declare myself, suffer me to discover my Heart entirely to you, and disclosing all the Emotions of it, at least oblige you to confess that I am a thousand Times more unfortunate than guilty. Monsieur *d'Orneval*, continued he, owes nothing to me, I have done nothing for him but what I did for myself, I preserv'd my own Life by saving his; invincible Chains attach me to him, and if I had wish'd not to assist him, my Inclination
would

would have overcome my Will. It is no Merit in me to love him, I am constrain'd to it by a superior Power; I love him, I fear him, and respect him; his Gifts are inestimable to me; and if the Charms of Fortune had any Power over me, that which I possess would render me happy.

But alas! tho' only a miserable Soldier as I am, it is not that which can compleat my Felicity. For, Madam, added he, throwing himself at her Feet, that invincible Power which attaches me to the Count; that invisible Hand which has always conducted me to his Assistance, forces me also to adore you; you have captivated my Heart from the first Moment that I saw you. What do I say! The Day I had that Happiness was not the first of my Love, since when I saw you I imagined I had always loved you. In effect, my Flame was too sudden and too intense to be the Work but of an Instant; my Soul uneasy, uncertain, restless 'till that Day, had search'd and wish'd for you even without knowing you; Heaven had no sooner offer'd you to my Sight, than it had no farther Wish but to be devoted to you; yet the prodigious Inequality of my Birth with your's making me blush for you at your Conquest, I resolv'd to fly, I refused the obliging Offers of the Count and Countess, and departed from you with a Resolution of terminating my Love by a glorious Death. But great God! what did I not suffer in the Course of that Absence! the more my Reason convinced me of the Necessity of it, the more my Flame increas'd its Empire; and triumphing at length over all
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my Reflections, it constrain'd me to follow your Steps. Since I must die, said I within myself, let me at least not die without seeing her again ; let her be forever ignorant of the Excess of my Temerity ; let an eternal Silence be the Punishment of it, but let me not deprive myself of a Sight so necessary to my Repose. Pardon me, adorable *Silvia*, added he, if I give you an Account of all my Thoughts, my Love alone is my Crime ; and I offend you no more by relating the Effects, than by declaring the Violence of it. It was then, continued he, with a Design of seeing you once more before my Death, that I repair'd to this City. I search'd in all the Places where I could hope to meet you ; you did not appear : I imagined you at *Bezons*, I flew thither ; and as if Fortune had designed to inform me it was not there I was to find you, it put an Obstacle to my Design, by rendering me a Witness of the Danger of the Count ; my Heart taught me that it was him, all my Blood was moved, an extraordinary Emotion forc'd me to precipitate myself into the Water to save him ; the wretched Child of a miserable Sailor, taught from my Infancy to scorn the Waves, I preserved the Count from them. The rest, Madam, you know, his Goodness to me, that of the Countess, and above all my unconquerable Love press'd me so strongly to accept the Happiness they offer'd me, that I could not resist them ; you must be too conscious of your own Worth not to be sensible that your Presence increas'd my Flame : a secret Admirer of your uncommon Virtues,
Reason

Reason soon join'd my Inclination, and convinc'd me that the Passion I felt was an Homage which all Mankind ought to pay you; and yet that I wish to be the only one that might offer to you.

But tho' my Passion is without Hope, and inspires me with nothing that can aggravate my Crime, yet the cruel Constraint I put upon myself to conceal it, the Reproaches I incessantly make myself for being unable to conquer it, my Despair at abusing the Bounty of a Man for whom I would give my Life, and the melancholly Necessity to which my Destiny reduces me of flying for ever from you both, have produced the fatal Change of which you wish'd to know the Cause. I doubt not but this too sincere Confession will raise your Indignation, and hasten the Moment of my Ruin; the Son of a Seaman, a miserable Soldier, ought not to adore you; and to presume to say it without deserving Death, 'tis a Sentence that I have pronounced upon myself; but I own it will be a thousand Times less cruel to me to die than to be constrain'd to live in Absence from you.

The Surprize of *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* had been so great at the Beginning of this Discourse, that she was incapable of interrupting it; not that her Astonishment was occasion'd by the Love he declared for her, she was much less struck with that than the Conformity of her Sentiments with those of *Arsan*. The indispensable Necessity which Nature seem'd to have laid upon them, of loving each other, made her tremble. However, not thinking

thinking she ought to punish this amiable Criminal for a Crime in which she felt she was an Accomplice, she spoke to him with great Softness: — It would be unjust, *Arsan*, said she, to punish you for a Fault for which I ought to accuse only my own indiscreet Curiosity: it would be still less equitable to found your Presumption upon the Inequality which Heaven has placed between us. No, such a Reproach shall never come from my Mouth; our Birth does not depend upon ourselves; I should think myself unworthy of mine, if I presumed to attack yours. Far from wishing to augment the Situation I see you in, by the Transports of an unreasonable and ill-timed Anger, I shall be satisfied with what you have already said to yourself; and to give you some Consolation, I confess to you that your Fate touches me much more than your Love offends me. I do you Justice, and am not so blinded by the Gifts of Fortune, as not to see that if Virtues and amiable Qualities could be received instead of Rank and Fortune, there is no Hand to which you might not pretend: but, *Arsan*, Destiny ordains it otherwise, it is a Misfortune not to be avoided; and if your's can find any Consolation in my Esteem, be certain of possessing it: the same Power which forces you to love me, constrains me to listen to your Confession without Anger, and obliges me to command you to live: this fatal Secret shall for ever be unknown to the Count and to the Countess, the valuable Services you have done us demand this from me: but yet, *Arsan*, you must resolve to quit this Place, an involuntary

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tary Emotion forces me to pity you, but my Duty forbids me to detain you with me. I will engage Monsieur *d'Orneval* to permit your Departure, his Liberality will attend you every where. Adieu, *Arsan*, continued she rising, be satisfied with my Moderation, make your Reflections upon it, and they will convince you that there are Misfortunes you are still ignorant of. At these Words, struck with the most lively Sorrow at that with which she saw *Arsan* pierced, she went hastily out of the Pavillion to conceal her Tears, which she could no longer restrain; and returning to her Apartment, she abandoned herself to all the melancholly Reveries that an unfortunate Love can suggest.

Arsan made not the least Effort to detain her; penetrated with Admiration and Despair, and lost in a thousand different Imaginations, he could neither make her any Reply nor follow her. The Prudence which she had shewn, the Softness with which she expressed herself, and the favourable Sense he might give to her last Words, filled him at once with Respect, Joy, and Sorrow. His Love was too deeply interested in penetrating the Meaning of them, not to perceive all their Force: he knew that he was beloved, that his Pains were shared, and that Virtue, Duty, and Decency, were the only Obstacles that opposed his Felicity; but this Knowledge, far from augmenting the Insolence of his Desires, set closer Bounds to them. Some Moments before this Conversation he wished to fly for his own Repose alone; now he resolved upon

upon it wholly for that of *Silvia*, her Honour becoming still more dear to him, as he flattered himself that he was not hated by her; he made it the strictest Law to himself to banish for ever from her Sight an Object which might endanger it; and judging of her Heart by his own, and conscious of the Pain she must endure, he strengthened himself in the Design of lessening it by Absence. Satisfied at having triumphed over a Heart so worthy of his Love, he wished not to carry his Victory farther; and to spare her the Confusion of his Presence, he resolved to avoid appearing before her, and to depart without seeing her again.

It was with this Intention that he left the Pavillion and the Garden, and returned to the House to wait for the Consent which the Count was to give to his Departure. Monsieur d'Orneval on his side was not in a more easy Situation of Mind: he had not lost one Word of this Conversation; the singular Emotions it had inspired him with surprized him as much as what he had heard; and tho' he was the Man in the World the most haughty upon his Birth, and that it was the only Defect he could be reproached with, yet the Confession of *Arsan* had raised in his Breast neither Contempt nor Indignation, he felt only Compassion; he even was pleased with Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* for that which she had shewn, and at the Prudence with which she behaved in so delicate a Conjunction: but tho' he plainly remarked she was not insensible to the Passion of *Arsan*, and that he saw the Necessity of
parting

parting with him, yet the Imagination alone of his Absence agitated him in such a manner, that he could not resolve upon it; and not knowing in what manner he could make the Pride of his Blood and the Honour of *Silvia* agree with the Tenderness he felt for this young Man, he quitted the Garden with inconceivable Inquietude. He was scarce returned to his Apartment, when they brought him Word that *Valerin* was arrived, who immediately offered himself to his Sight. The Count was the most humane of all Masters, he was charmed to see again this faithful Domestic; but as he had sent him Word to return to *Agen*, and not to come to *Paris*, he asked him the Reason of his infringing his Orders. The Desire of being the first, my Lord, said he, that informed you of the Thing upon Earth of most Importance to you; but as the Recital may perhaps be long, and that those who are interested in it ought to be present at it, I must conjure you to send for the valiant *Arsan*, and to permit me to present to you a Man whom I have conducted hither, and who, notwithstanding the Meanness of his Extraction, can with one Word make the Fortune of that charming Stranger.

This Discourse appeared too interesting to the Count for to delay its Eclaircissement any longer; he told *Valerin* that he might command the Man to enter, and immediately sent to desire the Presence of *Arsan*. This Order surprized him; he imagined that *Mademoiselle de la Sagne* had already obtained his Dismission, and that the Count only sent for him

to bid him adieu. Tho' he was fixed in his last Resolution, and expected it must soon be put in Execution, yet he could not see the Moment of it so near without extreme Sorrow; and it was with the utmost Pain that he went to Monsieur *d'Orneval's* Apartment. The Person *Valerin* spoke of, had but that Instant entered it; and the Count had not yet had Time to speak to him when *Arsan* appeared; but the Moment he cast his Eyes upon this Man, his Face was covered with the deepest Scarlet, and advancing towards him with open Arms, — Just Heaven! cried he, it is my Father!

These Words made the Count turn pale without knowing why, and by a singular Effect of the Power of Simpathy, whose invincible Ties attached them to each other, *Arsan*, as he embraced him whom he named his Father, shed some Drops of Blood by the Nose; and the Count dropped the same when he heard him pronounce that tender Name: but *Arsan* attributing this Accident solely to the Shame which had seized him, and Monsieur *d'Orneval* to the Chagrin of seeing he had such a Father, that gave no Attention to it; and the Count looking with Melancholly upon the Man, What, said he to him, is *Arsan* your Son? My Lord, replied he trembling, I am so confused, that I have not the Courage to satisfy your Curiosity. *Valerin* has took upon himself to instruct you of this uncommon Mystery; he has promised to solicit in my Favour; and it is upon my knees that I implore your Clemency. At these Words,

Words, prostrating himself before him, he threw *Arsan* and Monsieur *d'Orneval* into a Perplexity difficult to be described. In the mean time the Count preparing to ask in what he could have offended him, *Valerin*, who dreaded lest a too sudden *Eclaircissement* should be fatal to one or both of them, and who wished by degrees to open the Mystery to them, entered into the Discourse: — It is not yet time, my Lord, said he to the Count, for you to learn his Crime; you ought to hear many other Circumstances before that comes to your Knowledge, and I demand only one Hour's Audience to satisfy you entirely.

Monsieur *d'Orneval* began to feel too near an Interest in this Adventure to delay the Recital of it; he seated himself in a Chair, placed the young *Arsan* near him, and commanding the Father and *Valerin* to be seated, he ordered the last to begin his Discourse, which he did in these Terms: — As you had writ to me, my Lord, not to come to *Paris*, but to return to *Agen*, I was no sooner in a Condition to mount my Horse, but I took the Road thither, after having let you know that I had in vain used all my Efforts to engage the brave *Arsan* to repair to *Paris* to you. My Journey was fortunate; I arrived at *Agen* without any Accident; the whole City were already informed of the Risque you had run, the Peasants, who assisted you, having spread the Report; my Return, and the Loss of my Arm having confirmed it, my whole Employment for a Week was going from House to House to reassure your Friends, and the great

Number of those who interested themselves in what regarded you so nearly. But I was extremely shocked at the Indifference I remarked in the Marquis *de Mira*, your Cousin, who did not condescend so much as to speak to me concerning it: however, I shewed no Appearance of Resentment, and contented myself with avoiding all Opportunities of meeting him. I had been arrived near three Weeks, when I learned he had fallen from his Horse as he was hunting, had dangerously wounded himself, and it was imagined that he could not recover. I was preparing to instruct myself more fully of this Misfortune, when I was sent for from him, and told that he was dying; I run to him, and found him really in that Condition.

He ordered me to approach; and holding out his Hand to me, — *Valerin*, said he to me, with an extremely weak Voice, Providence is just; I receive this Day the due Punishment of my Crimes. I implore the Mercy of Heaven, and that of the Count *d'Orneval*, being the only Cause of the Misfortunes he has undergone. After my Death a Writing will be delivered to you which will disclose this dreadful Mystery. He lost his Senses and his Speech as he finished these Words, and died some Hours afterwards, leaving me in extreme Inquietude; but I was soon released from it. Immediately after they were certain of his Death, his Confessor took me in private, and delivered to me this fatal Writing, conjuring me to be silent as to the Contents of it till you were informed of them, and

and I had received your Orders thereupon. As it was not sealed, the Violence of my Curiosity forced me to abuse the Confidence with which you honour me, my Lord, and to read it myself before I sent it you ; but perswaded of the Repugnance you must have to peruse it, I will spare you that Horror by relating only what it contains, tho' I have brought it with me. I saw then in it, with the highest Astonishment, that the Marquis, weary of his own narrow Fortune, and too envious of yours, declared, that to ascertain the Succession to himself, he had caused the young Count, your Son, to be conveyed away by one *Lallié*, his Valet de Chambre, and had commanded him to kill him ; that this Wretch had acquitted himself but too well of his Commission ; that he had assured him that he had thrown the Child into the River, and that he had not the least Doubt of it, since, notwithstanding all your Searches, you had never been able to hear of it ; but that your Marriage with *Madame de la Sagne*, and the Disposition you had made of your Riches in favour of her Daughter, having rendered his barbarous Precautions useless, he conceived such a Desire of Revenge, that he had no other Thought than that of taking away your Life ; that Opportunities being wanting, he had been obliged to pass a great Number of Years without satisfying himself, when your Journey to *Paris* furnished him with a Method which his Hatred would not let him neglect ; that having been a Witness of the Regulation of your Departure, and knowing your were to be

accompanied only by two of your Domestics, he had again Recourse to *Lallié*, who having Villains, like himself, for his Friends, promised to reassemble them, and together with them, to attack you in the Mountains of the *Limousin*; where their Design was to poniard Madame *d'Orneval* and Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, and to strip you of all, that the Murders might be supposed to have been committed by Robbers; but that Heaven, irritated at this dreadful Treason, had prevented the Execution of it by the Succours sent to your Assistance; that not seeing *Lallié* return he was in great Pain, when several Masons of the *Limousin*, who came to labour in the City of *Agen*, related to him a Part of your Adventure, and assured him that you were not so much as wounded; that at my Return the Detail I had given of it having fully instructed him of the Death of his Valet de Chambre and his Companions, he had remained easy, being fully perswaded that he should never be suspected of this Attempt; but that he now acknowledged that such Iniquities could never remain concealed or unpunished, since, however secret they were from the Eyes of Men, they could not be so from the Eyes of the omniscient God; and that it was by the Almighty Power of that Supreme Being that he was forced to confess himself guilty of so many Crimes, and that he rendered him the humblest Thanks that he had granted him Leisure to declare and to repent of them. I protest to you, my Lord, continued *Valerin*, that the reading of this struck me almost dead; but

but thinking it of too great an Importance to be trusted to a Courier, I resolved to be myself the Bearer of it. I received about that Time a Letter in which you did me the Honour to inform me of the fresh Assistance you had received from *Arsan*; I felt at that News a redoubled Esteem and Respect for him; I felt the Desire augment I had to see you both, and with that Design I quitted *Agen* and took the Road to *Paris*. At some Leagues Distance from *Limoges*, having alighted at an Inn to refresh my Horse, I found there this old Man surrounded by several *Limousins*, who were attentively listening to him. As he spoke very loud and eagerly, and appeared to come from abroad, having nothing else to do, I approached him with the rest. I found by his Discourse that he was just returned from the Island of *Martinico*, of which he was giving a kind of Description to his Audience: I made him several Questions, amongst the rest his Name, and if he was born in that Country from whence he came. He told me, no; that he was of *Limousin*, a Sailor by Profession, that he was named *Arsan*, and that having laboured enough to enjoy some Rest, he was returned to *France*, and in a few Days hoped to see again his good City of *Limoges*. The Name of *Arsan* struck me; I desired to speak with him in private, under the Pretext of enquiring concerning a Person whom I knew in the Island; he arose and followed me into a Chamber in the Inn. Then being alone with him, I asked him if he had not a Son who was a Soldier in the Troops of *France*. I never had

a Child, replied he; yet it may happen that you have seen one who bears my Name, and may be a Soldier, because I brought up a young Boy to whom I gave it, not knowing his own. A Gentleman of *France* who conceived a Friendship for him, took him away from me; he took great Care of him, and believing him my Son, about five or six Years ago, he brought him to *France*, with him, saying that he would make his Fortune: I did not oppose it, as this Gentleman had large Effects in the Island. I learn'd some Months after his Departure, that he was dead suddenly, but could not hear what was become of *Arsan*. As he is not my Son, and that the Reasons which engaged me to make him pass for such, can be of no force now by the Number of Years that are since past, I am not very uneasy about it, especially being assured that with the Sense and the Person that he has, he cannot fail of being fortunate; and if you will describe to me the Person you know, I will soon inform you of the Truth.

These Words, continued *Valerin*, still more animating my Curiosity, I gave him a Description of the valiant *Arsan*, and related to him the Services you had receiv'd from him, the Esteem you had conceiv'd for him, and in what Situation he then was with you. The poor old Man transported with Joy threw himself about my Neck, crying, 'Tis he himself, and if you will permit me to accompany you, I will willingly return back again to have the Pleasure of embracing him, and perhaps too I may facilitate to your Master

fter a Method of knowing who he is by fhewing him the fumptuous Robe with which he was cloathed when I was obliged to convey him away, having preferv'd it carefully that I may always remember that this Child was the railing of my little Fortune. What! faid I to him more aftonish'd than ever, it was not Accident then which made him fall into your Hands, and it was with a premeditated Defign that you ftolc him from his Parents? I knew neither who he was, nor who his Parents were, reply'd he: It was not my Stratagem, and I am only guilty out of too great Compaffion: But, added he, if you can af- fure me that nothing fatal fhall happen to me from the Family of *Arfan*, in cafe that I declare what may make him known, and if your Mafter will grant me his Protection, I will frankly and fincerely relate to you all the Myftery of my Adventure.

I made no Hefitation, my Lord, and taking the Seaman by the Hand, I conducted him to the Judge of the Place, where I fign'd an Act in the due Forms by which I engaged myfelf to defend him againft all Perfons whatfoever, whatever he had done upon this Account, if he could give you any Knowledge of the Birth of *Arfan*; I fign'd the Act, of which the Judge kept the Original, and gave him the Copy. The old *Arfan*, charm'd with my Procedure, carry'd me back to the Inn, and opening his Valife to me fhew'd me the Robe of his pretended Son. Judge, my Lord, of the Excefs of my Joy when I knew it to be that of the young Count *d'Orneval*. The
 Suspitions

Suspensions which had rais'd in my Mind from the very first Words of the Sailor receiving a Confirmation by this,—Dear *Arsen*, said I to him; finish the Happiness you have begun by informing me if you have never remark'd some extraordinary Sign upon the Body of this young Man.

If you mean by that, reply'd he, a Branch of some Tree that I don't know the Name of, I can certify you that he has one beneath his Breast, as plainly mark'd as if it had been painted. Just Heavens! interrupted the Count, who could no longer constrain the lively Transports with which he was agitated,—My Son, said he holding out his Arms to him, has Providence then restored you to my Wishes? However speedy Monsieur *d'Orneval* was in testifying his Joy, the young *Arsen* was not less so, and that happy Father saw him at his Feet at the same Instant that he was rising to embrace him. Ah! my Lord, said he, what an Honour! what a Happiness! it is so great, it answers so perfectly the utmost Pride of my Desires, that I believe and yet dare scarce flatter myself with it. Ah! my Son, resumed the Count, we have no need of stronger Proofs than those of the secret Emotions which Nature inspired us with; she spoke to us, tho' we knew her not. No, continued he, I cannot be too much astonish'd at my having strongly felt the Effects of it, and never doubted of the Truth. As to me, my Lord, returned the young *d'Orneval*, I follow'd the Laws of it tho' in a profound Ignorance; I have always believ'd that *Arsen* was my Father; I was inform'd

COUNT D'ORNEVAL, &c. 71

form'd that you had lost a Son; but I knew not that the Mark I bore interested me so strongly in his Fate. Ah! my Lord, added he sighing, if you had named that to me, how many Torments would you have spared me!

They will all now be terminated, return'd the Count; but let us continue to learn the Obligations that we have to the old *Arfan*: for whatever Motive, continued he, addressing himself to him, perswaded you to this Theft, I shall always look upon the Care that you took of the Life of my Son, as a Service that I cannot recompense too much; and you may be assured that I will punctually fulfil the Promises of *Valerin*. The Seaman, recovered from his Fears by these obliging Words, return'd the Count his Thanks, and desired *Valerin* to let him relate the Remainder of his History. He easily consented to it. Then the *Limousin* expressing himself in the best Manner he could possibly:—My Lord, said he to the Count, the Joy that *Valerin* shew'd, perswading me that it was his own Son, I begg'd his Pardon a thousand Times for having deprived him of him; and as his Act hinder'd me from dreading the Effects of his Resentment, I told him plainly how the Thing had happened, and in the Manner that I shall now report it to you.

It is now near twenty Years ago, continued he, that finding myself reduced to great Poverty, and scarce getting any thing by my Profession of a Mariner, to which I was born, I engaged myself in a Company of People of
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all Professions, whom they were raising in the Provinces to go to the Island of *Martinico*. I was then near *Agen* upon the *Garonne*, endeavouring to dispose of a small Bark which was my whole Estate. One Day, as I waited in hopes to convey some Passengers and raise a little Money, a well-dress'd Man, who was walking in a thoughtful Manner upon the Banks of the River, came up to me; and by several Questions which he made me, and which I answered with the Frankness that I am used to, knowing that I was poor, he asked me if I was willing to gain a Sum of Money sufficient to maintain me for my Life. I told him I was not so foolish as to refuse it, if what was required of me was within my Power. Nothing can be more easy, said he to me; then pointing to a thick Wood which join'd to the high Road—Make up to that Place, continued he, and conceal thyself there so as no Person can perceive thee; a Woman often comes there to walk with two Children a Boy and a Girl; thou may'st easily know the Boy by his Dress, his Robe is green and Gold, and the other white and Silver; contrive so as to get him into thy Possession, stop his Mouth lest he should cry out, and repass the River speedily with thy Prey, which thou shalt deliver to me upon the opposite Shore where I will wait for thee, and a Hundred Pistoles shall be thy Recompence.

I listened to this Discourse with great Attention, and tempted by so considerable a Gain, I resolv'd to accept of it: but distrust-
ing his Promises, I told I would not hazard
myself

myself in this Affair without receiving beforehand a Part of the Sum that he offered me. He immediately counted into my Hand fifty Pistoles, assuring me that he would pay me the Remainder when I delivered the Child to him. I hesitated no longer, and having told me the Place where I should go to meet him, I prepar'd to satisfy his Desires. He pass'd the River in another Bark, and steer'd mine almost to the Corner of the Wood that he had shewn me; and landing there, I conceal'd myself in the thickest Part of it. I was not long there before I saw the Persons arrive that I expected; a Woman with two Children cloath'd in the Manner that he had described to me: she walk'd about for some time, after which I saw her sit down; she took the Girl upon her Knees, and the young Boy lay close to her with his Head upon her Arm. In this Condition they fell into so profound a Sleep, that I sally'd out of my Ambuscade, approach'd and examin'd them without their awaking; I then took the Boy gently up in my Arms, and run with the utmost Speed to my Bark.

Whether the little Girl opened her Eyes at the Moment I snatch'd him up, or that according to the Custom of Children she awak'd with a Cry, I know not, I heard her cry out violently, but I was already out of Danger of being surprized. In the mean time, the wonderful Beauty of the Child moved my Heart, and supposing to myself that they would not have given so great a Sum to be the Masters of it, but with some wicked Design, I dreaded lest I should be the Occasion of its Murder,

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and satisfied with the fifty Pistoles I received, I abandon'd the fifty others to preserve the Child from the Fate that I imagined was prepared for it. I have done this Man, said I within myself, Service enough; he has no Reason to complain of me. If he wish'd the Death of this poor Innocent, he will never hear of him again, which will be the same Thing; I shall never be forc'd to reproach myself with having procured its Death; I will take care of it, and let it pass for my own Son; perhaps at present it has more Obligations to me than it has to its real Father. Reasoning in this Manner, I strengthen'd myself in the Resolution of carrying him with me to the Island, therefore far from pulling over to the opposite Shore, I went directly to my usual Habitation; and the very next Day I sent away my Wife with the Child to the Place where I was to join the Troop in which I was engaged: I made no delay in following her thither; she at first sight had conceiv'd such a Fondness for him, that she willingly agreed to pass for his Mother.

We all embark'd, the Child appear'd amazed for a few Days and very melancholly, but that soon grew off; and nothing at that Age could be more charming. My Wife took the greatest Care of him, we arriv'd at *Martinico* without any Accident, the fifty Pistoles, which the Theft had been worth to me, procured me Means of settling my Wife in a Way of Business; and not liking to quit my Profession of a Seaman, I left her in the Island always when I went to Sea. We had given
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our own Name to the Child ; and we brought him up till he was eight Years old. As my Wife carried him every where with her, and that his great Beauty made all People admire him, a *French* Gentleman who was then at *Martinico* grew exceedingly fond of him, and begg'd him of us, resolving, he said, to make his Fortune. The Hopes we had that these good Intentions might afterwards be of Service to us, made us not undeceive him upon his Birth, that delivering him over to him as our own Son, the young Man when he grew up and became rich, as he thought himself our Child, might let us partake of his good Fortune. This Gentleman gave him the Education of a Prince, and made him a Wonder before he was Sixteen. About that Time I was obliged to make a Voyage to *Mexico*, being one of the Seamen who were draughted to go thither. During my Absence, which was long, my Wife dyed, and the Gentleman who took Care of *Arsan* embark'd to return into *France* ; and left a Letter to one of my Comrades to be deliver'd to me at my Return ; in which he inform'd me that he had carried my Son with him, that I need be in no Pain about him, and that I should hear from him by the next Year. I return'd to *Martinico*, where I found my Affairs in tolerable good Order, but my Wife and *Arsan* took from me.

I waited with Impatience for the Effect of this Gentleman's Promises, when, about the same Time that he had mention'd, a *French* Vessel arriv'd at the Island which inform'd us

that he dyed suddenly upon his Arrival. One of his Relations was on board the Ship, who came to dispose of the Effects which he had left at *Martinico*. I enquired after *Arfan*, but he either did not know him, or feign'd that he did not, for he told me he knew not what I meant. If I could have disengaged myself from the Captain I then serv'd, I would have departed immediately in search of him, I was so much concern'd at his Loss; but my Term being five Years I was obliged to finish it. In that time I grew easy; and finding I had enough to pass my old Age quietly and without Labour, I was no sooner free from my Engagement, than I embark'd upon the first Vessel that came for *France*, that I might die in my own Country. Upon the Road I realiz'd all my Effects that I had brought over, and having Letters of Exchange for them upon the best Tradesmen in *Limoges*, I was going thither without any Equipage but a Valise. I bought a Mule which carried me to the Place where I met *Valerin*. He listen'd very attentively to the Recital which I have now made you; and when I had finish'd it he assured me so positively that you would recompence me beyond my Wishes if I would follow him to you; that the Desire of seeing *Arfan* made me resolve upon it, still imagining that *Valerin* only took so great an Interest in it because he was his Father. He made me leave my Mule at the Inn and take Post with him; and it was not till we entered *Paris* that he let me see my Error, by informing me of the Adventure of the young Count your Son;

Son ; and his Discourse convincing me that my Crime regarded you alone, I had so great a Dread lest you should punish me for it, that I us'd all my Efforts to escape from *Valerin*. He perceiv'd and watch'd me so narrowly, at the same Time still encouraging me, that he at length conducted me hither ; and I shall be too happy if the Declaration of the Marquiss your Cousin, by shewing you the Design he had of murdering your Son, diminishes my Fault in your Eyes, and if the Inspiration I had of saving his Life by carrying him off with me may induce you to forgive my robbing you of him.

The old *Arfan* here ceas'd to speak ; and the Count testified so much Goodness and Humanity to him, that he entirely delivered him from his Fears ; and this tender Father was again beginning his Exclamations upon these extraordinary Events, when he was inform'd by his Domestics that the Countess was return'd. She had pass'd into the Apartment of her Daughter ; and finding her extremely melancholly and in a Languor that even her Presence could not raise her out of, she was employing all her Address to know the Cause of it, when Monsieur *d'Orneval* sent to desire her Presence in his Apartment alone. This mysterious Message gave Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* Uneasiness, not being able to imagine for what Reason the Count excluded her from the Conversation. She let the Countess depart, but her Agitation not suffering her to be easy, she sent one of her Women secretly, to know if the Count and Countess were a-

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lone, and where *Arsan* was. She brought her Word, that Monsieur and Madame *d'Orneval* were shut up with *Arsan*, *Valerin*, and an old Man who was unknown to the whole Family. As this gave her no Satisfaction, and that the Return of *Valerin* surprized her, she was in no less Agitation than before. Whilst she endeavour'd to penetrate into this Mystery, the Countess having reach'd her Husband's Apartment, was in the highest Astonishment to see him advance to meet her, his Eyes moist with Tears, and yet with a smiling and a satisfied Look; and to see the young *Arsan* in the same Condition upon his Knees before her, who kiss'd her Hands with all the Ardour of a Man transported with Joy.

These Emotions, which seem'd so different from each other, threw her into the greatest Confusion; and embracing them both she conjured them to instruct her of the Causes of them. Monsieur *d'Orneval*, who perceiv'd her embarrass'd, gave her immediately a succinct Recital of what he had heard, and convinced her of the Truth of it by ordering his Son to discover to her the Mark which alone was sufficient to acknowledge him by. The Joy of this Lady was not less great than that of the Father and of the Son; she signalized it by giving the most tender Caresses to the young Count, and admiring at the gracious Decrees of Providence. But the Happiness of *Silvia* being not less dear to her than her own, and Monsieur *d'Orneval* having inform'd her of what had pass'd between *Arsan* and her Daughter in the Garden, she desired him

him to let her manage an Affair that was so delicate, fearing lest a too hasty Surprize might be prejudicial to her; and being willing to render them Witneses of the Manner in which she conducted it, and have them ready to appear when they judged it necessary, she placed them in a Closet that join'd to her Apartment, and sending for her amiable Daughter, she came immediately with Hope and Impatience to learn what concern'd her so strongly.

Madame d'Orneval was no sooner alone with her, than looking upon her with Kindness, My dear *Silvia*, said she, I have great Reason to complain of the small Confidence you have placed in my Tenderness for you, since, if Accident had not made me a Witness of the Conversation you have had with *Arfan*, I should have been still ignorant that he adores you, and that he is not indifferent to you. Recover yourself, *Silvia*, added she, perceiving that she changed Colour. The Reproach I make you does not menace you with any thing disagreeable. Though this Conversation has made your Inclination known to Monsieur d'Orneval, it has at the same Time shewn him your Virtue and Discretion; as to me I have long perceived the Sympathy that Nature seems to have form'd between you; and the Reflections that I now make inform me but too well that *Arfan* is the fatal Object which your Heart has so long sought for, and that Heaven must necessarily have destin'd you for each other; this Idea agrees too with the Desires of Monsieur d'Orneval. You have

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condemn'd the passionate *Arsan* to see you no more, and neither the Count nor I can resolve to let him depart ; we chuse rather to descend a little from our Rank to render both of you happy, than to deprive ourselves of his Presence and see you languish eternally. Therefore, I sent for you to inform you, that it depends upon yourself to grant him your Hand ; his Respect and his profound Obedience to your Orders make him refuse this Honour, perswaded that you will never consent to it, notwithstanding the Inclination you have for him. Be then sincere, my dear *Silvia*, with a Mother who wishes only your Happiness, and pronounce without Hesitation the Sentence of *Arsan* ; we wish that it may be favourable to him, and even beg it of you. The Goodness of the Countess having reassured Mademoiselle *de la Sagne*, she determined herself immediately, and speaking with the utmost Modesty—Madam, said she, my Fault is involuntary, and that it is so is the only Reason which can make me hope for Pardon. I love *Arsan*, 'tis true ; but it is as impossible for me to conquer my Tenderness, as not to enjoy the Light of the Sun when it shines ; I feel that it was born with me, I desired nothing farther from the Moment that I saw him, his Presence fulfilled all my Wishes, and you were not mistaken when you imagined him the Object for which I had so often sigh'd without knowing it. What is most singular in my Misfortune is, that *Arsan*, captivated by the same Power, has felt the same Emotions, and that all the Efforts of his Reason

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son have been as much in vain as mine. But if I am no longer Mistress of my Heart, I am still so of my Actions. I pity *Arsan*, I share his Pains, but I will never terminate them at the Expence of my Honour. His Refusal augments my Esteem; his uncommon Qualities, the Greatness of his Sentiments, and the Charms of his Presence, render him alone worthy of me; but his Birth is not so, and that Obstacle ought to be sufficient. Let him depart, let him leave me, it is the only Proof that I exact of his Love.

But, returned the Countess, who can be certain his Birth is so much beneath your's? He believed himself the Son of a Mariner; and we have just now learnt that he only brought him up, and that he is not his Father. The Count *d'Orneval* is not the only Man whose Child has been conveyed away; may not some other Person have had the same Misfortune? In regard to *Arsan*, his amiable Qualities, his noble Sentiments, which you acknowledge make him so worthy of you, may they not spring from the Blood that flows within his Veins; and will not it at least be more advantageous to you to be ignorant of his Birth, than to know positively that he was the Son of a Seaman.

Silvia, who looked attentively upon the Countess during this Discourse, remarking in her Eyes a Tranquillity which she imagined unsuitable to the present Conjuncture, felt a kind of Suspicion of the Truth. What! Madam, said she to her, is *Arsan* not the Son of a Mariner! No, returned the Countess, he was mistaken.

mistaken. Ah! Madam, cried *Silvia*, forced by an involuntary Emotion, if he was mistaken, he can be only the Son of the Count; he must be the young *d'Orneval*. He is so, my Daughter, said the Count to her entering with *Arjan*; he is that Husband who was destined to you from the first Moment of his Life, and whom we ought long ago to have acknowledged by the Effects of Nature and Sympathy, whose Powers have so strongly manifested themselves in our Hearts. Whilst Monsieur *d'Orneval* spoke, *Arjan* was at the Feet of *Silvia*, who expressed his Joy and his Transport, in a manner that proved the Excess of his Love. This charming Maid returned it as much as Decency permitted her; but the Count and Countess, desirous they should now be fully happy after so many Years of Absence and Constraint, commanded her so positively to disclose her Tendernefs to him, that she was obliged to obey. It was then there was made between these two perfect Lovers the most touching Protestations, and that they disputed the Advantage of loving each other most tenderly. Believe not, adorable *Silvia*, said the young Count, that Sympathy alone forced me to love you, it served only as a Pretext to diminish the Crime I thought myself guilty of in aspiring to you; but at present now I am no longer a Criminal, I must assure you, that if it had acted with less Empire over me, you would still have captivated me for ever; your surprizing Beauty, your Sense and your uncommon Virtue were sufficient, without the Power of Sympathy, to render

render me the most in Love of all Mankind; and my Reason, which is now joined with it, proves to me every Moment that if I had been only the unfortunate *Arsan*, I should still have had the Rashness to adore you. This Delicacy of the Count's Passion, which shew'd Mademoiselle *de la Sagne* that he dreaded lest she should not imagine herself beloved for her own Merit, gave her an excessive Pleasure; which she testified to him by declaring to him the same Sentiments, not having waited for the Knowledge of his Condition to prefer him before all Men upon Earth.

Monfieur *d'Orneval* satisfied at having found his Son, and unwilling to blacken the Memory of his Relation, buried his Crime in profound Silence, and even burnt the Confession he had made of it. He published amongst all his Friends, when he presented *Arsan* to them, that he had been stole away by Pirates; and that by many Incidents a Sailor had got the Possession of him when a Child, and had now brought him over to *France*; and to prove the Truth of it, he kept the old *Arsan* in his Family, and settled a Pension upon him for the Remainder of his Life. This News soon reached the Provinces, and every one blessed the Goodness of Providence. The Marriage of the young Count and *Silvia* was celebrated at *Paris* with all possible Magnificence; after which they returned to *Agen* with the Count and Countess, who, from their tender and constant Union, had often Reason to admire the wonderful and surprizing Effects of Sympathy.

T H E



THE FAIR GARDINER.



YOUNG Gentleman of the City of *Rennes* in *Bretagne*, whom I shall call *Merville*, having lost, at the Age of fifteen, those to whom he owed his Birth, was left under the Conduct of a Guardian, who by his Sense, his Manners, and his Prudence, had acquired the Confidence of his Parents, tho' he was not more than thirty when they left him Guardian to their Son. He was a Man of Condition, learned, and of an agreeable Humour; his Fortune not one of the most shining in the Province, but he had enough to be happy and easy. As *Lucider* (this was the Name of the Guardian) had had the most tender Friendship for the Father of *Merville*, he made him inherit it, and bent his whole Application to shew himself worthy of the Choice which was made of him for his Education, and the Direction of his Fortune, which was considerable; and acquitted himself of both with so much Honour, and in so noble a manner to-

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wards his Pupil, that *Merville*, who every Day increased in Perfection, as well as in Age, throwing off that Fear with which the Name of Father or Guardian generally inspire young People, soon looked upon him as his best Friend.

Lucidor, charmed that he so thoroughly answered his Sentiments, attached himself so strongly to him, that he made no Party of Pleasure without him, nor could he taste any if he was not there. *Merville* was the same; and as there is nothing more uncommon than to see such an Intelligence reign between a Guardian and his Ward, this Union was the general Discourse of *Rennes*. In the mean time, *Merville* became the most accomplished Cavalier of the Province; and *Lucidor* had the Satisfaction to see him attract the general Esteem: Sense, Learning, and Courage, of which he had given Proofs in some particular Affairs, being joined to the personal Perfections he had received from Nature, rendered him the Ornament of *Rennes*, and desired in all Companies. The Prudence of his Conduct, and the Solidity of his Judgment, having assured *Lucidor* that he run no Risque by delivering his Fortune up into his own Hands, he would not wait for the Term of his Majority to make him Master of it; and tho' *Merville* would have seriously excused himself from receiving the Account of it, *Lucidor* did every thing according to the Rules, and put him in full Possession of his Inheritance. This manner of Behaviour on both Sides having still more strongly augmented their Friendship, *Merville* would

would not quit him ; and not being able to persuade him to leave his own House, to inhabit with him in one of his, he remained with him that they might not be parted.

They passed in this manner the two Years which remained for *Merville* to reach his twenty-fifth Year, being in all the Feasts and Parties of Pleasure that were made in the City. *Merville* himself often gave Entertainments to the Ladies, and shewed his Generosity by a thousand Gallantries, which persuaded *Lucidor* that a Woman would be extremely happy with him ; he ardently wished that he might make a Choice ; the great Estate he enjoyed making him earnestly desire he should have Heirs : but not seeing that he had any particular Attachment, and even finding that he had a singular manner of thinking as to the Marriage Tie, his Apprehension lest it should be imagined, that having always avoided Marriage himself, he had inspired him with the same Sentiments, made him resolve to press him to take a Companion ; and the more, because he knew Families very worthy of his Alliance that desired to have him for their Son-in-Law. To this effect, when *Merville* was busying himself for the Preparations of a Feast, which he destined for a Person young, beautiful, rich, and of Condition, and who perhaps could have wished him for a Husband ; My dear *Merville*, said he to him, nothing can be more charming than all you here ordered ; Taste, Delicacy, and Magnificence, are mixed with a noble Simplicity ; and yet there wants one thing essential to make it perfect. I can't

comprehend, answered he smiling, that with all the Praises you give me, there can be any Defect in this Gallantry, and you would do me a Pleasure to tell me frankly, what you would have more in it. Love, replied *Lucidor* eagerly; all that you do comes only from the Fire of your Imagination, your Heart is Ice; you invent all that the most passionate Lover could be capable of to please the Object of his Flame, without being touched by any of those for whom you take these Cares, and yet, continued he, it is Time you should think of making the Happiness of some young beautiful Woman, and ascertaining your own, by a Choice worthy of you.

I own to you, my dear *Lucidor*, interrupted he, that I did not expect this Reproach from you; and that believing you the most zealous Partisan of Celibacy, I imagined you would never advise me to quit it. What is Happiness to one, replied *Lucidor*, is very seldom so to another; content with my Fate, a Lover of Study, and fearing the Embarrass of the Consequences of *Hymen*, my Fortune not being enough to make me easy in it, I let that Age pass in which alone that Engagement could have Charms; afterwards Philosophy and the Friendship I felt for you entirely took from me all Ideas of it; and the Term of forty Years, which I now draw near to, does not permit me to change my Sentiments: But you, my dear *Merville*, young, rich, well made, amiable, and of a Name and Family that demand Successors, you can have no Pretext to excuse yourself from wearing Chains, which

which are only heavy to those who engage themselves without Choice, without Reflection, out of Policy or Interest. I don't desire that you should take a Wife with either of those Views; but I should wish that Love might form the Ties of your Marriage, and point out an Object to you amongst those whom you have a Right to pretend to.

You speak to me too seriously, my dear *Lucidor*, returned *Merville*, not to answer you in the same manner; I have no Hatred to Marriage, and my Heart would not be insensible to Love if I found an Object capable of touching it; but I know none yet, and the Necessity of choosing amongst those that you think most suitable to me, is the very thing that hinders me. I have Wealth, a Woman that is rich is not then necessary to me; I have Birth, that of a Wife would give me no more. All these Considerations when we marry are only for the World, and seldom make the People themselves happy. As to me, my dear *Lucidor*, more difficult than any Man upon Earth, I wish only to have Beauty, Discretion, and Innocence; I would myself bring my Wife into the World, before the World made her known to me; I should wish that Love might forerun our Marriage; but I should wish that she had never heard its Name pronounced but by my Mouth, and that this Passion was unknown to her but by the Ardour of mine. I appear ridiculous to you, added he, and I believe I am so; but as it is impossible for me to think otherwise, and as I am sensible of the Oddness of this Idea, and

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satisfied I shall never meet with any thing to answer it, tho' I am resolved to follow it, therefore I give to Pleasure only the Time which I would grant to Love, till I could find what my Heart desires; and notwithstanding my Indifference for all these Beauties, as I respect their Sex, love them in general, and that the Homage I pay them draws me into no Engagement, I think it a Pleasure to myself to procure them all the Amusements that I know they are capable of; and not being willing to give them my Heart, or my Faith, I let them share my Fortune, and enjoy it by the Expences I am at to entertain them.

The Surprize of *Lucidor* was extreme at this Discourse; but having no Design to erect himself into a Censor of *Merville's* Actions or his Sentiments, and flattering himself that Time would make him change them, he only rallied him upon the Character of the Spouse he wished to find, and pressed him no farther in favour of the Ladies of *Rennes*. *Merville* sustained the Raillery with as much Wit as *Lucidor* shewed in attacking him, but still letting him apprehend that he had discovered the Truth of his Heart without Disguise. Some Months run on in the same manner, *Lucidor* seizing all Occasions that could give him a Taste for Marriage; and *Merville* still appearing opposite to it, for the same Reasons he had before alledged. This kind of Contrariety however made no Alteration in their Friendship; they gave each other an exact Account of their least Actions and their most secret Thoughts; and as *Lucidor* often rather chose his

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his Library than the most agreeable Company, and that *Merville* was obliged sometimes by Complaisance, and sometimes by Inclination, to give himself up to his Friends, and passed whole Days thus without seeing him, he never failed to inform him of what he had done, the Persons he seen, and the Diversions he had taken; and these Details often leading them insensibly into moral Reflections, *Merville* shewed his Friend Sentiments so uncommon in one of his Age, and so perfect a Knowledge of the Ways a Man of Honour ought to follow, and those he ought to avoid, that he had not the least Inquietude upon his Conduct.

Things were in this Condition, when two of *Merville's* Friends propos'd to him to see a Country-House some Leagues from *Rennes*, which was esteemed beautiful, and was then upon Sale. As he had a Desire for one, he accepted the Party, and desired *Lucidor* to be one of them; but his studious Humour being stronger than ordinary that Day, he excus'd himself, and begged so earnestly he would dispense with him, that he would not constrain him, but departed with his Company and left him. The House belonged to the Nephew of a Gentleman deceased without Issue, called the Count *de Rivar*; and as the Nephew was generally in the Army, and could not enjoy the Pleasures of this Inheritance, he had left a Power in Writing with the Gardiner to sell it, if he found a Purchaser, upon Condition that the Buyer would keep him, his Wife, and a Daughter, which was his whole Family; This Man being an antient Domestic of his

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his Uncle's, to whom at his Death he had left an Apartment for him and his Wife for their Lives, and some Acres of Land for their Subsistence.

It was then to this House of the Count *de Rivar's* that *Merville* went with his Friends; the Gardiner receiv'd them like a Peasant accusom'd to see People of Distinction, shew'd them the Apartments, and having conducted them into the Gardens left 'em at liberty to walk where they pleas'd. *Merville* was enchanted with them; and separating from his Company to view every Part of it, he entered into a little Wood of Firrs surrounded with thick Espaliers; he was examining it, that he might forget nothing in the Description he propos'd to make to *Lncidor*; but he had not gone many Steps before his Eyes were struck by an Object that banish'd from his Memory at once, all that till then had occupied it. Two female Peasants, one elderly, the other young, who were gathering up the Wood that was cut and fallen into the Walks, had in that Moment the Power to fix those Looks which the most shining Beauties of *Rennes* had not been able to catch one Minute.

It is true, the young Peasant possess'd such marvellous Charms, that it was impossible to see her without Surprize, and Admiration. *Merville* felt their whole Force, he ceas'd to walk, fix'd his Eyes upon her, and was not able to pronounce one Word: Tho' his Presence did not produce the same Effect, yet it surpriz'd these two Persons: The eldest advanced

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vanc'd towards him, and ask'd him with much Respect what brought him to that Place, and if her Husband had had the Honour to receive him there. This Discourse making *Merville* suppose that it was the Wife and Daughter of the Gardiner, he told her, that he came with an Intention to view the House in order to buy it; that he had spoke to the Gardiner, and that it was him who had conducted him and his Company into the Garden. But, continued he looking upon the young Gardiner, I did not expect to find such Beauties here.

These Words, which they perfectly apprehended, made the beautiful Peasant blush; but her Mother feigning to give them another Sense,—'Tis true, reply'd she, the Entrance into this House does not seem to promise any thing so agreeable as it is, and it was the Design of the late Count, when he died, to have given it a more advantageous Appearance. How charming, return'd *Merville*, still occupied with the same Object, I am enchanted at it; I never saw any thing so perfect; and if I thought I might be the Possessor—My Husband, interrupted the Gardiner, has a Writing from the young Count, by which he gives him Power to sell it; therefore it won't be difficult for you to have it, if you desire it; I shall go and tell him to bring it, that you may peruse it. At these Words, making him a low Courtsy, she went up another Walk with her Daughter, and return'd to the House.

As to *Merville*, he remained upon the Spot like a Man that was senseless, and had not recover'd

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recover'd from his Extasy, without the Arrival of his Friends, who join'd him at that Moment. Their Presence having drawn him out of his Reverie, he us'd all his Efforts to hide from them the Trouble of his Heart; but in spite of all his Attention, the Passion which began to seize upon him had caus'd such an Alteration in his Face that they perceiv'd it: As they had not seen the Fair Gardiner, they were ignorant of the Cause of so great a Change; they thought he was indispos'd, and enquir'd with Earnestness if he was ill. *Merville*, who felt that he could not long constrain himself, and who wanted to be alone, told them he was not well, that he must return to *Rennes*, and come there again some other Time; they consented to it, and went back to their Equipage. Whilst they were busy in giving some Orders to their People, *Merville*, perceiving the Gardiner coming towards him, with a Paper in his Hand, went to meet him; and drawing him aside—Master, said he, secret Reasons oblige me to conceal from these Gentlemen the Desire I have for this House; I will return alone To-morrow, and we will confer about it at our Ease. The good old Man, who was charm'd with the noble and affable Behaviour of *Merville*, and who was not ignorant either of his Name or his Birth, answer'd him that he should be proud to have it his, and that he might be assur'd he should have the Preference; he thank'd him, and told him to expect him the Day following; and having
quitted

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quitted him he went into the Coach with his Friends.

They return'd to *Rennes*, it was late, and *Merville* who wish'd to converse with his own Thoughts, having parted from them, shut himself up in his Apartment, where recalling to his Memory all the Charms of the young Peasant, he found, that Love had wounded him with a Stroke that never could be cur'd; but that Knowledge, far from making him combat his Passion, serv'd only to fortify it; and the Idea he had form'd to himself upon the Choice of a Wife, making him look upon the Fair Gardiner, as the only Object capable of rendering it real, he thought only of the Method to obtain her; the Consent of the Father and Mother gave him no Uneasiness, easily judging that People in that Rank would not refuse such an Advantage. *Lucidor* was what embarass'd him most, tho' he lov'd him tenderly, tho' he was assur'd of his Friendship, and had never apprehended his Remonstrances, yet he could not hinder himself from fearing that he would be contrary to his Wishes upon account of the Inequality of such an Alliance; and saying to himself all that his Friend might alledge to perswade him from it, he found such strong Reason in it, that to avoid them he resolv'd to make a Mystery of his Adventure and his Designs to him; and the more because, notwithstanding the Ardour of his growing Love, he was not yet prejudic'd enough to terminate an Affair of this Importance, without informing himself of the Manners and Conduct of this rural Family,

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mily, and finding out by his own Experience whether so many Charms might not hide some Defect capable of giving him Dislike. This Resolution having made him calmer, he passed into *Lucidor's* Apartment, he knew he was returned; but as they lived in entire Liberty, and would never constrain each other, he waited to see him till she should come to him, or send to desire him to go to his Apartment.

They embraced according to their Custom, and *Lucidor* having questioned him upon his Party of Pleasure, *Merville* told him that he did not find any thing extraordinary in this House of the Count *de Rivar's*; but, however, he would consider upon it, and they would return thither together to see it thoroughly, which he could not do, the Gardiner not being there. I believe, replied *Lucidor*, it will be no bad Acquisition, as I have been inform'd; for as to myself I never saw it but once, now near twenty Years ago; and tho' I had often Opportunities to have gone there in the Life-time of the late Count, the Loss of a Friend extremely dear to me, of which he was the only Cause, made me take such an Aversion for him, that I never could resolve to go there.

Merville, who only wished to form a Conversation to hinder *Lucidor* from perceiving what passed in his Heart, and who desired nothing more than to keep Silence, lest some Word should escape him that might discover his Secret, begged him to relate to him the Motive of his Hatred, and the Occasion of this Friend's Loss. *Lucidor* needed no pressing

ing to begin his Discourse: — About twenty Years ago, said he, I was inseparable from the Marquis *de Montsiran*, a young Man extremely amiable: we had made our Studies together; and as our Fathers were intimate, and their Friendship gave us daily Opportunities of seeing each other, our's were daily confirmed by it. The Marquis was not rich, and his Father not being in a Condition to give him enough to support his Rank, nor to raise him in the Army, had destined him to the Church, having Friends and Protection enough to procure him some handsome Benefice; but for *Montsiran's* Misfortune, Love put an invincible Obstacle to his Obedience. The Count *de Rivar* had a Daughter of surprising Beauty, sole Heiress to a considerable Fortune; my Friend became distractedly in Love with her; and in spite of the little Hopes there was from the Inequality of their Fortune, his whole Aim was to make himself beloved by her.

Incessantly attached to her Steps, he was in all Places where Mademoiselle *de Rivar* was to be; at the Churches, public Walks, and in all Companies *Montsiran* was ready to give her his Hand. I know not whether his Vows were listened to, his Friendship to me never going so far as to confide in me upon that Article; he had owned his Love to me, given me an Account of all his Thoughts, but he never discovered to me what he knew of those of the fair *de Rivar*. In the mean time his Passion became so public, that the Count was alarmed at it, and sent Word to the Mar-

quis *de Montsirant*, that the Pursuits of his Son would oblige him to take disagreeable Methods, if he did not hinder them. The Father of my Friend was of a haughty nature; irritated at the Compliment of the Count *de Rivar*, he made answer — That if he suspected his Son of loving his Daughter, he should dye by his own Hand, for his sole Intention in devoting him to the Church was to hinder him from an Alliance beneath him, and gave the Marquis immediate Orders never to look upon Mademoiselle *de Rivar*, and to put on the little Band without Delay. The Count on his side, either suspecting an Intelligence between the two Lovers, or being willing to let the Noise subside, which this Adventure began to make in *Remes*, carried his Daughter to the Country Seat that you have just seen, and left her there under the Care of People in whom he could confide. *Montsirant*, distracted at the Persecution of his Father to make him an Abbe, resolved to dissemble with him; and by a thousand reiterated Promises of forgetting the Object of his Flame, he obtained from his Father that he should wait a Year longer before he embraced that Condition. Tho' I was as young as him, my Heart disengaged from the usual Passions of that Age, leaving my Reason at full Liberty, gave me a kind of Superiority over him, which not agreeing with his Love, obliged him to act with me as with his Father, and to perswade me that he thought no more of Mademoiselle *de Rivar*. Some Months after the Retreat of this beautiful Maid, the Count having made a Journey
to

to *Paris*, I perceived that *Montsirat* was never almost at home, and that under different Pretexts, sometimes of Parties of Pleasure, sometimes of solitary Walks, he very seldom was at *Rennes*; this gave me Uneasiness; I did not doubt but his Conduct hid some Intrigue which he was unwilling I should know; and I was the more alarmed for him, because I saw the old Marquis *de Montsirat* in a perpetual Rage at his Procedure: I resolved to inform him of it, and to employ all the Power my Friendship gave me over him, to persuade him to change his Behaviour; but he avoided me so carefully, that the Blow which was preparing was given him before I could ever meet him. The Count *de Rivar* returned after a Month's Absence; and some Days after his Return, we were extremely surprized (my Father and I) to see the Father of *Montsirat* enter with a most terrible Air. What do you say of my Misfortune, said he, addressing himself to my Father, to have but one Son, and see him the Cause of my Death? *Montsirat*, continued he, did not one Moment cease his Pursuit of *Mademoiselle de Rivar*; and she, as senseless as her Lover, and no doubt struck with the same Passion, having refused one of the best Offers in the Province, has obliged her Father to have Recourse to Force, in order to deprive her of what rendered her disobedient to his Will. He repaired to Court, and by his Solicitations procured a Lettre de Cachet to send *Montsirat* to the Isles of *America*, and this Night they came and forced him away by the King's Command in order to his Embarkation;

he was in Bed, they seized him without Resistance; and whilst they dressed him, the Exempt gave me a second Order from his Majesty, by which he forbids me, under Pain of his Indignation, to rebel against his Commands, or to have any Dispute with the Count *de Rivar*.

I was forced then to submit to all, and see the Marquis depart without Complaint. That ungrateful Son shewed upon this Occasion a Firmness I did not think him capable of; and perceiving he could not defend himself, he delivered himself up with Courage to his Fate; he threw himself at my Feet, and beg'd me to pardon the Uneasiness he had given me, but that he had rather go in Search of Death than cease to adore Mademoiselle *de Rivar*; and that, in whatever Place they banished him, he would preserve an inviolable Fidelity to her. These Words having provoked me, I saw him depart with dry Eyes; they conducted him to *St. Malo*, from whence he embarked for *Canada*, and I shall hear of him no more.

My dear *Merville*, continued *Lucidor*, judge of my Astonishment and my Sorrow at this News: I did not hide it from the Marquis; and my Father joining himself to me, we did all that was possible to perswade him to go and throw himself at the King's Feet to beg his Son's Return: but far from letting himself be moved by our earnest Intreaties, he assured us he would not take the least Step upon that Account; that he was obliged to the Count for ridding him of a disobedient Son;

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Son; that he had no Estate to leave him; that this Adventure putting him under a Necessity of gaining a Fortune by his own Industry, he did not think proper to hinder him, and would not so much as enquire after him for the future. The Barbarity of this Man shocked my Father, and from that Day he lived very coolly with him. As to me, distracted at the Fate of my Friend, I departed the next Day for *St. Malo*, hoping to arrive before his Embarkation; but I missed him by one Day, and returned to *Rennes* as dissatisfied as I went from thence. The Count *de Rivar* did not long enjoy the Fruits of this unworthy Action; his Daughter fell ill, and died six Weeks after the Departure of *Montsirant*. The Evening before her Death, as I was returning home about ten at Night, a Woman came up to me, and presenting two Letters to me: — *Lucidor*, said she to me, one is for you, the other for a Friend of your's; read that which is wrote to you, it will inform you what you are to do, but, above all, be secret. Quitting me at these Words, she left me a good deal surprized at her Message: I went up to my Apartment, and seeing the Direction addressed to me, I opened the Letter, and read in it these Words:

The L E T T E R.

“ THE Friendship which unites you to
 “ the unfortunate Marquis *de Montsirant*,
 “ makes me believe I can't address myself
 “ better than to you to get this Packet, which

“ I send to you, conveyed to him : it encloses
 “ a Thing of the greatest Importance in the
 “ World, but which must not be known to
 “ any but himself ; therefore I conjure you
 “ by all that is most dear to you, not to un-
 “ seal it, and to keep it carefully by you, in
 “ case you have no safe Method of convey-
 “ ing it to him, till his Return, or till you
 “ hear of him either from himself, or some
 “ other way.”

This Billet was not signed ; and I imagined
 it could come from none but Mademoiselle
de Rivar : but having little Curiosity in my
 Nature, and besides making it a Point of Ho-
 nour to answer the Confidence that was re-
 posed in me, I locked up carefully the Packet
 which was addressed to the Marquis, propo-
 sing to myself to send it as soon as I could
 learn the Place of his Habitation : I did not
 speak of it so much as to my Father, and was
 a most religious Observer of the Secrecy that
 was imposed upon me. In the mean time,
 the next Day, or the Day after, I learned the
 Death of Mademoiselle *de Rivar* ; and tho’ I
 only knew her by my Friend’s Love, and ac-
 cused her as the Cause of his Misfortune, yet
 I could not forbear being sensible of her Death ;
 she was but nineteen, and the Marquis not
 twenty-two, no more than myself, at the
 Time of his Departure.

It was then that seeing no Obstacle to his
 Recall, since the Motive of his Exile existed
 no longer, I solicited his Father so strongly to
 have the Lettre de Cachet annull’d, that he
 consented

consented to it, and easily obtained it, the Count *de Rivar* having no Pretext to oppose it; and having made the greatest Enquiries to know what became of my Friend, I heard at last that they had carried him to *Canada*, and that they had publickly forbid upon severe Penalties all Men of War, Merchant-Ships or others to bring him over into *France* under any Pretext whatsoever; but they had left him at liberty to go to whatsoever Place he pleas'd in the *West-Indies*; that he had made use of that Permission, and that he had quitted *Canada*, but they were ignorant what Rout he had taken, and that after that he was never heard of.

I have miss'd no Opportunity of enquiring since these twenty Years that he has been gone, without being able to hear of him; his Father is dead with Vexation, and the Count *de Rivar* dy'd about two Years ago. I have let no Vessel depart without a Copy of the Repeal of *Montsiran's* Banishment, and all my Cares have been in vain. As I lost my Father much about that Time, and attach'd myself to your's, who was then just married, the Care of his Affairs which he trusted to me, and my own private Business, by degrees, took away the Chagrin which I felt at this cruel Adventure. Afterwards the Care of your Education and your Guardianship, and the Friendship you inspir'd me with, made me totally forget it. This, my dear *Merville*, is what always kept me from the Count *de Rivar's*, I still keep however this Letter of *Montsiran's*, hoping some time to hear what is become

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come of him : If he is alive, I will find out some Method to convey it to him ; and if I am inform'd of his Death I will burn it without reading it, having no Desire to enter into the Affairs of others. *Merville*, who had only desired this Recital, that he might have the Pleasure to muse upon his Gardiner, and who imagin'd he should give little Attention to it, took so much Interest in it, that he did not lose a Circumstance, and could not forbear being strongly touch'd with the Misfortunes of the two Lovers ; he gave a thousand Praises to the Discretion of *Lucidor* ; assuring him that he felt himself capable of doing the same ; and looking upon him with some Concern—Alas ! said he to him, these unfortunate Creatures might have been still alive, if their Felicity had not been oppos'd ; for there is no doubt but *Mademoiselle de Rivar* lov'd *Montsiran* enough to prefer him to all others ; and that her Design was to make him share her Fortune ; and I own I cannot bear the Rigour of those, who like the Count, and the Father of the Marquiss, will constrain the Inclinations of their Children, when they are not prejudicial to their Honour.

Lucidor did not contradict this Sentiment ; and the Conversation leading them on to the Time of their Supper, they eat together ; and their Time of Rest forcing them to part, they retir'd each to their Apartment. *Lucidor*, who had no Uneasiness either in his Mind or Body, pass'd the Night in Quietness ; but the passionate *Merville* could not do the same. The History of *Montsiran*, and the Image of the
beautiful

beautiful Peasant did not abandon him one Moment, and rising at Day-break, he caus'd a Horse to be saddled that he might be alone in his Journey, and took the Road to the Count *de Rivar's* House: but as it was very early, he enter'd into the Village, and under Pretext of seeing other Houses that were to be sold there, he enquir'd into the Manners and Conduct of the Gardiner, his Wife, and his Daughter. The first whom he question'd upon that Article, was an old Farmer born in the Village, who knew all that inhabited it: this Man answer'd very sensibly to all his Informations; he ask'd him the Name of this Gardiner, and if the Obligation there was to keep him upon buying the Count's Estate might not hinder the Sale of it.

It ought rather to contribute to it, reply'd the old Man, for they cannot trust it to the Care of an honest Man. *Sebasté*, that is his Name, continued he, is the Oracle of our Village, and universally esteem'd for his Wisdom and Integrity, which have been a kind of Inheritance in his Family, that has never been spotted with any Dishonour; his Wife is an Example to our's, and his Daughter is Virtue itself. They are reproach'd with nothing but keeping her too strictly; but I must own *Silvia* deserves it, and we all agree tho' she is a Country Girl, none of our young Fellows are worthy of her; she seems to be perswaded of it; for I don't believe she has ever lift her Eyes upon any of them, or that any one of them has dar'd to speak a Word to her. They must have been in *Merville's*.

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ville's Situation that can conceive the Pleasure this Discourse of the Farmer's gave him, who continuing in the same Tone, made him a long Elogy of the whole Family. Charm'd at having plac'd his Heart so worthily, he repair'd to the House. *Sebaste* seeing him come unattended, desir'd him to enter into his Apartment, where his Wife and the fair *Silvia* help'd him to receive him. The Sight of this charming Peasant transported him with Joy, and perceiving that she blush'd when he came in, he flatter'd himself that the first Sight of him had not been forgot; but desiring to have time to converse with her—*Sebaste*, said he to her Father, I have form'd a Design of dining here, that I may examine every thing without Precipitation: Besides I have several Bargains to conclude with you; and that I may do it at Leisure, I will eat with you and your Family: Get what you think proper, added he, throwing two Louisd'ors upon the Table, I leave your Housekeeper here Mistress of the Entertainment.

The Gardiner surpriz'd at this Liberality for a Repast that was only to be amongst them, and prejudic'd by his Wife of what had pass'd the Evening before, giving him again the two Louisd'ors respectfully—I don't refuse, Sir, said he to him, the Honour you are willing to do us, but you must, if you please, grant it us entirely, by contenting yourself with what I take the Liberty to offer you without employing your Gold; or else permit me to conduct you to a Man in the Village where you may have an Entertainment at what Expence you think

think proper, without my Wife or Daughter's being there. You put too hard a Condition into your Proposal, return'd *Merville* smiling, for me to accept it; I did not intend to offend you, and still less to deprive myself of Company that pleases me, and I will do what you like, provided I don't stir from hence.

Sebast made no Reply, but by ordering his Wife to prepare what was necessary. During that Time, *Merville* and the Gardiner began to confer about the House, and the Price that was to be given for it. The Gardiner shew'd him his Master's Order, and coming to the Clause where it was express'd that he must be kept, and his Wife and him lodg'd there for their Lives. As to that Article, Sir, said he, don't let that hinder you, we have enough of the Lands which the Count left us to live upon, and shall easily find a Dwelling. No, no, return'd *Merville* immediately, I will not have you leave it; and if I buy it, it will be that single Condition that determines me to do it. *Sebast* smil'd, and made no Reply; and his Wife having inform'd him all was ready, they sat down to Table. Never Repast appear'd so agreeable to *Merville*; he plac'd himself near *Silvia*, and notwithstanding the Ardour with which he burnt, behav'd so as neither to intimidate her, nor make her blush; he let her apprehend part of his Sentiments, and that beauteous Maid preserving, with an amiable Gaiety, the Modesty, Prudence and Innocence suitable to her Condition, answered all his Attacks with so much Sense, that she finish'd

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finish'd her Victory over his Heart, and over the Reasons with which he still combated his Passion.

He remain'd till Evening with this rural Company, and then parting from them, he told *Sebasté* that he would return the next Day with his Notary, to which he might join the Notary of the Village, and they would sign the Contract of Sale; after which he mounted his Horse, and did not arrive at *Rennes* till it was late. *Lucidor* was in Bed, *Merville* was rejoic'd at it, being resolved not to see him till after he had executed his Projects. The Night seem'd of an extreme Length to him, burning with Impatience to see *Silvia* again. At length the Day appear'd, and as soon as he thought he could with Decency, he went to his Notary's; and recommending Secrecy to him, inform'd him of his Intentions, and desir'd him to accompany him. This Man, who thought it not his Business to give Lessons to those who made use of him, tho' very much surpriz'd at *Merville's* Design, yet made no Objections to it; and according to his Instructions drew up a Contract of Sale for the House, and another for *Silvia's* Marriage with him. As soon as he had finished them, they got into the Coach and went to the Village, *Merville* having that Day took his Equipage: They found *Sebasté*, who waited for them with the same old Man to whom *Merville* had address'd himself the Day before; he said a thousand kind Things to them, and desiring the Notary to stay a Moment with the Farmer, he carried *Sebasté* into

into the Garden; and when they were alone there, — My dear *Sebaste*, said he to him, I am glad that you took this venerable old Man for a Witness; he has told you doubtless the Questions I asked him yesterday concerning your Family; and as they may have surprized you, in the Idea you have that I only want the House, I am desirous to let you know the real Cause of them. I love *Silvia*, my dear *Sebaste*, and your seeing me again now is to demand her in Marriage; her Beauty has enchanted me, her Sense and her Prudence have determined me to make her my Wife: Thus I buy the House; and I marry your Daughter, if you consent to it, and her Heart seems not contrary to my Wishes. The Surprise of the Gardiner at this Discourse cannot be described; whilst *Merville* spoke, he seemed to strive to read in his Eyes if he was sincere, which he did not do for a Trial, but at last recovering himself, I own, says he to him, that I am in the greatest Astonishment, and cannot forbear taking what I have heard for a Dream: I can easily apprehend you may be in Love with my Daughter; and I must tell you my Wife and myself both perceiv'd it, and we have resolv'd to convey her out of your Sight, if you buy the House; for I can never imagine that a Man of your Birth will condescend to stoop so low as to become the Husband of a Peasant; and you will pardon me if I declare frankly to you, that I fear some Stratagem, under this, dangerous to her Reputation. I am a Man of Honour, interrupted *Merville*; if I had designed to attack the Virtue of *Silvia*,

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I should not have address'd myself to you ; nothing can be more seriously true than what I tell you ; the Contract is ready, and nothing wanting but the Consent of your charming Daughter.

Silvia, reply'd the Gardiner, is too submissive to me, to oppose my Will ; and notwithstanding her rustick Education has too much good Sense not to be livelily touch'd with the Honour you do her. *Merville* was so transported with Joy at these Words, that he had almost thrown himself at the Gardiner's Feet : he embrac'd him, call'd him a hundred Times his Father, and prov'd so strongly the Excess of his Love, and the Sincerity of his Heart, that the good old Man shed Tears at it : and calling for his Daughter and his Wife, told them directly the Intentions of *Merville*. The She-Gardiner was distracted, and not being able to find Words to express herself, she embrac'd the Knees of this tender Lover, and let her Joy burst forth in so touching a Manner, that it was easy to remark how dear *Silvia* was to her. That beautiful Maid too, ignorant of the Art of Disimulation, discover'd in her Eyes a Satisfaction mix'd with Fear, Modesty and Tenderness, that perswaded *Merville* more thoroughly of his Happiness, than the most eloquent Words. At length, after all of them had shewn the different Emotions that this happy Adventure caus'd, they returned into the House, where *Merville* order'd the two Contracts to be openly read, in which besides several other Advantages that were made to
Silvia,

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Silvia, he gave her the Property of this Estate which he bought.

The Farmer, who was inform'd by these Contracts of the Marriage, was not less astonish'd than *Sebastie* had been, and thought the Thing too important to pretend to give his Advice in it. The two Acts were sign'd immediately; and *Merville* beginning from that Day to take possession of the House, regal'd splendidly the Notary and the Family of his future Spouse, who, by a sincere Confession of the Secret of her Heart, compleated his Felicity, by telling him he was belov'd with the most tender Love. In the mean time, *Merville*, who could not still forbear dreading the philosophick *Lucidor*, engaged them all to Secrecy till the intire Conclusion of the Marriage, for which they only took the necessary Time for the Forms that are us'd on such Occasions.

The Day run on in this Manner. *Merville* wish'd not to quit *Silvia*; but the Apprehension lest his Absence should trouble his Friend and excite his Curiosity, forc'd him to return home. It was again so late, that he did not see *Lucidor*; and his Design being to avoid him, he return'd the next Day before he was awake, forbidding his People to say any thing of what he did. This Conduct, which lasted seven or eight Days, at length gave *Lucidor* Uneasiness. For ten or twelve Years they had been together, it had never happen'd that *Merville* had been so long without seeing his Friend, or letting him know what hinder'd him. Truly alarm'd at such a Procedure, he resolv'd at all Hazards to find out the

Meaning of it. But as he was a Man of Prudence, he would not inform himself abroad of what *Merville* had done these eight Days, nor to give Reason to think there was a Misintelligence between them, nor question his Domestic, his Maxim being that it was opening the Way to all Indiscretions, to ask any Account from them of their Master's Actions; therefore trusting wholly to himself, he testified no Uneasiness, but attentive to the Hour of his Friend's Departure, he was as vigilant as him, and met him just as he came out of his Apartment to mount his Horse.

Where are you going, *Merville*? said he to him: What can oblige you to go out every Morning so early? What are the important Affairs that occupy you? And for what Reason do they deprive me of the Pleasure of seeing you? *Merville* was so surprized at the Presence of *Lucidor* and at his Words, and his Friendship gave him in secret such strong Reproaches for this Manner of Behaviour, that it was impossible for him to answer; he went into his Apartment again, threw himself into a Chair, and kept Silence. *Lucidor* follow'd him, took a Seat close to him, and was for some Moments examining him; but seeing nothing in the Trouble which agitated him that seem'd to shew any fatal Event, he guess'd at a Part of the Truth; and beginning his Discourse again—My dear *Merville*, continued he, you know during your Pupillage I pretended only to the Direction of your Estate, and not your Conduct; and that without being a troublesome and a rigid Censor of your Actions,

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I attach'd myself only to inspire you with a Love of Virtue, and a Hatred of Vice, and the general Rules that all Men of Honour ought to follow : I saw you approv'd my Lessons and my Advice ; by that Prudence, which in you much outstript your Age, you put in Practice all our Conversations upon that Subject ; and finding you highly capable of guiding yourself, you must have perceiv'd I never constrain'd you in any thing : What have I done then, my dear *Merville*, to deserve the Manner in which you act to me ? Eight Days ago you owed me no more Account of your Actions than you do now ; yet your Friendship and the Confidence you had in me oblig'd you before then to inform me of your Affairs, your Thoughts, and your Actions : By what Misfortune have I lost those sensible Testimonies of your Esteem ? You go out at Day-break ; you dont return till late in the Night ; you never see me ; you avoid me ; and don't so much as enquire after me : I own to you, *Merville*, this Procedure surprizes me, alarms me, and afflicts me to the very Bottom of my Soul. You know my Character too well to imagine that a mean Curiosity makes me speak in this Manner : A Man, who for twenty Years has kept a Letter without reading it, cannot be suspected of a Desire of prying into the Secret of another ; but as this interests my Friendship, and shews a Disengagement on your Side that pierces me to the Heart, I must absolutely beg you would discover the Cause of it.

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Merville lov'd *Lucidor* too tenderly not to be touch'd at this Discourse; he was penetrated with it, and looking upon him with a sort of Confusion—I should have profited little by your Instructions, said he, if I was ungrateful enough to disengage myself from such a Friend. No, continued he sighing, *Lucidor* was never more dear to me; but 'tis that very Friendship which makes me dread to unveil a Mystery which will banish me from his Heart as soon as it is known. I know nothing in the World, interrupted he, that can make such a Change: Speak, my dear *Merville*, and I will prove to you that you have no better Friend than I am. I am in Love, reply'd he. Well, said *Lucidor* to him, and is that a Crime? I have always wish'd it, and you know your Indifference caus'd our only Disputes. I am going to marry what I love, added *Merville*; I have resolv'd it, and will die sooner than change my Resolution. I am charm'd at it, return'd *Lucidor*, and I can't comprehend why you should imagine your Love and your Marriage shou'd make us differ.

I fear it but too much, added *Merville*, resolving within himself to speak; for in short, my dear *Lucidor*, I marry a Woman without Estate and without Birth; but who possesses Riches that in my Opinion surpass all those that Men are now ambitious of. Then, without giving him Time to reply, he inform'd him punctually of his Adventure, and the Condition Things were in; describ'd to him, with the most lively Colours, the Beauty of
Silvia,

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Silvia, her Sense, her Discretion, the Innocence of her Manners, and the Purity of her Soul. The Excess of his Passion was so strongly shewn in all his Recital, that *Lucidor* was easily convinc'd it would be in vain to combat it; and tho' he was extremely mortified in his Heart at such a Choice, as he saw there was no Remedy to the Evil, he resolv'd to submit to it. I am not surpriz'd, answer'd he, at what you tell me; but I am truly concern'd that you should hide this Affair from me for fear of my Remonstrances: they would never have gone farther than the Advice of a Friend who loves your Honour, and I should not have been more difficult to be perswaded eight Days ago, than I am now. Master of a considerable Estate, you are at Liberty to share it with whom you please, without my disapproving it, or ceasing to love you; and to give you an essential Proof of it, I desire I may be the first of your Friends that pays Homage to the Object of your Love, and strive to assure myself by her Friendship of the Continuation of your's.

All that *Merville* had felt when *Sebastè* granted *Silvia* to him, did not come near what pass'd in his Heart at that Moment; he almost expir'd with Joy in the Arms of *Lucidor*, into which he had thrown himself the Moment he ceas'd to speak; and this tender Friend found it as difficult to calm his Transports, as it would have been to draw him out of the most frightful Despair; and judging by that of what Importance it was to manage properly so sensible a Heart, he fortified himself

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self in his Resolution not to oppose any thing he design'd to do; and when he had made him something calmer, he himself press'd him to depart; and the Coach being ordered, they went in it together to the Country-Seat. Upon the Road *Merville* never ceas'd thanking *Lucidor*, and asking his Pardon for his want of Confidence; and both of them being restored to their native agreeable Humour, they entered *Sebastie's* Apartment more satisfied with each other than ever.

But *Lucidor* had soon Reason to be still more so, by the Admiration with which he was struck, at the Sight of *Silvia*, whose extreme Beauty made him at that Moment excuse the Effect she had produced upon his Friend's Heart: *Merville* presented him to her, and with Pleasure perceiv'd his Astonishment. The charming *Silvia*, who had been instructed before of his tender Consideration for him, gave him a Reception full of Grace; and as Modesty and Timidity hindered her sometimes from speaking with Freedom to her happy Lover, and the same Emotions did not agitate her to another, she entertained *Lucidor* of her Gratitude and Tendernefs for *Merville* with so much Sense and Modesty, and such uncommon Delicacy, that he could not forbear wishing him Joy of having made such a Choice. The Joy that his Approbation gave to all Hearts, made them pass a most agreeable Day.

The Contracts were presented to *Lucidor*, where a Blank was left for him to sign his Name, which he did, without letting them be

be read to him ; and as *Merville* was provided with all the necessary Permissions, and the Ceremony of the Marriage to be perform'd the next Day in the Parish-Church of the Village, they remain'd there that Night, and the next Morning were united with an eternal Tie in the Presence of *Lucidor*, *Sebasté*, and two of *Merville's* Friends whom he had sent for with that Design.

Never Husband was more satisfied than he, nor had more Reason to be so. The new-married Pair remained in the Country, and *Lucidor* returned to *Rennes*, to send from thence Furniture and magnificent Habits for *Silvia*. He acquitted himself of this Commission with equal Taste and Magnificence; the House was soon adorned with whatever could render its Habitation agreeable, and *Silvia* dressed like a Woman of Condition. Her Air was naturally so noble, that those Ornaments gave her less Lustre than they borrowed from her. All the Ladies of the City, animated with Envy and Curiosity, came to visit her, hoping to find Matter of Criticism; but they were constrained to own she exceeded the Beauties of the City; and that, however happy her Fate was, she merited still more. *Merville*, who wished she should join to her natural Perfection, those which a rural Life had deprived her of, gave her Masters of all kinds; and as she was animated with a Desire of pleasing him, she applied herself so ardently to render herself worthy of his Care, that in eight Months she excelled in the Arts of Music and Dancing, and adorned her Mind with

with several Accomplishments proper to her Sex. *Merville* then brought her to *Rennes*, and left at her Estate *Sebasté* and his Wife, whom he had forbid to labour, and left Domesticals to attend upon them. *Lucidor*, as charmed as *Merville* with the beautiful *Silvia*, blessed each Day the Moment that made her Mistress of the Heart of his Friend; and, as by his Experience, and the Wisdom of his Instructions, he served him as a Guide, and almost as a Father, *Merville* pressed him so strongly to be with him, that at length he was persuaded, not being able to resolve upon living separate from this amiable Pair.

They were universally esteemed and respected in *Rennes*, and every one thought it an Honour to be their Friend. They had already been married near a Year, when one Day as *Merville*, his Wife and *Lucidor* were conversing together after Dinner, they brought *Lucidor* Word, that a Gentleman, magnificently dressed, desired to speak to him. *Merville* having desired *Lucidor* to receive him in his Apartment, he ordered they should introduce him; he appeared, and they beheld a Man of the grandest Air in the World, but entirely unknown to them. *Lucidor* advanced towards him, and having saluted him, begged him to say what he might do to serve him. — What! my dear *Lucidor*, said the Stranger, do not you know *Montsfrant*? The Sound of the Voice having directly struck *Lucidor* — Ah! Heaven, cried he, throwing himself into his Arms, is it you, my dear Marquis! Shall I believe my Eyes! Yes, replied *Montsfrant*, embracing

embracing him, it is a Friend who never forgot you, and who comes back to his Country only in hopes of finding you there. Then renewing their Caresses, they for some Moments spoke only broken and interrupted Words; but when the first Heat was a little allayed, *Merville* approaching them, and addressing himself to *Lucidor*, — I took too great a Share, said he, in the Misfortunes of the Marquis de *Montsiran*, for you to neglect presenting me to him, and demanding the Honour of his Friendship for me.

Merville was so uncommonly grateful, and the Air with which he pronounced these Words was so prejudicing in his Favour, that the Marquis saluting him with Consideration — There is no Occasion, replied he, to have Recourse to *Lucidor* in order to engage me to court your Esteem, the Sight of you produces too speedy an Effect upon my Heart not to assure you of mine; and the Remembrance of the Misfortunes you speak of, will be much softened, if the Recital that has been made of them to you, has acquired me such a Friend. I own to you, resumed *Lucidor*, that being the two dearest Things I have upon Earth, your Union would complete my Felicity. Then making *Merville* known to him, by the Praises which his amiable Qualities deserved, he augmented in such a manner the Inclination he already felt for him, that he conjured them they would permit him to be the third in their Society.

Say the fourth, interrupted *Lucidor*, conducting him to the Closet of Madame de *Merville*,

ville, into which she had retired when the Marquis entered: This admirable Person has ravished from me the greatest Share of *Merville's* Heart, and I have no Design that you shall be better used than me. *Montsiran* was dazzled with the Beauty of *Silvia*; all his Blood moved when he saluted her; he changed Colour, and seemed in extreme Surprise: but he recovered himself so soon, that tho' *Lucidor* remarked his Confusion, he had not Leisure to reflect upon it. The beauteous *Madame de Merville* was not less agitated at the Sight of the Marquis, a secret Inquietude seized her, and not knowing the Cause of these Emotions in her Heart, she was extremely serious. In the mean time *Merville* and *Lucidor* giving no Attention to it, but curious to hear by what happy Accident *Montsiran* was at length returned, after twenty Year's Absence, pressed him to inform them; and to oblige him to use no Reserve with them, *Lucidor* told him, that he had related to his Friend all that he knew of his Adventures, and that the Interest he had taken in them deserved his disclosing the rest to him.

It is not my Intention to conceal them, replied *Montsiran*; and I feel myself too strongly inclined to give him my Confidence, to refuse him any thing that can testify it: I will not make a long Discourse to you, since you know my Love for *Mademoiselle de Rivar*, the Effects of her Father's Hatred to me, and his Persecutions of me, to force me into a Condition entirely opposite to my Inclinations. But as you are ignorant of the principal Things

Things that passed between this charming Person and me, I shall begin my Recital something earlier than my Departure, that you may be more sensible of my Misfortune. I loved *Mademoiselle de Rivar* from the first Moment I saw her; and by a Sympathy, the Movements of which are impenetrable to us, I made the same Impression upon her that she had upon me: for a considerable time we discovered only by our Looks the Secret of our Hearts; but at last the Ardour we were consumed with became so lively, that we broke Silence almost at once to swear an eternal Love. This Confession on both Sides was no sooner pronounced, than we thought of Methods to repeat it every Day. Tho' my Birth gave me a Right to pretend to *Mademoiselle de Rivar*, she knew too well the Avarice of her Father, to flatter herself he would consent to take a Son-in-Law without Estate; but as he was old and infirm, she thought she might expect from Time, what she could not hope for from his Generosity: thus we resolved to love each other, and to tell each other so continually, in spite of all Obstacles that might be raised to prevent it. Youth is naturally imprudent, and when it is accompanied with Love, we cannot depend upon Reason. Our Passion deprived us of it in such a manner, that taking no Care to hide our soft Intelligence, it soon came to the Knowledge of the Count. Enraged at the Choice of his Daughter, he commanded her not to see me, and forbid me Entrance into his House. This Command, far from allay-

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ing our Flames, only alighted it with more Violence. *Mademoiselle de Rivar* took one of her Women into her Confidence; and by her Address we attoned in secret Interviews for the Loss of those Moments the Count deprived us of.

Till then our Flame had never gone beyond the Rules of Decency: but the Constraint we lived under making me apprehend lest the Count should make Use of those Moments when I could not see his Daughter, to tear her from me, gave me such strong Alarms, that I had no Conversation but upon that Subject with my dear *Isabella*, (that was the Name of *Mademoiselle de Rivar*,) and I was incessantly at her Feet, conjuring her to give me new Proofs of her Tenderness and Fidelity. My Fears, which all her Promises could not dissipate, beginning to be uneasy to her, she resolved to tear them from me, by tying herself to me in ~~such~~ a manner as to make it impossible for me to doubt her Constancy. To this effect, one Day when I was describing my Alarms upon her Father's Authority, looking tenderly upon me, — My dear *Montfrant*, said she to me, it is no longer possible for me to bear your unjust Suspicions; and since Words are not strong enough to reassure you, I will join Effects to them: I know that we are not at an Age to give our Marriage the Solidity that such an Engagement demands; however, as those Ties alone can assure us to each other, and that, notwithstanding our Youth, those Chains will not be less strong in the Eyes of him who regulates all Things here
below,

below, and that we cannot break them without offending him, and covering ourselves with Shame and Dishonour, I am ready to give you my Faith; but I am resolved this Marriage, tho' destitute of the Forms which human Laws prescribe, yet shall have all those that Religion exacts, to render it binding in the Presence of Heaven. Do you then find one of its Ministers who will agree to unite us without the Consent of our Fathers, and I give you my Promise to receive you for a Husband, with as much Joy as if the Knot was approved of by the whole World.

I cannot express to you, continued *Montf-rant*, the Excess of my Satisfaction at this favourable Promise; I loved *Isabella* with so great Disinterestedness, that I had never dared to make her this Proposition, figuring to myself that she might interpret it rather to Ambition than the Force of my Love. Judge then how great was my Joy to see her prevent my most ardent Wishes in so tender a manner: I thanked her a thousand times, and, without Delay, considered to whom I should address myself to complete my Felicity. I was several times tempted to speak of it to my dear *Lucidor*; but *Isabella* had so strenuously forbid me to inform him of our Amours, and I apprehended so much the Severity of his Wisdom, that I triumphed over my Friendship, and listened only to the Dictates of Love.

At length, after many Disquiets, I cast my Eyes upon the Chaplain of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who knowing that I was

soon to be of the Church, was extremely assiduous to me: I went to see him, and having obliged him to promise Secrecy upon what I was going to tell him, I declared my Repugnance for his Condition, the State of my Heart, the Oath which tied me to my dear *Isabella*, the firm Resolution we had taken to suffer Death rather than be unfaithful to each other, and that of uniting ourselves for ever by the Chains of Marriage. The Manner in which I expressed myself, made the Chaplain perceive that it would be in vain to represent to me the Abyss we were plunging into; however, being unwilling to have any thing to reproach himself with; he spared neither Reasons nor Intreaties to dissuade me from it. You will too easily conceive all that he represented to me, for me to lengthen my Recital by his Discourse; it is sufficient only that you know, that not being able to gain upon me, and being perswaded he should cause the Ruin both of me and Mademoiselle *de Rivar*, if he discovered our Designs to our Fathers, and besides, finding no Disparity between us but our Fortunes, he consented to do what I desired.

We took our Measures together, and agreed we should be married the fourth Night from thence in the Chapel of this House, in Presence of four Witnesses whom I should chuse, not being able to marry us sooner or later, because the Gentleman was to be in the Country at that Time, to lay one Night only. Things being thus regulated, I advertised *Isabella* at our first Interview; and her Woman took off her Inquietude concerning the Witnesses,

nesses, by assuring her of the Discretion of those she would give her, who were all four of her own Family, her Husband and three Brothers being at her Disposal; there was nothing now in question, but how to get *Isabella* out without her Father's perceiving it.

Love was propitious to us also in this Obstacle, as in all the rest. The Count fell ill, and out of a Condition to spy into our Actions, which so much facilitated our Design, that *Isabella* came without the least Danger to the Chaplain's, who married us with the usual Ceremonies, making us both sign an Acknowledgment that we would ratify the Marriage when we were at Age: We each of us took an Extract from the Original, which we left in the Hands of the Chaplain. I reconducted my Wife home; and as her Confident was the Directress of the whole Family, she introduced me without the other Domesticks perceiving it, and I remained there till the next Night. I shall not entertain you with my Happiness, nor the Transport of Joy it gave me; you may judge of what passed in my Heart by the Excess of my Love.

I continued to see Madame *de Montsirat*, for she was so, and I can give her no other Name, all the Time of her Father's Illness: but the Return of his Health soon disturbed our Felicity; we began to see each other again at the House of our Confident's Husband; and we hoped we had nothing more to fear, when the Count watched us so carefully, that he discovered our secret Interviews, and the Place of our Rendezvous. His Fury was

excessive; he menaced his Daughter with putting her into a Convent, and sent a Message to my Father in the manner you have heard. The Marquis *de Montsirant*, who had no more Tenderness than the Count, made me the cruellest Reproaches, and pressed me so strongly to take the Habit, that I could find no better Expedient than an Appearance of Submission to his Will.

I feigned to own my Fault; I protested I would forget *Isabella*, and dedicate myself to the Service of the Church, upon condition he would grant me a Year to make myself more worthy of it; but in effect, with the Hopes that some Change might happen in my Fate during that Interval of Time; I obtained that Grace. In the mean time the Count discarded our Confident, and sent away *Isabella* to be confined at an Estate he had near a Day's Journey from *Rennes*, and put her under the Guard of the Gardiner and his Wife, commanding them to fire at me if I durst offer to enter the House. *Sebast*, which was the Name of this Man, knew too well the Violence of his Master's Nature, not to promise to obey him; but his Wife and he looking upon the Count as a Man on the Brink of the Grave, and his Daughter as their sole Mistress, they informed her in private of the Order they had received, and conjured her to trust in them, offering her all the Services they were capable of.

Madame *de Montsirant* was so nearly touch'd at our Separation, that she could not think proper to refuse a Succour of that Importance to
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our Love: she thanked them, accepted their Offers, and assured them of her Gratitude, and having writ to me by their Means, instructed me of their Kindness, desiring me to make Use of it: It was not necessary to press me to it, I gave myself up to the Directions of *Sebastie*, who introduced me into the House with all the Precautions that could preserve me from being surprized: We captivated so entirely the Hearts of the Husband and his Wife, that they would have sacrificed themselves for us a thousand times. My frequent Visits had soon Consequences which informed my Wife that I should soon be a Father: I was enchanted at it; and certain of the Fidelity of our Confidants, we waited without Fear for the Birth of this Pledge of our mutual Love, when the Count resolved to marry *Isabella* to the Marquis *de Tiburre*, and commanded her to receive him as a Husband. Madame *de Montfrant*, thoroughly perswaded that Prayers and Tears would have no Effect upon her Father, resolved to behave with Firmness, and declared to him, that she would never engage herself to any one but me; that, notwithstanding the Obstacles he put to our Happiness, she would preserve an inviolable Fidelity to me; that Time, Absence, and Solitude should never make her change her Sentiments, and that if he presented *Tiburre* to her, she would inform him so herself, and refuse him even at the Foot of the Altar. This Resistance seemed to surprize him; but concealing his Fury, he spoke to her with Moderation, and told her coldly, that he hoped Reason

son would bring her back to Obedience, and that he would wait till then to shew her the Husband that was designed for her, and quitted her thus without saying any more: She told me this Conversation; and more sensible of her generous Firmness than of the Consequences it might have, I felt my Joy and Love renewed by it. Some Days after the Count departed for *Paris*, recommending to *Sebast*e to be watchful over his Daughter's Conduct.

But all his Care terminated in giving Means of making use of so favourable an Absence, during which we took proper Measures to hide from him the Condition and Delivery of my dear *Isabella*. The Wife of *Sebast*e was then nursing a Daughter which she had laid in of some Months before; she was to give it to another, and take in its Place the Child that was to be born, taking upon herself to nurse it without any Persons perceiving the Exchange: in fine, we regulated all Things so as to have Reason to hope they would succeed. The Count returned; and as we had agreed that *Isabella* should keep her Bed and feign Sickness, to avoid the penetrating Eyes of her Father, I was some Days without seeing her; and as I was preparing to renew our Interviews, the Thunder burst over my Head by the Lettre de Cachet, which the Count had obtained for my Banishment into *Canada*.

You have heard how they came to seize me, and in what Manner my Father receiv'd this News, so of that I shall say nothing. As to myself, seeing it was impossible to parry the Blow, I receiv'd it without murmuring, and
even

The FAIR GARDINER. 129

even with less Sorrow than my Enemy expected, because it delivered me from the Marquis's Persecutions to be of the Church. They gave me time to get every thing that was necessary; and as the House was surrounded with Guards, and they were not afraid I should escape, they gave me Liberty to set my Affairs in Order: I employ'd to write three Lines to *Sebastie* for my dear *Isabella*, which I gave in charge to a Domestic that was attach'd to me: They made me depart; I was conducted to *St. Malo*, they made me embark upon a Vessel ready to set sail. I was no sooner at Sea, than representing to myself that I was going perhaps forever from all that was dear to me, Despair seiz'd upon my Soul, and I repented a thousand Times I had not opened my Heart to *Lucidor*.

In the mean time, notwithstanding the mortal Sorrow with which I was loaded, I arrived without any Accident at *Quebec*, where I was recommended to the Governor: he took a Friendship for me; I told him my Misfortunes; he pity'd me; but he advis'd me at the same Time to strive to comfort myself for the Misfortunes I had felt in Love by the Favours of Fortune. I could not taste this Advice; I had an extreme Indifference for Life, and could not bear the Thoughts of what renders it agreeable to other Men, when I thought I had found an Occasion of losing it speedily and with Honour. Some *Spanish* Officers, who came to *Quebec* upon Business, propos'd to me to go with them into *Mexico*,
that

that I should have Employment there, and Opportunities of signalizing and enriching myself. The first Motive pleas'd me, and inclin'd me to desire the Governor to give me his Permission; he easily granted it, thinking me punish'd enough by being at such a Distance from my Country, without detaining me in a Place where I had no Business.

When my *Spaniards* had terminated the Affairs which brought them there, I departed with them, and went to *Mexico*. The Vice-Roy there receiv'd me in a most generous Manner, and some Cantons having revolted, I was of the Number of those that departed to punish them for their Rebellion; I did not find the Death I sought for there, and I perform'd several Actions which drew upon me the Esteem of the *Spaniards*, and the Confidence of the Natives of the Country, and it is to that Confidence I owe the highest Fortune a private Man could arrive to. A *Mexican* Cacique, whose Predecessors had favour'd the Conquest of their Country by the *Spaniards*, and who seem'd to enjoy only a very small Revenue, produc'd by some Lands which were left to him for his Subsistence, took a strong Inclination to me; and having several Times convers'd with me of the Miseries of his Country, testified a most ardent Desire to me that the two Sons whom he had should leave it and settle in those Parts of *America*, subject to the *French*. As I did not foresee that it was possible for me to help him in his Design, my Answer wholly turn'd upon the Difficulties

ties I found in it, and for some Years he spoke of it no more.

In the mean time the Vice-Roy had trusted to my Charge the Work of a Mine of Rubies in the Canton of this *Indian*; I lodg'd in his House, and this Intimacy which lasted several Years, having augmented his Friendship,—*Frenchman*, says he to me one Day, I pity thy Fate, 'tis with Regret I see thee lose thy Youth in labouring at the Mines for the Profit of others, and receiving a very trifling one for thyself: I will enrich thee in a Moment, and give thee my Sons to conduct them into thy Country; my Course is almost run, I have no need of any thing, therefore I will trust to thee a Treasure which my Ancestors hid from the Insatiableness of the Conquerors, and which like them I have always conceal'd. After these Words, having conducted me some Leagues from his Canton, into a Defart full of Rocks and Precipices, he made me descend into a subterranean Cave, where I saw three Heaps of Emeralds and Rubies of an immense Value:—Here is one of them for thee, said he to me, shewing me the largest, and the two others are for my Sons; manage so as to leave *Mexico* with them, and I will make thee Master of their Fate, and of these Riches.

I own the Sight of this Treasure reanimated my Hopes; and as all my Ideas regarded only my Love, I thought that possessing such a Fortune, it might be possible to obtain *Isabella* with her Father's Consent, my Heart assuring me that I should find her as faithful

as myself. I embraced the generous *Indian*, and promised to use my utmost Efforts to satisfy him. I let some time pass on, after which I feign'd a continued Illness, and that the Air was contrary to my Health, and desir'd the Vice-Roy to permit me to return to *Quebec*: as he had no Right to detain me, he consented to it. I had been ten Years in *Mexico*, and I told him that having amass'd some Money, my Design was to buy a Vessel in order to traffick to all the Islands which belong to the *French Nation*. As it was not surprizing that in ten Years, in the Employment I had been in, I should have gain'd enough to be at that Expence, there seem'd nothing extraordinary in it. In fine, without tiring you with a long Detail, all Things were favourable to me; I bought the Vessel, and laded it with several Curiosities of the Country. The Cacique gave his two Sons to my Charge, who for three Nights went and came continually, in order to transport their Riches; and notwithstanding the Vessel was search'd, I had conceal'd them so carefully, that they were not discover'd; and when all was ready, I embark'd with my two young *Indians*, the one Nineteen, the other Twenty Years old.

I shall not entertain you with my Navigation, I shall abridge that, to tell you that I return'd to *Canada*, after many Pains and Perils; and going directly to *Quebec*, I establish'd myself there with my *Indians* in order to dispose of our Emeralds and Rubies. The Governor was charm'd to see me again, he inform'd me that a Repeal of my Banishment

was

was obtain'd, and that I might when I pleas'd return into *France*. This News surpriz'd, and instead of Pleasure, gave me Sorrow ; I press'd the Governor so much to tell me what had occasion'd this Kindness, that he cou'd not excuse himself from making known to me the Death of my dear *Isabella*. It was so dreadful a Blow to me, that I stood in need of all my Religion, and all the Reason that my Misfortunes had acquired me, not to attempt upon my Life. I fell dangerously ill ; but Heaven who punished me, by that Loss, for the Faults of my own Youth, and those I had made *Mademoiselle de Rivar* guilty of, would not take me in so unworthy a Condition ; and by an Effect of Mercy, recalled me to Life, to give me time to make a sincere Sacrifice of my Sorrow. My Health was re-established ; but not being able to resolve upon seeing my Country again, I remained at *Quebec*, where I went into Commerce with the Sons of my *Cacique* ; and from the Day of my Resignation to the Orders of Providence, to this Moment, the Supreme Being has blessed my Labours in such a manner, that I believe few private Men are richer than I am. At length the Love of my Country having returned upon me after ten Years Habitation in *Canada*, and my Heart being filled with a Desire of seeing *Lucidor* again, I have left my two *Indians* at *Quebec* extremely rich, handsomely established, and much esteemed, and embarked with all my Treasure to return to *France*. My Voyage was performed without the least Accident. My Vessel is at *St. Malo*, from
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whence I arrived but Yesterday; nobody recollected me at *Rennes*, and I would not make myself known till I had seen you; my dear *Lucidor*, my first Care was to inform myself of you; and as it was then too late to surprize you, I moderated my Impatience till this Moment. The Marquis having finished his Recital, *Merville* and *Lucidor* renewed their Caresses to him; and not judging it proper that he should learn from others the Alliance that *Merville* had contracted with *Sebaste*, they were the first to inform him of it.

This News surprized *Montsfrant* extremely, not being able to imagine that Madame de *Merville* was the Daughter of that Man; however, he applauded his Choice, and desired *Lucidor* to tell him if *Sebaste* had never acquainted him with the Circumstances of *Isabella's* Death and of the Child's. *Merville* and *Lucidor* assured him that he had never spoke to them of it; and *Lucidor* imagining that the Letter deposited with him might perhaps give him some Light, he told him in what manner it had been delivered to him. *Montsfrant* conjured him to let him have it without Delay; he fetched it immediately, and put it into his Hands. *Montsfrant* opened the Pacquet with Precipitation, in which he found his Picture, that of *Isabella*, all the Letters he had wrote to her, the Extract of their Marriage, and this Note in the Hand of that charming Woman, which he read to himself.

“ I DIE, my dear *Montsirant*, and I die af-
 “ ter having brought into the World the
 “ only Fruit of our Love: *Sebastie* will take
 “ care of it, his Wife nurses it; it is a Daugh-
 “ ter: If ever you see your Country again,
 “ it will be easy to know her, Nature having
 “ had the Precaution to put a Cherry under
 “ her Breast, on the left Side. Adieu, dearest
 “ of Husbands, I love you to the Grave; if
 “ you live, remember that I leave you a
 “ Daughter, that you are her Father, and
 “ that I was your Wife.”

ISABELLA DE RIVAR.

The Face of *Montsirant*, at the reading of this, was covered with such a Flood of Tears, that *Merville* and *Lucidor* were distracted at having occasioned them; they conjured him to calm himself, and to burn this fatal Paper, since it was so strong a Renewal of his Sorrow. Burn it! cried he; ah! my Friend, it is too necessary to me to deprive myself of it! On the contrary, added he eagerly, I must go this Instant to the House of *Merville*, speak to *Sebastie*, and he must either save my Life, or peirce my Heart! Madame de *Merville*, whose Tears, in spight of her, flowed with the Marquis's, and who interested herself in all that regarded *Sebastie*, spoke that Moment, and looking upon her Husband — If the Sight of my Father, said she, can be of any Consolation to the Marquis, don't let us defer it; let us depart and pass some Days there. —

Yes, Madam, returned *Montsfrant*, taking her Hand with an Air of Confusion, let us depart; it will be the greatest of Blessings to me, if your Presence is necessary there.

This Discourse, which *Merville* and *Lucidor* could not comprehend, made them in Pain for the Reason of their Friend: they immediately ordered Horses to be put to the Coach, went into it all four, and took the Road to *Merville's*, without *Montsfrant* pronouncing one Word by the Way, or ever taking his Eyes off from Madame de *Merville*, who blushed, and turned pale alternately without knowing why. *Lucidor* and his Friend, who remarked all these Emotions, were in such an Astonishment as made them also keep a profound Silence till their Arrival. *Montsfrant*, the Moment he was in the Avenue that lead to the Castle, would alight; *Merville* and *Lucidor* followed him, and went before the Coach, in which they left Madame de *Merville*. They entered into the Castle, and going to *Sebastie's* Apartment, they found him there alone with his Wife: At first he looked only upon *Merville*, and saluting him respectfully: — What, says he to him, do you come without advertizing me of it. My Father, replied he, I will help you to do the Honours of your House to this Gentleman, who burnt to see you.

These Words obliging the old Man to lift his Eyes up to him, he recollected him immediately, and transported with Joy — Good Heaven! cried he, it is the Marquis de *Montsfrant*! and throwing himself at his Feet, embraced

braced his Knees with an Ardour he could not moderate; his Wife did the same; and moved to his Soul at this touching Spectacle, held out his Arms to them, and was some time before he could express himself. However, struggling with himself, — My Friends, says he to them, I come to demand an Account of the precious Trust my dear *Isabella* confided in you: Speak, have I lost the Daughter with the Mother, and must I flatter myself no more with seeing the dear Remains of her whom I loved more than my Life! Yes, Sir, replied they both at once: She is living, added *Sebaste*, as beautiful as her Mother, and the happiest of Women; but it is not in our Power to deliver her to you, another is the Master of her. *Silvia* entered, as he pronounced these Words, and not giving *Montsfrant* Time to answer him: — It is to *Montsieur de Merville*, continued he, that you must address yourself to have her again. To me! cried *Merville*. To you yourself, returned *Sebaste*, since that *Silvia*, who is so dear to you, and whom you honoured with your Name when you thought her mine, is Daughter to the *Marquis de Montsfrant*. The Surprise, the Joy, the Cries, and Tears which this News excited, cannot be expressed: but *Montsfrant*, whom Nature had informed from the first Moment he saw *Silvia*, not in the least doubting of it from what passed in his Heart, took her in his Arms, and held her so a Quarter of an Hour, not being able to be satisfied with giving her the most touching Caresses. *Madame de Merville* used her ut-

most Efforts to throw herself at his Feet; and seeing that he opposed it, — It is so perfect a Happiness to me, says she to him, that you think me worthy of being your Daughter, that I cannot be too grateful for it; but it raises in my Heart so lively a Fear that you should be mistaken, that I must conjure you to demand a more certain Knowledge of it. No, my Child, said the Gardiner's Wife, be perswaded of the Truth, and to prove it more fully, this Gentleman here, said she pointing to *Lucidor*, must have in his Custody a Letter from *Mademoiselle de Rivar* to be delivered to the Marquis, in which she informs him how he might know his Daughter; I gave it him myself the Evening before the Death of my dear Mistress.

Montfrant then read it aloud, and the fair *Silvia* knowing herself by the Mark of the Cherry, set no longer Bounds to the Movements of Nature, but run and embraced the Knees of her Father, whilst *Merville* and *Lucidor* press'd him alternately in their Arms. Never Joy was celebrated with more Transports on all Sides: they at length gave a Truce to them to return *Sebast*e and his Wife the Thanks and Praises their Discretion and Fidelity deserv'd. We left *Silvia*, said the venerable old Man, in the Belief that she was our Daughter, that she might have no Regret for a Condition she could not enjoy, never hoping she should see her Father again, and having no Estate to give her, we attach'd ourselves solely to educate her in Virtue; she answer'd our Cares even beyond our Hopes: we

we cherish'd her as if she had been our own Blood, and Heaven having permitted her to please Monsieur *de Merville*, who joins to a thousand good Qualities an Esteem of Virtue and Wisdom more than of the Wealth that perishes, we thought we ought not to refuse so considerable an Establishment for *Silvia*, since she could not have pretended to a Husband more worthy of her even if she had been instructed of her Birth. We married her under the Name of our own Daughter; the Defect of her Birth obliging us to preserve the Honour of a Man of such Distinction as Monsieur *de Merville*, thinking it more honourable for him to have it imagin'd that he made the Fortune of a poor Peasant, than to bring to light a Secret which interested the Glory of your Wife, and might be a Spot to that of your Daughter.

Sebast would have continued his Justifications; but *Montsirant* hinder'd him. Cease, my dear *Sebast*, said he to him, to seek out Reasons for the Conduct you have held; I am penetrated with the most lively Gratitude for it; but I protest to you that of all the Obligations I have to you the Union of my Daughter with the generous *Merville* is the most sensible to me; he embrac'd him, as he spoke these Words; and taking *Silvia* by the Hand—Suffer me, says he, to ratify this Day the Gift that *Sebast* has made of her, and to join too a hundred thousand Crowns for her Dower. *Merville*, who thought himself too happy in the Possession of this beauteous Woman, had some Trouble to consent to this Augmentation of

of Wealth, which he receiv'd only upon Condition that she should dispose of it alone as she thought proper. He afterwards made considerable Presents to *Sebasté*, as well as to his Wife; and as the Philosopher *Lucidor* would have no other Share in this shining Fortune, but the Joy he felt at it, he was forc'd to set Bounds to his Friendship and content himself with the Assurances he gave him to share his Opulence with him, by never parting from him and *Merville*. These four Persons, enchanted at their Fate, remain'd some Days with *Sebasté* and his Wife, whom they constrained to live upon a Level with them, Monsieur and Madame *de Merville* looking upon them as the Source of their Felicity, which was solid and durable. *Montsirat* caus'd all his Riches to be brought to *Rennes*, and settling himself with his Son-in-Law, pass'd the Remainder of his Life there, as did *Lucidor*, who reflecting upon the Events with which the Life of Mankind is fill'd, could not be tir'd of admiring the wonderful Springs of Providence, which seem'd to have chose him to bring up a Son-in-Law for his Friend, at the very Time when he most oppos'd his Love to Mademoiselle *de Rivar*, and was so uneasy in his Heart at the Knowledge of the Love of *Merville* and *Silvia*, which now he thought his greatest Happiness.



THE VESTAL.



THE Decline of the *Roman* Empire having given Birth to several Kingdoms which before that Time thought it an Honour to bear the Title of Provinces to that formidable Monarchy; there soon rose from its Ruins in those Parts of the World, which it had held captive, a great Number of Sovereigns, who endeavouring to appropriate to themselves the Dominions of each other, carried on long and cruel Wars. The most distant Nations, animated with the same Desire, came and over-run the Frontiers of those who imagined they had only the neighbouring Nations for Enemies and Concurrents. *Asia*, *Europe* and *Africa* gave themselves Kings, who not contented with the Country they possess'd, pass'd into those which were the most remote. The *Asiaticks* extended their Conquests into *Africa*, and the *Africans* presum'd to spread Terror, Fire and Sword even into the Centre of *Europe*; and each Nation fixing upon the Religion most suitable

suitable to their Ambition or Cruelty, there was soon a horrid Mixture of Paganism, Idolatry, and Mahometanism, till the Time when the Supreme Master of the Universe resolv'd to crush this new Hydra, and rais'd in the most beauteous Parts of *Europe* a Race of Christian Heroes so zealous for the true Faith, that they not only drove out those impious Nations, but pursued the War even into their native Countries, broke their Idols, dedicated their Temples to the only true God, and planted the Cross there, which they forc'd them to adore.

Yet notwithstanding their Conquests and their Zeal, the *Saracens* still ravaged *Spain*, Idolatry reign'd amongst the *Saxons*, and Paganism in *Denmark* and *Norway*, when *Charles* the first of that Name, King of *France*, and first Emperor of the West, appear'd in the World to be the Destroyer of them: This Monarch surnamed the Great, the August, and the Magnanimous, (Titles the more valuable as he merited them by the eminent Virtues with which Heaven had endow'd him) was selected out by its Providence to drive out the *Moors* from *Spain*, to subdue the *Saxons*, and bring them to the Knowledge of the true God. This warlike, fierce, and barbarous Nation harden'd in Idolatry had for their King a Prince as cruel as he was valiant, known by the Name of *Witiking*, who sometimes submitting to *Charles*, sometimes rebelling, and constantly overcome, kept him near thirty-three Years in Arms.

But whilst he experienc'd the Valour of that Hero,

Hero, the North brought forth one whose warlike Ardour and generous Courage began to give Umbrage to the Monarchs of these colder Regions. — *Eric*, or *Frederick* Prince of *Norway*, at the Age of Twenty-two had just then replac'd upon the Throne *Harold* his Cousin, whom the King of *Denmark* had conquer'd and taken Prisoner. The valiant *Eric* had put himself at the Head of those *Norwegians* who were faithful to their King, had given Battle to the King of *Denmark*, gain'd it, deliver'd *Harold*, and forced the *Dane* to fly into his own Dominions; nevertheless *Harold*, more jealous of the Glory of *Eric* than grateful for the Service he had receiv'd from him, study'd only by what Stratagem he might bring him to Ruin. The Prince of *Norway*, advertis'd of his Ingratitude, and who was continually inform'd by Fame of the Heroic Actions of *Charlemagne*, insatiable of Glory, and wishing to convey himself from the secret Conspiracies of an unjust and barbarous Monarch, quitted his frozen Climate, and repair'd to *France*, to admire in a nearer View that august Prince, to imitate his Virtues, and follow his Traces in the Field of *Mars*. *Eric* was one of the handsomest Men of his Time, and though born in a Country to which Nature seems to have refus'd even her slightest Favours, she had pleas'd herself in showering upon him her most valuable Gifts, as if she had wish'd to make known that he was the only one of his Nation she thought worthy of them. *Charlemagne*, who possess'd in himself all that could render a Man compleat, charm'd
to

to see his own amiable Qualities in this young Stranger, receiv'd him with Marks of the most perfect Esteem, and render'd him the Companion of all his Actions. *Eric*, the most zealous Admirer of that great Prince, attach'd himself so strictly to him, that this Monarch conceiv'd for him the most tender Friendship and Esteem; and finding no other Defect in him but his Ignorance of the true Religion, he sollicitated him so earnestly to rouse himself from that Darknes, that the young Prince, whose Mind was form'd to receive the Light of Faith, was instructed in it, receiv'd Baptism, and became one of the most zealous Defenders of the Christian Religion. He follow'd *Charles* into *Spain* against the *Saracens*, and in his Conquests in *Germany*, in the midst of which the *French* Monarch having learn'd that the rebellious *Saxons* still opposed his Power, he resolv'd to subdue them, and to root out that Idolatry which had always reign'd in that Nation.

But wishing rather to overcome them by Clemency and Magnanimity, he resolv'd to employ that Method first before he resum'd that of Arms. To this Effect he resolv'd to send a Nobleman of his Train to the *Saxon* King, with Commission to inform him that his victorious Arms should never enter his Dominions if he would consent to pull down his Idols, abolish his bloody Sacrifices, and acknowledge the true God; but at the same time to declare to him, that if he refused these Conditions, he would never sheath his Sword again till he had conquered the last *Saxon*.
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The brave *Eric*, curious to see this warlike Nation, obtain'd from *Charles* a Permission to accompany his Embassador, and departed with him for *Eresbourg*, where *Witiking* then had his Residence.

This City situated near the River *Imet*, and which is now call'd *Stadberg*, was at that Time the most fam'd Theatre of the Abominations of the idolatrous *Saxons*, who had built there a magnificent Temple to their God *Irminful*, a Figure which represented a Man compleatly armed, whom some believ'd to be *Mars*, and others *Mercury Hermes*, to whom they sacrificed not only the most Savage Beasts of their Forests; but also all the Strangers who fell into their Hands, whether they were Prisoners of War, or took at Sea by their Pirates, the *Saxons* being then great Cruizers on the Ocean. The Temple of *Irminful* was accompanied by two others on each Side of it; one was for the Priests and their Pontiff, and the other enclosed a certain Number of Vestals consecrated to this false Deity. They were obedient to one who alone bore the Title of Priestess, she was design'd to sacrifice the Beasts, and the High Priest to sacrifice Mankind. The Temple was placed in the midst of a Forest, in which they had made up Huts to enclose those Bulls and wild Boars which they thought worthy of their God; and when one of these Animals was once destin'd for that Use, it was forbid under pain of Death to attack his Life upon any Account whatsoever. The Vestals, the Priestess, the Priests and the High-Priest had no Communication
O together,

together, and never saw each other but upon a Day of Sacrifice, and at the Moment of Execution. Yet, as these Vestals were rais'd to the highest Dignity only by the Chance of Lots, which were drawn whenever the Priestess's Employment was vacant by Death, they were permitted to exercise themselves in hunting, that they might be accusom'd to Blood, and the Slaughter which the Dogs made in their Presence of the Beasts which they had pursued. But as no Man was to be of the Party, nor even suffer'd to be in the Forest when they hunted there, the Days were appointed, and the King himself had no Privilege, without infringing the Laws, to take that Diversion at the Times that were appointed for them; nor to appear where he might meet them.

Such were the Customs of this barbarous People, when *Eric* and the Ambassador arriv'd at the Court of *Witiking*, which offer'd to their View only a Crowd of unpolish'd Warriors, fierce and cruel even in their most common Amusements. The *Norwegian* Prince rightly judging that the Ambassador of *Charles* would not be capable of making any Impression upon these savage and haughty Spirits, and that their Departure would be at no long Distance from their Arrival, left him to manage the Affairs of State by himself, and entertain'd himself in seeing what he thought most worthy of his Curiosity. He visited the Temples, was a Witness of the superstitious Ceremonies practis'd there, and was often strongly tempted to throw down their Idols, which he would inevitably have executed without

out the prudent Remonstrances of the Embassador.

He would willingly have penetrated into the Asylum of the Vestals, and have seen their manner of living; but that was impossible. He had several Conversations with the High Priest; and finding him less prejudiced in favour of the Idol Worship than the other Saxons, and even perceiving by his Accent that he was not a Native of the Country; his Zeal for Christianity made him wish to be able to convert him, persuaded that his Example would be of great Authority amongst the People. The High-Priest, on his side fill'd with the Admiration with which that young Prince inspired all who beheld him, gave him so many particular Marks of Esteem, that it encourag'd him to speak to him with Frankness upon the Horror of his Situation.

I am astonish'd, said he to him, at finding Men barbarous enough to sacrifice in cool Blood their Fellow Creatures to Statues form'd by their own Hands, and consequently void of Power and Knowledge; and I cannot comprehend that you, my Father, who seem to have a more extensive Genius than the rest of this Nation, should have become their High-Priest, and have accepted a Dignity which obliges you to plunge your Hands into the Blood of your Fellow Creatures.

I have not yet felt that Misfortune, reply'd the High-Priest, and I conjure the Gods each Day to preserve me from it. It is but two Months since I was created Pontiff; and during the Time of my Elevation there have

been no human Victim, and if the Menaces of the Emperor take effect, I hope to see no farther Sacrifices. *Eric* then enquired of him if he had been long amongst the *Saxons*, and out of what Motive they had rais'd him to be their High-Priest, confessing to him that he believ'd him to be a Stranger, and was surprized they should prefer him before a Native. I am of *Norway*, replied he to him; a Series of Misfortunes, the Recital of which might be tedious to you, conducted me in spite of myself to this Place. I was to have lost my Life here; the Compassion of my Predecessor forced me to preserve it by consecrating myself to the Service of *Irmisful*. 'Tis now fifteen Years, since I have been in this Temple; the retired and melancholly Life that I have always led through that Remembrance of my Misfortunes, which I could never cast off, passing amongst the *Saxons* for an Effect of my ardent Devotion to their Gods, inclined them to make me their High-Priest, at the Decease of him who had delivered me from their Hands. This Discourse interesting *Eric* in the Destiny of the Pontiff, and imagining that it might be an Inducement to his discovering himself farther if he knew that he also was a *Norwegian*, — We are of the same Country, said he to him, educated at the Court of *Harold* King of *Norway*; there are few of his Subjects whose Names are unknown to me. Reasons of Importance have voluntarily banish'd me thence forever; and if the Recital of your Sorrows can be any Ease to your Grief, or you can think me capable of doing you Service, I conjure

jure you to disclose them to me. You are yet so young, my Lord, resum'd the High-Priest looking attentively upon him, that whatever Knowledge you may have of the Noblemen of *Harold's* Court, I doubt whether you have ever been inform'd of the Name of a Prince whom all *Norway* imagines to have been put to Death by the King's Command, and whether the Adventures of the unfortunate *Clodomark* have ever reached your Ear. Oh Heaven! cried the Prince, springing into his Arms, is it then true that I behold in you the Brother of her who gave me Life, and for whom she has shed so many Tears!

The Pontiff extremely surprized to find his Nephew in a Man whom he had believed entirely unknown to him, and feeling in his Heart an Emotion that proved the Truth of it, returned his Caresses with equal Transports: — What! said he to him, can you be that young and charming *Eric* whom I had destined to my dearest *Hildegarde*. I am ignorant, returned the Prince, of what Happiness you had reserved for me; I even have but a confused Knowledge of the Events of your Life, the Princess my Mother having always avoided conversing with me upon that Head, lest she should raise within my Breast the Seeds of Hatred and Revenge against *Harold*; but it is certain that I am *Eric*, and that next to those who gave me Birth, the strongest Ties of Blood attach me to you.

Oh! my Child! my Nephew! for you must be him, resumed *Clodomark*; there can no more Sorrows befall me, since Fate has so

happily rejoined us! But, continued he, I read in your Looks, the Impatience you are in to hear those with which I have been oppressed; yet, my dear *Eric*, you must delay it till to-morrow, the Ceremonies of the Temple not permitting me to have a longer Conversation with you now. The young Prince was touched with this Delay; but unwilling to constrain *Clodomark*, and more strongly resolved than ever to tear him from the Altars of those false Divinities, by the most earnest Perswasions, he agreed with him, that he would repair to the Temple the next Day at the Rising of the Sun, and that both being enclosed together within its Walls, the Pontiff should conceal from him none of his Misfortunes; and having then parted, *Eric* went out with a Design of returning to the Palace of the King; but wholly lost in Thought at what he had heard, and in Astonishment at having found again a Prince, who above fifteen Years ago had been imagined to perish on the Scaffold, his Reverie so entirely possessed him, that without knowing where he went, it conducted his Steps towards the Forest, where he entered into the thickest Part of it, and did not recollect himself, till at the Sight of an Object, whose uncommon Beauty threw him into a fresh Surprise.

It was a young Woman of eighteen or nineteen with a Bow in her Hand, a Quiver upon her Shoulder, and cloathed almost as the Painters represent *Diana*. She was negligently leaning against a Tree, and seemed to listen attentively to what was said to her by another

another Huntress who accompanied her; this prevented her from perceiving the Prince, and gave him Time sufficient to examine her surprizing Charms, and to lose a Heart which, till then, Love had never presumed to attack. But the Arrow with which at that Moment he struck him, revenged him sufficiently of his having been so long a Rebel to his Sway. If the valiant *Eric* had not been undeceived from the Illusions of *Paganism*, he would have taken that admirable Person for a Divinity of the Woods; but now looking upon her only as the most perfect Work of Nature, the superstitious Adoration he would formerly have felt for her, was then changed into the most passionate and ardent Love.

Immoveable, senseless, struck with Admiration, he forgot that it was a Crime worthy of Death, to lift his Eyes up to the Beauties consecrated to the Idol *Irminful*; and the Transport he felt, making him shut his Eyes upon the Danger he run, he gave himself so wholly up to it, that the charming Vestal had perceived him, even before he had reflected that he ought to fly from an Object so fatal to his Life. The Astonishment of the Vestal was not less than his, at seeing an amiable Youth so near her; but still more surprized with those Charms which shone in his Person, she felt more Fear for his Danger, than Anger at his Temerity. A tender Compassion seized upon her Soul, and unable to conquer the Movements of it, — Fly, unfortunate Wretch! said she to him, art thou ignorant of our Laws, and knowest thou not what dreadful
Fate

Fate would be prepared for thee, if thou wast surprized in this Place!

I am a Stranger, Madam, replied the Prince, putting one Knee to the Ground; I might not perhaps know these rigorous Customs, but I wish not to have Recourse to my Ignorance to justify myself; a profound Reverie conducted me hither, my Admiration has detained me here, and something still more powerful makes me wish rather to die than to be forced from hence. *Eric* spoke with so much Grace, his submissive and respectful Action was accompanied with an Air so noble and so tender, that the Vestal, who began to interest herself in his Preservation, looking upon him with a modest Majesty; — Go, said she to him, retire, make use of this Moment in which my Companions have left me at Liberty, and never boast that thou hast seen the Priestess of *Irminful*.

At these Words, with a light and precipitated Flight gaining the Temple, with the other Vestal, she disappeared from his Eyes like a Flash of Lightning, and left him the most perplex'd of all Mankind. The Impossibility of seeing her again forced him to quit the Forest; and returning to the Palace of the Ambassador, he shut himself up in his Apartment penetrated with Grief, and wishing himself at the Head of a formidable Army to deliver from the Hands of these Barbarians his Uncle, and the marvellous Object with which he was enflamed. The whole Night he could not close his Eyes, the beauteous Priestess, still present to his Imagination, suffered

ferred him to take no Repose ; and not being able to perswade himself that so many Perfections were destined by Providence to remain buried in this profane and irreligious Temple, he formed a Resolution of retrieving her from thence at any Hazard. He even imagined that the Fear she had testified, lest he should be surprized with her, came not so much from her Zeal for the Laws of the Country, as from the Generosity of her Mind ; and flattering himself that having it in her Power to deliver him up to the Rigour of them, and yet neglecting it, he might perhaps perswade her to infringe them still farther, if *Charlemagne* conquered the *Saxons* either by Clemency or Force of Arms.

But whilst he abandoned himself in this manner to the Projects formed by his growing Love, the Priestess was not without Inquietude. The Sight of *Eric* had triumphed over a Heart which *Witikind* had attacked in vain. The eager Pursuits of that furious Monarch had constrained her to seek an Asylum, against his Violence, in the Temple of the Vestals of *Irminsul* ; and thinking herself free not only from the Passions which she might inspire into the Breasts of others, but also from those which might arise in her own Soul, she lived there with the Tranquillity which Innocence alone can give, till it was interrupted by this unforeseen Rencounter. The Person who had been with her in the Forest, and who was the most beloved by her of all the Vestals, was the only Depositary of this Adventure, and of the Effect it had produced upon her Heart.

What

What have I seen! my dear *Tirinda*, said she to her, when they were at Liberty to converse together; What charming Object has offered itself to my Sight! What should I have done, alas! if any other but thou had been Witness of the Rashness of this Unknown, and my Compassion for him!

I confess, Madam, replied she, that I trembled for his Life, and I returned my Thanks to the Gods for softening you in his Favour. I might have called the Guards of the Temple, returned the Priestess, and delivered him into their Hands; an Emotion that I could not overcome, restrained my Voice, he has escaped the Danger: but whilst my Prudence preserved him from a certain Death, his indiscreet Curiosity will cost me the Repose of my Life. Great Gods! continued she, were you not satisfied with taking from me those who gave me Being, and since, the only one besides who could return me to my native Soil, without adding to it the Loss of my Heart. This Thought drew Tears from her Eyes in such abundance, that the compassionate *Tirinda* was for some time incapable of consoling her. Yet having employed all her Eloquence, in representing to her that a Passion, whose Object would never appear again before her Eyes, could not fail of being extinguished as speedily as it had been kindled; and that her Reason would certainly surmount it with more Ease, than if she was exposed to see it continually. She at length brought her to hope that Time would efface him from her Memory.

But

But whatever Efforts she made to banish him from her Mind, she passed the Night in recollecting the Agreeableness of his Person with so deep an Attachment; that she was but too conscious that he had made an Impression on her Heart, which no length of Time could destroy. In the mean time, the passionate *Eric* waited with Impatience for the Hour of his Rendezvous, flattering himself that *Clodomark* might find out a Method for him to see the Priestess once more, and that they might concert proper Measures for conveying her privately from the Temple; and the Moment he saw the first Rays of the Sun, he repaired to the High Priest. The Pontiff of *Irminsul* received him with a Joy strongly painted in his Countenance. My dear Prince, said he, embracing him, my Forebodings did not deceive me when I imagined your Presence would terminate my Misfortunes: Heaven has this Moment restored to me a Part of what was forced from me, and the Hopes of finding the other. Then seeing that he prepared to listen to him, he conducted him to a Cabinet, where no Person had the Privilege of entering without his Orders, and the Prince having conjured him to satisfy his Curiosity, he began his Relation in this manner:

The



T H E
HISTORY of *CLODOMARK*.

TO instruct you regularly, said he, of my Misfortunes, and the present Situation of my Mind, I must begin my Discourse long before you saw the Light, and give you an exact Description of the Court of *Norway*. *Harold* who now reigns, Prince *Eric* your Father, and myself, being all three of Royal Blood, were united with the strictest Friendship during the Life of the late King; and as *Harold* was of the eldest Branch, and that we doubted not but that he would one Day become our Master, the King having no Issue, we used our utmost Assiduity to make ourselves beloved by him. He was gallant, he loved Amusement, and to please him we invented continually new Entertainments, which rendered the Court of *Drontheim*, our Capitol, one of the most shining in the North.

The Princess *Urisberte*, the Sister of *Eric*, and the Princess *Hildegarde*, my Sister, and your Mother, were the principal Ornaments of it by their marvellous Beauty, the Charms of their Character, and the Greatness of their Sentiments. The Friendship which united me and *Eric* rendering them inseparable, gave us such frequent Opportunities of seeing them, and conversing familiarly with them, that Love soon joined itself to the Admiration they inspired

spired us with, we did not conceal from each other the Emotion of our Hearts; and charm'd at being in a Capacity of making each other's Happiness by this double Alliance, we promised reciprocally a mutual Exchange of good Offices with the Objects of our Love, and served as Interpreters to each other. *Eric* was too amiable not to be beloved. *Hildegarde*, under the Veil of that Obedience, which she said she owed to my Desires, let me easily apprehend that her Heart went along with my Intentions; and I had the Joy to learn from *Eric*, that the Inclinations of the Princess *Urisberte* were not less favourable to me. If you are sensible of the Power of Love, my dear Prince, added *Clodomark*, you will easily conceive the Satisfaction we felt at that Moment. *Urisberte* and *Hildegarde* informed of our Love, and Confidants of each other's Tenderness, assured us mutually of our common Felicity, and soon after had the Goodness to certify us of it from their own Mouths. In the mean time, as *Harold* had only a general Gallantry without any particular Attachment, and that he frequently told us he dreaded nothing so much as seeing us engaged under the Laws of *Hymen*, being perswaded that those Ties cooled all Friendship, we resolved not to make our Inclinations known till he had fixed his Heart, being conscious that the Interest of the State, and his own personal Advantage, required his making a Choice before the Death of the King, whose great Age and Infirmities threatened him with a speedy Dissolution.

Tho' our Passion made us look upon this Delay with Chagrin, yet the Fear of losing the Favour of a Prince, whose Confidence we hoped to possess when he had attained the supreme Power, made us restrain our Impatience, and constrained us to keep a profound Silence as to the pleasing Intelligence that reigned amongst us. It was not much above a Month that we had lived in this manner, when *Fredwige*, Princess of *Ostafort*, arrived at *Drontheim*. As she was nearly related to the King, and that he wished to espouse her to Prince *Harold*, he had desired the Prince of *Ostafort*, her Father, to send her to his Court, and we had Orders to receive her with Magnificence. The Hopes which *Eric* and I had conceived, that this new Beauty might captivate the Prince, and oblige him to give us an Example of a more solid Engagement, made us invent every thing that was magnificent to solemnize the Day of his Arrival. The Princesses, *Urisberte* and *Hildegarde*, employed also all that Art could furnish them with to heighten the Lustre of their Beauty; and the Court had never appeared with so much Pomp. But by an almost incomprehensible Fatality, *Harold*, who till that Moment had shewn only a common Regard for the Princesses, thought them so beautiful in these new Ornaments, that he imagined his Eyes had been closed till that Moment; and, to my Misfortune, *Urisberte* had the Honour of triumphing over his Liberty. I was too much in love not to be jealous; the excessive Praises he continually gave her, during the whole Day, made me uneasy,
and

and I had from that Moment a foreboding of the Misfortunes which have since happen'd to me.

However I conceal'd my Fears and Suspicions as much as I could possibly. The Princesses, attended by all the Ladies of the Court, mounted into their Chariots in order to meet *Fredwige*. *Harold*, *Eric*, and myself, accompanied with the principal Lords, were on Horseback. The Prince never quitted the Chariot of *Urisberte*, said a thousand gallant Things to her, and prevented me so entirely from conversing with her, that not being the Master of my Jealousy, I spurr'd my Horse up to his Side; and addressing myself to him, and endeavouring to put on a smiling Air; You do not consider, my Lord, said I to him, that the Princess of *Ostrafort* alone ought to inspire you with what you say to the beauteous *Urisberte*.

I know not, whether in spight of the Constraint I thought I put upon myself, he did not perceive in my Face a part of what pass'd in my Heart; but fixing his Eyes upon mine—*Clodomark*, answer'd he haughtily, I shall not hinder you from consoling *Fredwige* for the Indifference I shall always have for her, and I forbid you ever to censure the Love which I shall carry to my Grave for the adorable *Urisberte*. These Words were a Thunder-stroke to me, and my Despair was so violent that it would certainly have broke out but for Prince *Eric*, who having join'd me at the Moment of *Harold's* Declaration, and having heard it, spurr'd his Horse with so much Violence be-

tween the Prince's and mine, feigning to be unable to stop him, that he forc'd us to separate from each other to give him way, and by this Means oblig'd me to keep my Resentment in my own Breast; and drawing me off from the Chariot of his Sister, he own'd to me that he perceiv'd the Affiduities of *Harold* to that Princess. But my dear *Clodomark*, added he, this Passion is too sudden to be durable; *Fredwige* will appear and dissipate your Alarms; but whatever may happen I am certain of my Sister, and I conjure you to be so of the Promise I give you, that she shall never be any one's but yours. This Discourse calm'd me, and rous'd me from my Concern, and brought me back to Prudence; he retraced to my Memory the Character of the Prince, who in all his Pleasures and Amusements lost his Taste for them when they were approved; and thought it sufficient Reason to be obstinate in them whenever they were strongly opposed; that if he once imagined that I loved *Urisberte*, he would make it a Point of Honour to force her from me; and that on the contrary if we appear'd both indifferent to his Behaviour, and attach'd ourselves to make our Court to *Fredwige*, he would soon change his Sentiments, in order to oppose the Progress that either of us might make in her Esteem. Though I was not in a Situation to be pleas'd with these Reasons, yet I submitted, and promis'd him to be discreet. We had scarce finish'd this Conversation when we perceiv'd the Chariot of the Princess of *Ostrafort*. We detach'd ourselves from the Company

pany to be the first to salute her. *Harold*, who perceiv'd our Eagerness, and who was not extremely satisfied with the Manner in which *Urisberte* receiv'd his Homage, followed us in an Instant with the rest of the Noblemen. The Chariot of *Fredwiege* stopp'd when they saw us approach; we came up to her together, *Harold*, *Eric* and me. She had no Knowledge of any of us, and I know not by what false Idea she imagined I was the Prince; but taking me for him, I was the Person upon whom her Eyes were fix'd, and the first who receiv'd the Compliment that she had prepared for him.

There cannot be a Destiny more happy than mine, my Lord, said she to me, Duty and Obedience alone conducted my Steps to this Place, and I see with equal Joy and Surprise that my Inclination will not be long before it joins them. These Words having instructed me of her Error, I was willing to inform her of it without giving her Confusion; for this Effect; saluting her with the most profound Respect — Prince *Harold*, Madam, reply'd I, will think his Fate still more fortunate than your's, since nothing can equal the Happiness of being able to place a Crown upon the Head of so beautiful a Princess. At the same Time pointing out the Prince, who advanced towards her, I went to present my Hand to *Urisberte* who was alighting from her Chariot with *Hildegarde*, to whom Prince *Eric* paid the same Service. But I could not help remarking that *Fredwiege* blush'd extremely, and that a profound Melancholly appear'd

in her Eyes. I doubted not but the Shame of being mistaken was the Cause of it, and gave no farther Attention to any thing but to the Manner in which *Harold* should behave to her. *Urisberte*, whom I conducted to the Chariot of the Princess, was not less attentive though from a different Motive. *Eric*, who had been Witness of the Reception given me by *Fredwiede*, and who had join'd the Princesses before me, had diverted himself with telling it them as a pleasant Adventure; but his charming Sister was alarm'd with it, and looking with Concern upon the Prince her Brother — All this is a bad Omen, my Lord, said she, and I dread lest whilst Prince *Harold* endeavours to make me act the Part of the Princess *Ostrafort*, she should wish to take up mine with *Clodomark*. I arriv'd just as she had done speaking; and seeing *Eric* smile, I was desiring him to tell me the Occasion of it, when we found ourselves so near to *Fredwiede* who had alighted to meet the Princesses, that it was impossible for me to inform myself. *Harold* gave her his Hand without looking upon her; and on her side having no more Attention for him than for one of her Train, her whole Care was to examine *Urisberte* and me. They address'd each other with a Coolness that made several imagine they were chagrin'd to see each other so beautiful; for in effect, I do not believe there was then any Woman in *Europe* comparable to them; and though *Fredwiede* had something too haughty in her Air, yet it was cer-

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tain that Heart must have been already prejudiced which could resist her Attractions.

In the mean time the Princesses embraced. *Hildegarde* had a large Share in the Applauses that were given to these three Persons who seem'd to have reassembled all the Graces of their Sex. *Fredwige* express'd much more Friendship to my Sister than to *Urisberte*. They both mounted into her Chariot, and Prince *Harold* being oblig'd to entertain the Princess of *Ostafort*, left us the Liberty of speaking to the Objects of our Wishes; but it was only of indifferent Things; *Fredwige* lending too much Attention to our Discourse for us to hazard explaining ourselves in what interested our Hearts. What she said to the Prince was of no greater Importance, and never Conversation was colder, or had less Connexion, which continued 'till we arrived at the Palace, where the King waited for us, attended by the rest of the Ladies and Noblemen of the Court.

The Remainder of the Day pass'd in Compliments and Ceremony; and as soon as we could retire, *Eric* and I seiz'd the Opportunity to repair to the Apartment of *Urisberte*, where she was shut up with *Hildegarde*. We found them extremely melancholly, and I imagined I saw some Tears upon the Face of my Princess, I eagerly demanded the Occasion of them, and testified my Inquietude upon the Prince's Passion, — You have nothing to fear, reply'd she looking tenderly on me, all the Crowns of the Universe are not capable of making me forget that I am destin'd for *Clodomark*;

domark; but, Prince, one Glance of *Fredwiede* may make you lose the Remembrance of what you owe to the faithful *Urisberte*.

This Hint of Jealousy shew'd her Tenderness too plainly for me to be offended at it; but unwilling it should take Root within her Breast, I strove to prove to her that I had no Design upon the Princess of *Ostrafort*, and that there was no Stratagem I would not make use of to hasten her Marriage with *Harold*, and the more as what *Fredwiede* had said to me plainly prov'd her Love to that Prince. That was no Proof, replied she eagerly, unless she wish'd you to have been *Harold*, and is in Despair that you are not so. My dear *Clodomark*, then said *Eric*, who saw me lost in Thought, the Remark of *Urisberte* is just, the Heart of *Fredwiede* has declared for you, and by a most singular Adventure, whilst *Harold's* Behaviour to my Sister rais'd a Jealousy in you, the Princess of *Ostrafort's* caus'd the same Suspicion in his Soul. However, continued he, cease your mutual Alarms, you love each other, and ought to have no Distrust, but endeavour mutually to procure your being happy: and to succeed in it, whatever Fears *Urisberte* may conceive, you ought to constrain yourself to pay your Court to *Fredwiede* with so much Assiduity as to give *Harold* Uneasiness: I know his Character, the Moment he perceives your Inclinations turn that Way, he will attach himself to her; his Genius is lively and penetrating, and doubtless having remark'd your Inquietude upon his Gallantry to my Sister, it was a secret Entertainment to him

him to augment it. Follow therefore the Counsel that I give you, and depend upon it, that if he finds himself slighted by *Urisberte*, and sees you are in Favour with *Fredwiege*, he will immediately declare for her.

Urisberte did not approve this Advice, neither was it more to my Taste. What they had oblig'd me to perceive in the Procedure of the Princess of *Ostafort*, augmented still farther the Repugnance I felt at paying her any Homage: and Honour uniting with the Passion I felt for the Sister of *Eric*, I look'd upon the Part he would have me undertake as unworthy of a Man of Honour; and whatever Arguments *Hildegarde* and he could make use of, I ranged myself on the Party of *Urisberte*, and protested to them I would never enter into so dangerous an Enterprize. *Eric* told me that he would force me to be happy in spite of myself, and we parted without concluding upon any Measures. I pass'd the Night without Repose, and the next Day did not procure me more Satisfaction. It was not possible for me to see *Urisberte* but in the Princess of *Ostafort*'s Apartment, where I immediately repaired. Her Court was numerous, she being already look'd upon as their future Queen. The King had just enter'd; he entertain'd *Fredwiege* in private, and Prince *Harold* seizing upon that Opportunity, address'd the Sister of *Eric*. 'Tis impossible to express what I suffer'd during this Conversation. The King retir'd, and the Princess of *Ostafort* returning to the Circle, call'd *Hildegarde* and placed her near her. *Eric* was behind them, and they spoke.

spoke low for some time; after which *Fredwige* making me a Sign to approach them, I obeyed, looking friendly upon me; *Clodomark*, said she to me with a Smile, I had Reason Yesterday to wish you might have been *Harold*, you appear the only one in this Assembly whose Heart is free: the Prince has no Eyes but for *Uriberte*, *Eric* sees only *Hildegarde*, and you and I run a Risque of being extremely tired, if we remain Spectators only of so much Gallantry.

It is certain, Madam, replied I, that the Princess *Fredwige* alone ought to captivate all Hearts: yet she ought not to regard these Trifles which wound the Delicacy of her Sentiments; and the most certain Method of not being tired, is to employ her Thoughts wholly upon the Crown she is going to wear; that Honour regards Prince *Harold* alone; and *Clodomark* is only destined to bear his whole Lifetime the Character of his most faithful Subject.

I shall follow your Advice, returned she haughtily, I shall reign. I was embarrassed in what manner I should answer her, when Prince *Harold* came to join us, either disgusted with the Contempt of *Uriberte*, or jealous of the Kindness the Princess of *Ostafort* shewed me, and desirous to stop the Course of it, he quitted her no more the whole Day. But I was not the more happy; *Uriberte* was in an Instant surrounded by so many Courtiers, that it was impossible for me to speak to her. In fine, without giving you a farther Detail of the Pains I felt from Love and Jealousy, I shall only tell you that I was four Days without

out being able to meet either that Princess or my Sister alone, and to see I was obliged to repair to the Apartment of *Fredwiede*, from whom they were inseparable: I even perceived that *Harold* treated me with extreme Coolness, and that *Eric* avoided my Presence.

Despair began to seize upon my Soul, and I should certainly have been guilty of some rash Action, if, on the fifth Day, Prince *Eric* had not entered my Apartment with an Air that dissipated all my Alarms. My dear *Clodomark*, said he, embracing me, pardon me the Conduct I have been obliged to use, it was necessary to our mutual Felicity. *Urisberte*, *Hildegarde*, and myself, have acted in Concert to persuade the Prince that you loved *Fredwiede*, and that that Princess, irritated at his Indifference, had some Inclination to listen to you. Our Stratagem has produced its Effect: jealous of his Rights over the Heart of *Fredwiede*, he has recalled his from the Chains of my Sister; he has given more Attention to the Charms of the Princess, is become seriously in love with her, and has just now pressed the King to hasten his Marriage. The Preparations for it are ordered; I conjure you, by the Desire of *Urisberte*, to constrain yourself to Silence till the Moment of its Celebration. You must be as much in Love as I was, to conceive the Joy I felt at this News: I returned a thousand Thanks to *Eric*, and promised every thing that he exacted from me. We went together to pay our Duty to the King, where I received the Confirmation of what he had told me; from thence we passed
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to the Apartment of *Fredwiege*. *Harold* was with her; and I affected an Air of Coldness when I wished them mutual Happiness. The Prince took it for Concern, and applauded himself in secret for his Triumph, and *Fredwiege* appeared to be touched with it. At length, the Marriage, which was so much wished for, was performed with a surprizing Magnificence; the whole Court appeared at it with the utmost Lustre, and tho' the Joy of the Multitude was excessive, mine was still greater. I did not, however, let it appear, and I preserved my feigned Melancholy till the Moment when the Court had left the Temple and returned to the Palace, when Prince *Harold* calling me to him, *Clodomark*, said he, holding out his Hand to me, let us become Friends once more; I pardon you for having loved *Fredwiege*, pardon me for designing to seize upon the Heart of *Urisberte*; let us return to our first Chains, and that we may have nothing to reproach each other with, follow my Example, espouse the Sister of *Eric*, and bestow your's upon him.

The Frankness of the Prince moved my Heart, all my Friendship for him was reanimated; I threw myself at his Feet, and protesting to him that I had never raised any Desires to the Princess of *Ostrafort*, I expressed the most lively Gratitude to him for granting me *Urisberte*. He gave no great Credit to my Protestations; but that did not diminish his Goodness to me. You will easily judge, my dear Prince, that we would not delay the making Use of it. Those Ties which were
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to form the Happiness of my Life and that of *Eric's*, united us for ever to our Princesses some few Days after the Marriage of *Harold*, with whom I resumed my antient Familiarity; but as he was truly in Love with the Princess his Consort, and naturally inclined to Jealousy, I perceived he was always uneasy when I was near enough to speak to her without his hearing our Conversation, I resolved therefore to leave the Court for some time with *Uriberte*; and as I had Affairs of Interest to regulate at *Berghen*, where I possessed large Revenues, I made use of that Pretext to desire Permission of the Prince to pass some Months there. He granted it me, and I saw it was with Pleasure. *Hildegarde* and her Spouse felt a Concern for it; but seeing, as plainly as myself, the Consequence of destroying the Prince's Ideas, they could not blame my Conduct. Our Separation was most touching, *Uriberte* and my Sister having as tender a Friendship as *Eric* and myself. We departed, and we arrived at *Berghen*; our Situation there was so charming, joined to the Tranquillity we enjoyed in it, that instead of four or five Months which we designed to spend there, we passed four whole Years, still designing every Day to depart.

During this Interval of Time *Hildegarde* brought you into the World, and my dear *Uriberte* was several times a Mother, without having the Consolation of preserving those Children which she brought into the World. At length, the fourth Year after our Arrival at *Berghen*, she became with Child, and presented

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sented me with a Daughter, who was the more dear to us, as she was by the Death of the others become the only Pledge of our Loves. *Urisberte* imagining that the Air of *Berghen* had been fatal to her Children, conjured me to return to *Drontheim*. *Hildegarde* and Prince *Eric* had long solicited us to it; even *Harold* himself pressed me in a manner that made me believe four Years of Marriage had cured him of his Suspicions. All these Considerations determined me to leave *Berghen*, which I did as soon as *Urisberte* could perform the Journey without Danger. We had given to the Princess, our Daughter, the Name of *Hildegarde*, out of Tenderness for my Sister, who began to conceive the most sensible Pleasure in the Thoughts of educating her along with you, our Design being fixed one Day to unite you in the same Ties with which we were joined, to transmit our Fortune and our Friendship together to Posterity. But alas! when we arrived at *Drontheim*, we met nought but Mourning, Tears, and Sighs, Prince *Eric*, your Father, had then just expired, after an Illness of sixteen Days.

Hildegarde was inconsolable, *Harold* in the utmost Distress, and the whole Court weeping for his Loss. *Urisberte* never quitted my Sister, and I employed my utmost Care to relieve her Sorrows and to suppress my own. This Misfortune was a fatal Omen to us, the blackest Apprehension troubled our Souls, and almost without knowing what it was we dreaded, both *Urisberte* and myself repented that we had left *Berghen*. The Princess *Fred-
wiege*

wiege expressed so tender a Compassion for us, and the Prince so much Consideration, that we were displeased with ourselves at the small Returns of Gratitude we felt in our Hearts. We were in this Situation when the King, finishing his Course, quitted the Crown and his Life. Tho' the Throne descended, without Dispute, to Prince *Harold*, yet there was raised a Party amongst the *Grandeess*, which gave him Reason to fear they had a Design to render the Monarchy elective. Even the Great Council opposed the Coronation of *Harold*, and published an Edict, forbidding him to be proclaimed King till the States were assembled to decide his Right.

Incensed at the Infidelity of the *Grandeess*, and at the Weakness of the People, I put myself at the Head of those Troops whom I had determined should take up Arms in favour of *Harold*. I besieged the Palace where the *Grandeess* held their Consult, and giving no Quarter to those who at first put themselves into a Posture of Defence, I threatened to put all the rest to the Sword, if they did not upon the Spot acknowledge Prince *Harold* as lawful King of *Norway*; and leaving a Part of my Troops to support the Advantage I had there, I marched with the Remainder to the Palace of that Prince, who knowing nothing of what had passed, waited there for the Result of the Council. I made him immediately mount a Horse of State, placed him in the Centre of my little Army, and conducted him to the Temple, crying, Long live King *Harold*. The Multitude, animated by our

Example, did the same, and the High Priest having crowned him, and put upon him the Ornaments of Royalty, with the loudest Acclamations of the Soldiery and the People, they conducted him to a triumphal Chariot, in which he returned to the Palace, attended with the same Applause. After his returning to the Council, who had been informed of this vigorous Action, I saw them meeting me in a Body, to beg of me to conduct them in Safety to the King, dreading to be exposed to the Insults of the People.

We did what they desired, and the new King behaving with Clemency, feigned to believe that what they did was designed for the Good of the State, and pardoning them all in general and in particular, in less than twenty-four Hours his Power was as firmly established as if he had reigned several Years. It was impossible for any thing to equal the Caresses he gave me, or to be compared to the Honours I received from the Queen. My Sister and my Wife seemed to be her dearest Favourites, and it was sufficient for me to approve any Affair to be certain the King and that Princess would agree to it. I passed eight Months in this manner, my Favour augmenting continually; when one Evening returning to my Palace, one of the Guards gave me a Letter and disappeared. I entered into my Apartment to read it; but, Heavens! what a Terror seized me when I perceived it was the Queen's, who writ to me in a manner that could only be inspired by the strongest and most ardent Passion. I was long uncertain in
what

what manner to behave; at length I resolved to conceal it, to act as if it had not been delivered to me, and above all, to hide from *Urisberte* the shameful Passion of the Queen.

I executed this Project; but that inconsiderate Princess caused several other Letters to be delivered to me in the same manner; and seeing me still behave to her with a Distance and Respect, that made her imagine I had no Suspicion of the Hand from whence they came; she surmounted all the Bounds of Honour and Decency to inform me of it. One Day as I was coming out of the King's Apartment, who by a slight Indisposition was detained in Bed, I met the Queen, as she was returning into her own. *Clodomark*, said she to me, taking my Hand to rest upon, I want to speak to you, conduct me to my Closet. I own to you that those Words made me tremble; I strove to excuse myself, pretending I had a pressing Order from the King, which I was to acquit myself of immediately; but she constrained me to follow her, assuring me that she would not detain me a Moment.

Her Women all remained in her Apartment, and we entered alone into this fatal Closet. She ordered me to shut the Door; and that Moment looking fixedly upon me, — Have not you lately received, said she to me, several Letters without a Name? I wished to dissemble, and appearing surprized, I told her I had not. You would impose upon me, resumed she, I am certain of it, and I must know from whom they came; I have Suspicions which are of Importance to me to

be satisfied in. This Discourse making me believe I had been mistaken, I answered that it was true that I had been secretly writ to, but that I was ignorant who it was that endeavoured to amuse herself, by writing to me in a Language she might be certain I could not understand. How! would not understand, ungrateful Wretch, interrupted she; hast thou forgot that at my Arrival here I took thee for *Harold*, and that I have a thousand times since wished thou couldst become so! For, cruel Man, added she, it is no longer a Time for Diffimulation, I loved thee from the Moment I saw thee, but I wished to reign; if Fate had made thee a King in any other Part of the Earth, *Fredwiege* would never have been Queen of *Norway*. It was from me that these Letters came, and it is from thee alone that I expect the Happiness of my Life.

Ah! Madam, cried I, throwing myself at her Feet, to what a dangerous Trial have you put my Fidelity to my King! Can you imagine me capable of so black a Perfidy, and can *Harold* have perswaded you to such a Stratagem! It is no Trial, replied she eagerly, seek no vain Excuses to refuse my Tenderness, thou shalt consent to my Love or die. Sentence my Death, replied I with the utmost Firmness, the most sacred Ties of Duty and Love have fixed my Heart, you may peirce it, but you can never possess it. Go, said she to me with Fury, retire, and never let me see thee more. I did not give her Leave to repeat these Words, I opened the Closet with the utmost Precipitation, and concealing as much as I could

could the Emotion there was upon my Face, I returned home penetrated with Despair. *Uriberte* was with my Sister; and irresolute how I should act, I had been more than an Hour considering how I might fly from the Sight of a Princess so unworthy of her Rank, when, by the King's Command, a Party came to seize upon me and conduct me to the Fort. I immediately was conscious from whence the Blow came; but I resolved to keep Silence, to obey and to die, rather than reveal a Secret which must be an equal Shame and Confusion to *Harold* and to his unworthy Consort.

The Officer who was sent to apprehend me, had formerly served under me; he expressed a sensible Regret at being obliged to execute the King's Commands, and to prove it to me, he left me at Liberty to convey away any thing that I feared might be a Detriment to me, to be found in my Palace; but I had no Occasion to make use of this Indulgence; I followed him to the Fort, the Governor of which, named *Araspes*, was as surprized as he was afflicted at this Sight, having been always attached to me, and owing that considerable Post wholly to my Friendship. He would not suffer me to have any other Apartment but his own, where, notwithstanding all that I could say, he ordered a Bed to be set up, that he might be always near me for my Consolation and for my Safety. He asked me a thousand times what could be the Occasion of such a Treatment, and what I had done that could oblige *Harold* to forget that he owed his Crown to me: but continuing

ing firm in the Resolution I had taken, I told him I was not conscious of any thing I had been guilty of, that I was ignorant of what Crime I was accused, and that I should have the strongest Obligation to him if he could know it, and inform me of it. I conjured him also to let the Princess *Urisherte* know I intreated her not to be alarmed, and begged him to obtain Permission for her to see me. *Araspes* assured me that he would acquit himself faithfully of these Commissions, adding, that he would spare nothing to release me from this Place, and that if the King could forget himself so far as to design that I should perish, he would run any Risque to preserve me. With this Resolution he repaired to the Palace, where the whole Court was in Astonishment and Consternation at my Adventure, the Subject of which was openly spoken of, which was, that I had attempted upon the Honour of the Queen, having been in Love with her even before her Marriage; that I had fastened the Door of her Cabinet to be alone with her; that I had even endeavoured to use Violence, and that perceiving she was going to call out for Succours, I had escaped with excessive Swiftnes; that at the same Moment that distracted Princess, with her Hair dishevell'd, and all in Tears, had gone and thrown herself at the Feet of the King, to demand Vengeance for the Outrage I had been guilty of; that *Harold*, irritated at my Insolence, and penetrated with the Sorrow of the Queen, had commanded me to be arrested,

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protesting loudly, that my Death should soon follow my Imprisonment.

Araspes hearken'd to all, and in Secret did me the Justice not to believe it in the least, having been my sole Confident in all that had formerly pass'd between *Fredwiede*, *Uriberte*, and myself; but concealing what he thought, and judging that my Enemies were too strong to suffer any Justification of myself, he form'd his Plan that Moment; and to have it the more in his Power to do me Service he seem'd even more irritated than the rest at my pretended Attempt, and went into the King's Apartment to testify his Resentment and receive his Orders. He found there my dear *Uriberte*, and the Princess your Mother, who embracing his Knees conjur'd him only to hear me: but this Monarch was in so dreadful a Rage, that struggling from their Hold, and looking upon them with Eyes burning with Anger—He shall die, said he then, nothing shall move me, I have too long known his audacious Wishes, and I will neither see nor hear him. At these Words turning to *Araspes*, he commanded him to make known my Sentence to me, and that the next Day he should take Care I lost my Head upon a Scaffold. The Cries of *Uriberte* and *Hildegarde* redoubled to such a degree at this inhuman Command, that Part of the Court touch'd with their Despair prostrated themselves at the Feet of *Harold* to obtain my Pardon; and as in the Number of Courtiers there were several who were truly my Friends, they hazarded saying to him, that there should be more
Lives

Lives in Danger before my Blood was shed. *Araspes* making use of so bold a Menace, to which the King made no Answer but by a terrifying Look as he retired into his Closet, followed him there, and represented to him that it would be imprudent to put me to Death publicly, that the Soldiers would undertake to defend me, that they might raise the People, and that he believed it would be more for the Interest of his Majesty, to have me put to Death privately in the Prison, without naming the Day; that when it was known to be done, the Ardour of my Friends would be cool'd; and that having lost all Hopes of preserving me, they would never embark themselves in a Revolt which could be of no Service to them. *Harold* was so firmly perswaded that I was guilty, and the Desire of Vengeance had so strongly seized upon his Mind, that he did not regard in what manner I died, provided he was but delivered from an odious Rival. However, he approved the Counsel of *Araspes*, applauded his Prudence, and left it to him either to conceal my Death or render it public, which he thought proper.

As *Urisberte* had remained in the King's Apartment, with an Intent of speaking to *Araspes*, she no sooner saw him come out from the Closet, than she flew towards him to enquire if that Prince had not been prevailed upon to retract his Sentence, and whether she might be permitted to see me. The faithful *Araspes* carrying on the Part he was resolved to act, answered her coolly, that the King had determined to have me brought to a Trial,
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but that he was forbid to let me speak to any Person; and quitted her abruptly left the Compassion that her excessive Sorrow gave him, should constrain him to alter his Language. It is impossible to express how much that gentle Princess was moved to find so much Barbarity in the Heart of a Man whom I had raised to so high a Post. This Augmentation of her Sorrows render'd them so insupportable, that *Hildegarde* conducted her to her Palace almost expiring.

But *Araspes* would not long leave her in this dreadful Situation, and in the Evening repairing in Disguise and without Attendance, to her Apartment, he calm'd a Part of her Alarms by discovering to her his Designs, and promising to her that she should see me in the Middle of the Night. In effect, he return'd to me, and having instructed me of my Crime, and the Fate that was prepared for me, he conjured me to fly that very Night. He was originally of *Denmark*; and had Relations there, whose Friendship he was assur'd of, and begg'd me to retire thither for an Asylum, protesting to me that he would not delay his joining me there, and conducting me along with him, my Wife and my Daughter, when the Report of my Death should have closed the King's Eyes on his Behaviour. He told me that he had, in the Dungeons of the Fort, a Criminal whom he would put in my Place, and that in my Habit, and under my Name, he should undergo the Punishment destin'd to me, whilst in a secure Disguise I should conduct my Steps to *Denmark*. As the Time was pressing,

pressing, and there was no other Possibility of Relief, I accepted his Offers. He went to prepare all Things; and when he had rendered his Project sure of Success, he returned to me, and conjured me so earnestly to confide in him the Truth of what had passed between the Queen and me, that I could not excuse myself; but obliging him to swear to me that the fatal Secret should never pass his Lips, and that not even *Urisberte* should have any Knowledge of it, I related to him all that he wished to know; and to give him a Proof of my Sincerity, I shewed him the Letters which that Princess had writ to me, and which I had upon me when I was seized. He read them over with the last Astonishment; and having got Possession of them under Pretext of my leaving my Habit for him who was to suffer Death in my Place, he locked them up, promising to restore them to me. You must preserve them, said he to me; if *Fredwiede* should die before the King, they might be of Use to make him sensible of her Injustice.

It was in this manner that we conversed, till the Time when all in the Fort were buried in Sleep. Then the Governor, having disguised me in the Habit of a Soldier, made me pass down a private Staircase, at the Foot of which there stood a Centinel, whom he commanded to open a Door which led to a Ditch, over which a Draw-Bridge was let down. I perceived that the Soldier was privy to the Mystery by the Silence he observed. We passed over the Bridge, and the faithful
Araspes,

Araspes, guiding my Steps by a thousand Byeways unknown to me, conducted me to my own Palace without the least Obstacle. *Urisberte* had sent her People to rest; and waited for me alone with the Nurse of my Daughter, of whose Fidelity she was secure. We embraced each other a thousand times; I conjured her to believe that I never had had the least Thought of Love for the Queen, that my Fidelity to her was inviolable, and that the Crime that was imposed upon me was a Stratagem of the King and that Princess to have a Pretext to ruin me. There needed no Efforts to persuade her of this Truth; but I was obliged to use my utmost Strength of Argument to prevent her from escaping with me. However, both *Araspes* and myself made her so plainly comprehend of what Importance it was that I should be believed to be dead, to hinder them from following my Steps, and punishing *Araspes*, that she at length consented to my Departure alone. The Governor hastened us in our Adieus, and having torn me from the Arms of that dear Wife, he conducted me without the Gates of the City, where I found waiting for me three of the bravest Soldiers under his Command, with Horses ready to mount, and to accompany me to the Frontiers of *Denmark*. I had concluded with *Araspes* that I should make myself known to his Family under the Name of *Goroman*, an Officer discontented with the King of *Norway*, and that I came to enter into the Service of *Denmark*, where I was to wait for him. I

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was charged with Letters from him, in which he recommended me so earnestly to his Relations, that I had no occasion of employing many Words to be received favourably by them. I embarked upon the Sea of *Denmark*, and arrived in that Kingdom without any Accident.



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S E Q U E L
O F T H E
H I S T O R Y o f C L O D O M A R K.

THE Family of *Araspes* perfectly answer'd what he had hoped for from them; and if they had known me for what I was, I could not have exacted more Attention, nor more Respect from them. I remained three Months there in continual Inquietude for his Fate and that of *Urisberte*, but at length I had the Satisfaction to see them arrive. I forgot all my Miseries when I embraced so dear a Wife; and so faithful a Friend, and the Sight of my Child was an Increase to my Joy. After the first Transports, inspired by the Pleasure of being again reunited, were over, they informed me of Events which threw me into the greatest Astonishment, and rendered *Urisberte* a thousand times more dear to me. They instructed me that, the next Day after my Departure from *Drontheim*, *Araspes*, in Presence of the whole Garrison at the Fort, beheaded the Criminal whom he had caused to take my Name and Habit. That unfortunate

R. 2 Wretch,

Wretch, who expected to perish in the most cruel Torments, found himself so much eased by this Change, that he went to his Death with an Air of Intrepidity, that strengthen'd all Minds in their Opinion that it was me. For you are not ignorant that it is the Custom of *Norway* to cover the Faces of those People of Distinction who are beheaded, lest they should excite, by their Looks, a Compassion dangerous to that fatal Ceremony. This poor Wretch then was executed, and that so dangerous a Mystery might not be discovered, *Araspes* had the Body wrapped up that very Moment, and conveyed, according to our Customs, into the Vault destined for the Sepulchre of our Princes.

This was no sooner performed than he instructed the King of my Death, who immediately published it himself to his whole Court. The City learned it in an Instant; and this sudden Execution raised so much Terror and Astonishment in the Spirits of all the People, that no Person either dared to complain or to regret me. *Urisberte*, who would not confide her Secret to my Sister, that her real Tears might support the Stratagem of *Araspes*, appeared inconsolable. In the mean time *Araspes*, who was resolved not to leave the Crime of *Fredwiege* unpunished, perceiving that there was not the least Doubt of my Death, went to *Urisberte* and gave her a full Recital of all that passed between the Queen and me, delivered to her the Letters of this unworthy Princess, and conjured her not to leave this Blot upon my Memory, nor to leave *Norway* without

without having undeceived the unjust and ungrateful *Harold*.

It is easy to imagine the Pleasure this Discovery gave the Princess, whatever good Opinion she had had of me, her Virtue alone was what spoke to her in my Favour, and her Heart was surrounded with a secret Jealousy, that she could not overcome; but such convincing Proofs of my Innocence having re-animated all her Love, she only considered how she should make the Truth appear in a manner as glorious to herself as it was shameful to *Fredwige*. She secured the Letters, and without communicating her Project to *Araspes*, she assured him he should have Reason to be satisfied with her Behaviour, and that if I had had the Sorrow of meeting with an ungrateful King, I should at least have the Pleasure of being convinced that I had a Wife and a Friend worthy of my utmost Tenderness. The following Day, cloathing herself in the mournful Ornaments of a Widow penetrated with her Loss, she repaired to the Apartment of the King, at the Time when he was surrounded with the greatest Noblemen of the Kingdom. *Araspes* told me that she was so beautiful in that Habit, that there was a Murmur of Applause around the King, which plainly made known the Admiration that she created in their Hearts. *Harold* himself was struck with it; and advancing towards her with a melancholy and respectful Air, he assured her he did not confound her in the Crimes of her unfaithful Husband; and

that if she desired any Favour, she might be certain of obtaining it.

Since you assure me so, my Lord, replied she, throwing herself at his Feet, I demand being admitted to make the ordeal Trial of the Burning Iron, in witness of the Innocence of my unfortunate Husband: I am sensible this Action will not restore him to Life, but since no Person is ignorant of what he was accused of, and the Punishment he has suffered, it is my Duty to make his Justification as public and as authentic. The Queen alone is guilty, and has revenged herself for having found in *Clodomark* a Subject too virtuous for her, and too faithful to his King for to yield to her criminal Desires; and this Truth I will prove at the Hazard of my Life. *Harold* turned pale at this Discourse, and appeared speechless; the whole Court surrounded them both, saying openly, that it was not in the King's Power to refuse the Demand of *Urisberte*; and that Monarch having recollected himself, and looking attentively upon her — But, Madam, said he to her, do you know to what Danger you are going to expose yourself? Do you consider that by accusing the Queen unjustly, you will subject yourself to the most dreadful Punishment. I know it all, my Lord, resumed she hastily, but I fear nothing: *Clodomark* chose rather to die than to discover your Shame, and I cannot live without justifying him. These, said she, presenting to him the Letters of the Queen, are the first Proofs of his Innocence, which
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Chance has thrown into my Hands; and the second will be to see me return unhurt from the Trial of the burning Iron.

The Situation of *Harold's* Mind at that Moment is not to be expressed; he listened to the Princess, and at the same time read those fatal Characters which he was but too much acquainted with: He saw there his Dishonour, and the Passion of *Fredwige*, so strongly painted, that it was impossible to give a favourable Interpretation to them. He comprehended too that by refusing the Princess, the Queen, who had been so openly accused, would most inevitably remain under a Suspicion, that the Ideas they conceived of her would reflect upon himself, and his Repose be for ever disturbed by it; and therefore it would be the only way he could take either to prove her Innocence by the Death of *Urisberte*, or if she was really criminal, to punish her, and not to let his own Reputation be attacked.

Agitated with these different Movements, he remained for some time without making any Answer; but being pressed by the Princess and by the Nobility, he determined himself; and turning towards *Urisberte* — Well then, said he, to-morrow we will be Witnesses of this new Spectacle. And at that Moment ordering her to be conducted into the Prison of the Palace, and guarded and watched with the utmost Circumspection, that there might be no Deceit in this Trial, he sent to forbid the Queen to stir out of her Apartment, and commanded it to be surrounded by his Guards. The Demand of
Uris-

Urisberte being immediately spread abroad, *Hildegarde* was terrified and affrighted at it; and doubting, as many others did, of my Innocence, she flew to throw herself at the Knees of the King, to conjure him to look upon this Princess as a Woman in Distraction, whom the Loss of a beloved Husband had deprived of Reason. But *Harold*, who had had Leisure to reflect upon the Letters of the Queen, and to recollect in his Memory the Precipitation with which she had demanded my Death, answered her, that it was not in his Power to retract what he had granted; that he was more touched than herself at the Imprudence of *Urisberte*, but that there was now no Possibility of retreating.

It is incredible to imagine the Impatience with which the Court and the City waited for the Moment of this Trial, which had not been practised of an infinite Time, and which has doubtless not been seen since you was at the Age of Reason. Yet you must have known that it is a Bar of Iron, made entirely red by the Ardour of the Fire in which it is put, which is given to those to hold who desire to prove their Innocence in that manner: If they are guilty, it entirely consumes their Hands, and if innocent, they remain wholly unhurt. As to me, (I confess my Weakness) however innocent I was, I should never have ventured upon such an Attempt, and cannot comprehend by what Inspiration *Urisberte* had the Courage to expose herself to it. I shall not detain you with what the Queen then thought, having not been informed of it, since

no Person was admitted to the Sight of her, and *Araspes* was in too great a Consternation at the Resolution of my Wife, to have any Attention but to what regarded her. But I am perswaded that *Fredwiede* had not the least Dread of this Action, and that, as incredulous as she was unfaithful, she flattered herself that the burning Iron would deliver her for ever from a Rival that she had always hated. However that may be, at length this fatal Day appeared; a Scaffold was erected in the midst of the great Square of the City, and it was built round with Seats for the King, the Grandees of the Kingdom, those of the Council, and the Judges who were to condemn *Urisberte* to Death, in case the burning Iron should convict her of Falshood; and the remainder of the Square was thronged by Crowds of the Populace. As soon as the Court was arrived there, *Urisberte* was conducted upon the Scaffold, which was to be the Theatre of her Glory or her Confusion. The Moment she was brought there, throwing off the Veils which surrounded her — I take Heaven to witness, said she, of the Innocence of Prince *Clodomark*; and, in the Presence of God and Man, I accuse the guilty *Fredwiede* of an Attempt to perswade him to betray his Sovereign, by returning her criminal Love. She had scarce finished these Words, before they brought to her, upon a kind of Chafing-dish, the burning Steel. She immediately snatched it up, and holding it with both her Hands, she pressed it with her whole Strength, before the Eyes of all that numerous Assembly.

bly, without changing Countenance, or testifying the least Apprehension. When, behold a Prodigy which surpasses all Imagination! this Iron, which no one could approach without feeling the lively Heat of it, made no Impression upon the delicate and tender Hands of the dear *Urisberte*, they even appeared more beautiful, and of a more dazling White; and when the Time during which she was to hold it was expired, those who were to take it from her were obliged to make use of Instruments to lay hold of it, not being able to bear the Heat. The Cries and Acclamations of the People resounded every where; the Judges being obliged to act according to the Laws, declared me innocent, my Death unjust, and the King under an Obligation to appease my Manes by the Blood of the Queen. That Monarch, terrified with what he had seen, filled with Admiration at the Courage and Constancy of *Urisberte*, and with Indignation at the Behaviour of *Fredwiede*, immediately sent four of the principal Noblemen of his Court, to conduct her as in Triumph to her Palace. As to her, prudent, modest, and thoroughly penetrated with the Favour the Gods had shewn her, she preserved her usual Moderation, and confined herself to her Apartment, with an Intention of pressing *Arafpes* to deliver her for ever from a Country which she could no longer bear, and which the eager Desire of rejoining me, rendered still more insupportable.

In the mean time *Harold*, not being able to excuse himself from making the Queen submit,

mit, at least to Part of the Judgment that was given against her, retired into the farthest Recesses of his Palace to avoid the Cries of that Princess, and to find out Methods of satisfying the Public without shedding her Blood. The Sentiments which this Action of the Princess *Urisberte*'s had now rekindled in his Soul, made him soon imagine one; and the very next Day having assembled his Council, he declared *Fredwiege* unworthy of partaking the Throne, his Marriage with her void, and banished her to the most distant Part of *Lapland*, and proposed offering his Crown and his Hand to the Princess *Urisberte*, as the only Reparation which could be made for the Loss she had undergone, and at the same time a full Revenge upon her Rival. The Council gave no Opposition to this Resolution, they approved the Design of the King, and the Chastisement of *Fredwiege*; they only added to it, that *Harold* should engage himself by Oath not to constrain the Will of that Princess, and that it was only upon that Condition they granted him the Life of the Queen.

He consented to it, not imagining that *Urisberte* would refuse so great a Honour. When he rose from Council, he named those who were to conduct *Fredwiege* into *Lapland*, and caused her to depart immediately, without permitting her to appear before him. Immediately after her Departure, he sent the President of the Council to *Urisberte* to inform her of what he had done, and offer her the Supreme Power. It is impossible to be more surprized than she was at this Proposition: she
was

was tempted to put a Stop to the Consequences of it by discovering my Secret; but reflecting that *Harold* was an inconstant and dissembling Prince, who would perhaps never pardon the faithful *Araspes* the Service he had done me, and always look upon me as an Obstacle to his Desires, she imposed an eternal Silence upon herself on that Article, and contented herself with answering, that she was sensible of the Favours the King designed her, that she was conscious of the Value of them, but that she would always remain as faithful to the Memory of her Spouse, as she had been to his Person whilst living; and that, far from accepting the Crown, she intreated the King's Permission for her to retire to *Berghen* to remain there the Residue of her Life; and whatever Instances were made to her, she would return no other Answer. The Princess, your Mother, who was then extremely respected by *Harold*, and who was willing to improve that Favour, out of regard to your Interest, did all that was possible to make her change her Sentiments, and perswade her to reflect upon the Happiness that she disdained, without any Success; and to terminate all these importunate Sollicitations, making use of the Protection that the State had granted her according to the Oath of *Harold*, she departed for *Berghen* with her Daughter and some Women, in whom she could confide, where she waited for *Araspes*, who did not long delay his meeting her, having, without Difficulty, obtained of the King a Permission to retire from Court, this Monarch being be-
come,

come, by this Adventure, extremely indiffer-
 rent to the whole World, which every Per-
 son, except the Princess *Hildegarde*, felt the
 Effects of. *Urisberte* and *Araspes* having em-
 barked not long after for *Denmark*, arrived,
 as I have already related, at my Asylum, and
 gave me a Relation of all that I have now
 informed you of. You may easily judge, my
 dear *Eric*, how many thousand grateful
 Thanks I returned to my faithful *Urisberte*,
 and with how much Tenderness and Affiduity
 I repayed her Courage and Constancy. Yet,
 notwithstanding all my Cares, I found a Me-
 lancholy in her that alarmed me. I pressed
 her to tell me the Cause of it, and she owned
 to me that she could not be satisfied with our
 Residence in *Denmark*, that our Misfortunes
 had plainly shewn her that other Nations had
 Reason to treat ours as Barbarians, and that if
 I wished to give her a sensible Mark of my
 Love, it should be to retire with her into
France, or into *Spain*, where the People were
 more civilized, and more gentle in their Man-
 ners, than in our frozen Regions.

As I loved her beyond every thing, I did
 not hesitate upon satisfying her; and I in-
 formed my dear *Araspes* of the Design I had
 of going into *France*, preferring the Climate
 of that Country to that of *Spain*. This
 faithful Friend would not part from us, and
 determined to follow us wherever we con-
 ducted our Steps. I was charmed at it: we
 regulated all Things for our Departure, and
 we embarked, *Urisberte*, *Hildegarde*, my
 Daughter, who was but four Years old, *A-*
 S *raspes*,

raspes, and myself, with the Domestics that were most necessary to us, and sailed for the Coast of *France*. But after eight Days of the finest Weather upon Earth, on the ninth Night we were attacked by so violent a Tempest, that all the Art of the Pilot was in vain, and he was obliged to desist and leave our Vessel to the Mercy of the Winds and the wrathful Waves. This Storm lasted three Days and three Nights, having Death before our Eyes every Moment, and finished by our Shipwreck within Sight of a Coast that was unknown to us. Our Ship burst in a thousand Pieces, and exposed us to the Mercy of the Waves, without a Possibility of succouring each other, or a Hope of preserving ourselves from Death. I fell into the Sea; and sustained for some Time, by the Desire which Nature implants of Self-preservation, I swam with Vigour enough for the Space of two Hours. But at length, exhausted with Fatigue and Weariness, I lost all Sense, and knew no longer what became of me; I am even ignorant how long I struggled between Life and Death; and all that I can tell you, is that I found myself, without knowing how, in the Arms of several Men, whose fierce and barbarous Mien soon informed me that I was escaped from one Danger only to fall into another. They had made me throw up all the Water I had swallowed; and I recovered my Spirits only to abandon myself to the greatest Despair, seeing neither my dear *Urisberte* nor my Daughter.

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The Language of those who had drawn me out of the Sea, making me suppose them to be *Germans*, I made use of that Language, which I understood perfectly, to ask them if they had saved any other Person with me. They answered me, No; and when they saw me entirely recovered, they loaded me with Chains, saying to each other, that they ought to reserve me to be sacrificed to the God *Irminful*, as a Return of Thanks for his having preserved them from Shipwreck. My Sorrow was so deep at the Loss I had just undergone, that this Discourse gave me no Alarm; and tho' it made me comprehend that I was the Slave of a *Saxon Corsair*, and that I knew that that Nation sacrificed Mankind to their Deities, yet I felt no Regret at the almost-certain Knowledge of my Fate. In effect, they conveyed me to *Eresbourg*, and presented me to the High-Priest of this Temple, desiring him to sacrifice me to *Irminful* to acquit them, as they said, of a Vow they had made to him. I know not what there appeared in me to please that Pontiff; but far from designing to sacrifice me, he reflected in a Moment which way he might preserve me. The only Method was to buy me, and consecrate me to the Service of the Temple; and that he did upon the Spot, feigning to have a want of Priests. The *Corsairs*, whose Devotion was not Proof against Gold, received that of the Pontiff with the greatest Marks of Respect, and left him the Master of my Fate. When he was at Liberty to speak to me alone, he asked me my Name, my Country, and my

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Birth:

Birth: I answered him, that I was named *Cö-roman*, that I was Noble and a *Norwegian*, that I had left my Country, accompanied by my Wife, and a Child of four Years old, to go over into *France*, whither I was called by Affairs of Importance; that the Ship I was in had been sunk by the Violence of a furious Tempest; that my Wife, my Daughter, and a Friend who followed my Fortune, had perished; that the *Saxon Corsairs* had preserved my Life and took me Captive, and that I wished for Death alone, after having lost the only Objects that could make Life desirable to me.

He appeared touched with my Misfortune, and told me, that since he had been High-Priest, having always avoided sacrificing the Innocent, and those whom an unfortunate Fate conducted to that Place, without informing himself whether they had before deserved it, he had bought me of the *Corsairs* in order to preserve me, judging by my Air that I was of a Rank above the Vulgar. He afterwards used his utmost Eloquence to console me, and promised me the kindest Treatment, if I would attach myself to him, and submit, without Repugnance, to the Service of the Temple. I was in no Situation to resist him, and flattering myself that my Sorrow would soon deliver me from this Slavery, I promised him to use my utmost Efforts for his Satisfaction. From that Day the continual Goodness and Attention of this Pontiff, made him succeed not in taking away the melancholly Remembrances of what I had lost, but, however,

ever, in making me capable of supporting it. I passed fifteen Years in this Situation; and the High-Priest alone having the Right of naming his Successor, when the King does not propose one, and finding himself attacked with a languishing Distemper, which, joined to his great Age, assured him of an approaching Death, he assembled his Priests, and exalted me to that Dignity with their unanimous Consent, whatever Instances I made to be excused. His Disease increased some few Days after the Ceremony, and soon brought him to the Grave.

The Respect and Veneration that his Clergy shewed me upon that Occasion, having ratified his Nomination, I entered, without any Opposition, into the Functions of my Charge, without ever having made myself known to any Person, avoiding, with extreme Care, all Communication with the Grandees, and never quitting the Temple, but when the King has Orders to give me upon some extraordinary Sacrifice. The Vestals who occupy the other Temple, are subordinate to my Authority; but I am not permitted to see them but at the Moment when they sacrifice the Victims; I let them know my Orders by Writing. The Priestess, who now commands them, has not been longer in that Dignity than I have been in mine; she is named *Clodomira*; I have never seen her, there having not yet been any Sacrifice. It is said that two Years ago she was in the Court, that her Beauty had touched the Heart of *Witikind*, and that, to avoid his Persecutions, she had

thrown herself amongst the Vestals. The Priestess dying some Months ago, and her Place being decided by Lot, it fell upon this *Clodomira*, who is to-morrow, for the first time, to sacrifice a Bull to the God *Irminful*; and you had scarce quitted me yesterday, when the King sent for me to give his Orders to me, being willing it should be performed with all the Ceremonies that could augment the Pomp of it. As I came out from the Palace, lost in the melancholly Thoughts which never abandoned me, I met in my Passage a miserable Shepherd, who looked upon me with so fixed an Attention, that I imagined he stood in need of some Marks of my Liberality. With this Idea I approached him in order to give him a Piece of Gold; then viewing me more narrowly, — Good Heavens! cried he, I am not deceived, it is Prince *Clodomark*!

At these few Words, and at the Sound of a Voice which had been too familiar to me ever to lose the Memory of it, I immediately knew my dear *Araspes*: Judge of my Joy and my Astonishment; however, being in a Place improper for their being expressed in, I made him a Sign to be silent and to follow me to the Temple, where I was no sooner arrived, than abandoning myself to my Transports—*Araspes!* my dear *Araspes!* is it then true that I see you once more! Yes, my Lord, said he to me, expressing an equal Satisfaction, and my utmost Wishes would be fulfilled, if it was in my Power to restore to you at the same time Objects which are a thousand times more valuable. These Words recalling to my

my Mind all my Sorrows, I was breaking out into my usual Regrets, when he interrupted me. — It is not, my Lord, said he, the Deaths of *Urisberte* and *Hildegarde* that you are to weep for, they did not perish, and it is to be hoped still enjoy the Light; but it is our Ignorance where they are, that must excite our Concern. *Urisberte's* Fate I am ignorant of, since the Shepherds preserved her, as well as me, from the Fury of the Sea, and the incomparable *Hildegarde*, since these two Years that I have lost her. What! my dear *Araspes*, replied I, my Wife and my Daughter! are they still living, and may I rouse within my Heart the pleasing Hope of seeing them again! If Hope can be an Alleviation to such Evils, returned he, you must strive to preserve it; but, alas! I fear lest it should deceive our Expectations, and lest Fortune has favoured us hitherto only to plunge us still deeper in Sorrow. I conjured him to instruct me of all that had happened to him since our Shipwreck, and by what fatal Adventure the Gods, after having preserved *Urisberte* and my Daughter, had separated them from him in a manner that made him doubt of ever finding them again.

He satisfied my just Curiosity, and we passed some Part of last Night in that Occupation. But as it is not necessary to entertain you with the Reflections that he filled his Recital with all, and that I only wish to instruct you in the most important Facts of my Life, I shall not regularly follow his Discourse, and shall content myself to tell you that at the
Moment

Moment of our Shipwreck, *Araspes*, whose Zeal for me rendered him attentive to every thing that was dear to me, was then holding my Daughter in his Arms, to appease the Cries and Lamentations she made thro' the Fright she was in, at the Tears and Groans which resounded all over the Ship; so that when she burst, and we all sunk, this faithful Friend fell into the Sea loaden with that precious Burden. But, notwithstanding all the Horror of such an Event, preserving his constant Prudence, he held the Child with one Arm, and swam with the other with so much Courage and so much good Fortune, that he reached the Land without abandoning his little Prey. Some Shepherds, who were looking upon the Pieces of our miserable Wreck floating upon the Waves, having perceived him, came to his Assistance, and received him with extreme Hospitality. One of them conducted him to his Cabin, another brought his Wife to take care of the Child, and all of them were assiduous to serve them in so kind and so charitable a manner, that he was recovered of his Fatigue and his Fears for the innocent *Hildegarde*, who had received no other Harm but that of having been held something too closely. But lively touched at my Fate and that of *Urisberte*, he ran over the whole Coast with the Shepherd to see if he could find us, either dead or living; his Cares were in vain; but the Shepherds, at his Desire, made so many Enquiries, that at length they learned that some of their Brother Herdsmen, but in a more distant Quarter,

ter, had preserved a Woman from the Sea, who, by the Help of a Plank, had been driven ashore; that they had taken care of her for several Days, which she had recompenced them for by giving them her richest Habits, and had made use of the Price of a Jewel that formed the Clasp of her Robe, to pay her Passage in a Merchant-Ship, which had called upon that Coast for Refreshment, and was departed from thence, without their knowing for what Place.

Araspes was no sooner informed of this News, than he transported himself to the Quarter of these Shepherds, to see the Habit of the Person whom they had succoured, and finding them to be those of *Urisberte*, he had no doubt of her Life, all the Shepherds having assured him that they saw her embark, but that they were ignorant what Route the Vessel had taken.

As to what regarded me, being unable to learn any thing, he imagined I had been the only Victim of the Tempest; and finding himself destitute of all Support, and without knowing where to seek an Asylum, he determined to remain amongst these Shepherds, who gave him so many Marks of Friendship, resolving to bring up *Hildegarde* in that Solitude till she was of an Age proper to be brought back to *Norway*, hoping that in that Interval of Time the Kingdom might appear with another Aspect, and that, without Fear of *Harold*, he might restore my Daughter to her Country, and have her acknowledged by the Princess, your Mother, and her Aunt.

Besides,

Besides, the Shepherds having informed him that the *Saxon* Pirates were extremely to be dreaded, and that the Slaves they made of both Sexes, and all Ages, were sacrificed to the God *Irminful*, he would not expose himself and my Daughter to the Danger of being taken by them; and tho' these Shepherds were *Saxons*, and subject to the Laws of *Witiking*, yet as they do not admit of human Sacrifices, and even make a separate Body of the State, and all their Industry and Cares are bounded in enriching themselves by the Number of their Flocks and Herds, and that the Innocence of their Occupation diffuses itself thro' all their Manners and their Inclinations, he believed he could not at that Time do better than to yield to the pressing Sollicitations they made for him to remain amongst them.

Therefore quitting the Sabre for the Sheep-hook, he purchased a Share in the Flocks of that Shepherd who had given him a Retreat in his Cabin, and had no other Cares but those of educating *Hildegarde*, of whom he told them he was the Father. This faithful Friend had led this rural Life near seventeen Years, during which *Hildegarde* became a Prodigy of Sense and Beauty. All the Shepherds adored her, and the Shepherdesses payed her Homage. As *Araspes*'s chiefest Attachment had been to cultivate her Mind, as much as that savage Retreat would permit him, and that dreading lest some of the Shepherds should form Designs upon her Heart, he trusted to her the Secret of her Birth, and the Misfortunes of the Authors of her Being,

that

that by knowing the Grandeur of her Origin, she might conceive Sentiments worthy of it, and preserve her Soul free from those Passions which might disturb her Peace and her Innocence. That young Princess answered his utmost Wishes; and her Virtue equalling her Beauty, he looked upon her as a Treasure that the Gods had delivered to his Trust to give Account for. Yet, notwithstanding his continual Attention, this Pledge was ravished from him when he least expected it.

Hiledgarde, whose Mind and Heart could not stoop to vulgar Amusements, had exercised herself from her Childhood with some Virgins of her own Age, in shooting with the Bow, and traversing the Woods and the Plains, entertaining themselves with making War upon the Animals of the Earth and the Birds of the Air. *Araspes* generally followed her, and never ceased to admire the Address, the Grace, and the Majesty that shone thro' the simple and negligent Habit with which she was cloathed. One Day, when he could not accompany her, being detained in his Cabbin by some other Herdsmen, this young Princess, attended by her usual Company, who were as submissive to her as if she had been their Queen, went into the neighbouring Forest; the Heat of the Chace carried them so far in Pursuit of a Hind, that they soon lost Sight of their Habitation. Her Companions, whom *Araspes* had ordered to remind her of it, constrained her to turn back again to find out the Path to their Hamlet. But as they were leaving the Forest with

with this Design, several Men on Horseback opposed their Passage; and some of them having alighted, seized upon *Hildegarde*, disarmed her, notwithstanding her Resistance, and set her up before him who appeared to be the Master of them, who setting Spurs to his Horse, that very Moment rid off with extreme Swiftmess, leaving the others to disperse and drive away the sorrowful Companions of my Daughter, who all dreading the same Fate, took their Flight, and regained their Habitation with Cries and Lamentations that soon reached the Ears of *Araspes*. It is needless to represent to you his Despair at this News; he has told me that the Heavens were covered for him alone with the thickest Darkeness, and that the Rays of the Sun could never again chear his Sight.

He that instant gathered all the Shepherds of the Hamlet, and run after the Traces of the Ravishers; but he perceived none of them, and was constrained to return without any Knowledge of the Fate of *Hildegarde*, her Companions not knowing who these Cavaliers were, nor what Route they had taken. There was then a general Consternation in the whole Canton; but *Araspes*, who could not be comforted by their Sorrows, resolved to take no Repose till he had discovered what was become of my Daughter. He sold his Flocks, and all that he had acquired in seventeen Years, and, without quitting the Habit of a Shepherd, which freed him from the Curiosity and Inquisitiveness of the World, and gave him a Liberty of wandering

dering every where without being remarked, he left his Hamlet, and searched thro' all the Provinces, informing himself every where of all People, who had Wives or Daughters named *Hildegarde*, without hearing the least News of her. He passed two whole Years in this Search, having made several Journeys to the same Places; and it is the fourth Time that he has been at *Eresbourg*, where he arrived yesterday; and under a Pretext of wishing to see the King, he walked in the Court of the Palace, and conversed with all he met, still hoping to discover what he looked for. As he was in this Search, I appeared; he enquired who I was, and being told, a secret and involuntary Movement forced him to approach me and look fixedly upon me. My long Robe, and the extraordinary Dress of my Head, nor seventeen Year's Absence, did not hinder him from knowing me. But his Surprise was so excessive, that if I had not addressed myself to him, he would scarce have had Power to speak. I have already told you, my dear Prince, in what manner we met, and the Joy I felt at seeing once more that faithful Friend; I confess it would have been more perfect, if, when he informed me that *Hildegarde* was living, he could have restored her to my Tenderness, since the Ignorance I am in concerning the Fate of *Urisberte*, takes from me all Hopes of seeing her again, and my Daughter would have been a Consolation to me in so dreadful a Misfortune. However, I have resolved, with *Araspes*, to abandon this Place, to follow you to *Charlemagne's*

Presence, and to implore his Protection and his Authority, to command it to be proclaimed throughout *Germany*, that whoever has made himself Possessor of a young Maid, named *Hildegarde*, must convey her to the Court of that Monarch under the Penalty of a rigorous Sentence. This is my last Resource, since *Araspes* has passed two whole Years in searching throughout all *Saxony* without any Success.

But as I am not permitted to leave this Place, without incurring the Danger of being given up to the Rigour of the Laws, which condemn to Death those Priests who dare to quit the Service of the Temple of *Irminful*, *Araspes* is disposing every thing in order to make my Escape secure at the Moment of your Departure.

Clodomark finish'd thus his long Narration; and Prince *Eric*, whose Love for the Priestess *Clodomira* render'd him less sensible of the Destiny of *Hildegarde*, than he would have been at any other Time, had not been easy during the whole Recital of the High-Priest, lest he should offer to his Sight an Object which could never move his Heart to love. However, concealing from *Clodomark* these Sentiments which were so contrary to his, he pity'd him, he consoled him, and assur'd him that he would be receiv'd by *Charlemagne* with Consideration. He desir'd him to make him known to *Araspes*, and let him participate with him in his Cares for his Evasion, assuring him that if it was necessary to hazard his Life for it against the *Saxons*, he would lose all his Blood

Blood with Pleasure to deliver him from so barbarous a Country.

Clodomark return'd him Thanks, and told that the next Day after the Sacrifice he hoped to be able to instruct him in the Measures he had taken for his Flight; that doubtless he would be necessary to him, and that he conjured him to repair to the Temple immediately after the Ceremony. *Eric*, who had no Design to miss a Spectacle in which *Clodomira* was to appear with so much Lustre, promised him he would be there; and having then parted, the young Prince went to amuse himself with the Ideas that his growing Passion gave him, and *Clodomark* still struggling between Hope and Sorrow, employed himself till the Return of his faithful *Araspes* solely in imagining Methods how to find again two Princesses, the Certitude of whose Lives had now reanimated in his Soul the most tender Emotions of Love and Nature.





THE
S E Q U E L
TO THE
V E S T A L.

WHILST the Thoughts of *Eric* and *Clodomark* were wholly taken up with the Objects that so strongly touched their Hearts, the Ambassador of *Charlemagne* omitted nothing that might engage *Witiking* to submit to his Power. But that barbarous Prince still too far attached to the Service of his Idols, and hating to obey after having so long commanded, still eluded giving a positive Answer, that he might have Time to put himself into a Condition to return it with his Sword. He had been so often vanquished by the valiant Monarch of the *French*, that his Forces did not permit him to reject openly the Proposals of that Prince; but having no Intention to accept them, he waited before he dismissed the Ambassador, to be certain of receiving a powerful Succour which was to be

sent to him by *Sigismond* King of *Denmark*. The Ambassador, on his Side, who easily comprehended that *Witikind* endeavoured only to amuse him, had made it known to *Charlemagne*, that he might take his Measures accordingly. The Christian Monarch, perswaded that so many Delays concealed some new Enterprize, and whose Army waited only for his Command, departed from the City of *Paderborn*, where he then was, joined his Troops, put himself at their Head, and marched towards *Eresbourg* to have it in his Power to take Possession of it, whether the *Saxons* submitted to him, or sent back his Ambassador unsatisfied.

Yet as his March was slow, and in secret, King *Witikind* had not the least Suspicion of it; and flattering himself that the *Danes*, who were upon their March, would soon arrive, he kept the Ambassador to prevent him from penetrating into his Designs; and in hopes of rendering his God *Irminful* propitious to him, he had commanded the Sacrifice, which was to be performed the Day after the Interview of *Eric* and the High Priest. The Ambassador would not appear at it, and used his Efforts to dissuade the Prince from shewing himself there; but he had too pressing an Interest in it to yield to the Ambassador on that Article; he only promised he would be there without his Train, and incognito, and constrain himself to silence whatever Indignation this Idolatry inspired him with. The first Rays of the Sun were scarce rose in the East, when the whole City of *Eresbourg* was in Motion

Motion for this Ceremony. As the Sacrifice of Animals was performed without the Temple, they had raised a kind of Altar in the Court of it, upon which was placed the Idol *Irminful*: On the right and on the left were Scaffolds erected for the King, the Grandees, and the People of Distinction; and at the Foot of these Scaffolds were the Guards of the King, and those of the Temple, who surrounded the whole Place, which was divided in two equal Parts by a Barrier which separated the People from the Altar, that the Priests and the Vestals might not be incommoded by them. The passionate *Eric*, who wished only to examine the Priestesses, placed himself amongst the Populace, but so close to the Balustrade, that it was impossible for any thing to hinder him from seeing *Clodomira*, or even from being seen by her. When the Court was arrived there, the High Priest came out of the Temple, at the Head of the Sacrificers, whilst the Priestesses at the same time came out from her's, followed by all the Vestals, both of them singing Hymns to the Honour of their false God. They advanced towards the Altar, the High Priest on one Side, and the Priestesses on the other; she and all the Vestals had their Faces covered with their Veils.

Clodomark took the Knife which was to sacrifice the Victim, and gave it to the Priestesses, who made a short Prayer to conjure *Irminful* to accept this Sacrifice, during which several of the Attendants in the Temple brought the wild Bull, and led it to the Foot of the Altar. The High Priest fastened the
Cord

Cord by which they led him to the Barrier; then the Priestess threw off her Veil, and discovering to the Sight of the whole Assembly that miraculous Beauty which *Witiking* had not yet forgot, and which the Prince of *Norway* secretly adored, she lift up her Arms to sacrifice the Victim; but at that fatal Moment her Eyes meeting those of *Eric*, she was confus'd, and missing the Bull, with the Stroke she cut the Cord which retained that terrible Animal, and gave him only a slight Wound. But the Bull furious at finding himself wounded, and enjoying his Liberty at the same Stroke, denouncing his Vengeance by the most dreadful Bellowings, sprung immediately upon the Priests, overturned the Altar, and took his Course towards the Priestess. All fled with Terror and Affright, every one was eager to preserve themselves; even *Clodomark*, terrified, saved himself in the Temple. *Araspes* turned pale with Horror at the Danger the Priestess was in, who, pale and trembling, and abandoned by all the Vestals, knew not where to turn her Steps; but these different Movements, which were made in less Time than I have used in representing them, were not however more speedy than the valiant *Eric* was to deliver her from this Danger. That brave Prince, disdaining the Rigour of the Law, which gave a double Value to this generous Action, no sooner saw the Bull at Liberty, than, not doubting of his Fury, he had drawn his Sabre, and leaping over the Barrier, had thrown himself between the Vestal and that dreadful Animal,

mal, notwithstanding the Cries of the whole Assembly, who advertised him that it was Death by their Laws to attack the Victim. But despising their idolatrous Terror, and too much animated by the Peril the Object of his Love was in to manage his own Life, he expected the Bull, who sloping down its Head to use to Advantage those terrible Weapons which Nature had endowed it with, was already preparing to throw him into the Air, when its valiant Enemy avoiding the Blow with Agility, with a firm and vigorous Hand seized upon one of its Horns, and with the other raising his formidable Sabre, he let it fall with so much Strength and Happiness, that he separated his Head from his Body.

The Intrepidity of this young Hero, at first filled the whole Assembly with Astonishment. Those whom Fear had forced to fly, were returned back again to be Witnesses of the Event of this Combat; and these barbarous People, accustomed to the Sight of Human Blood, flattered themselves that *Eric* too must be the Victim of *Irminful*, when his Victory plunged them in a new Surprize; but their Superstition overcoming their Admiration, far from applauding the Glory of such an Action, nothing was heard but Cries and Groans to demand Vengeance of *Witiking* for the Crime that this Unknown had been guilty of, by putting to Death, with a sacrilegious Arm, that Animal who was destined to be a Holocaust to the God of the Saxons. And whilst the Vestals and the Priests waited for the Decision of that Monarch, and the valiant

valiant *Eric* satisfied with having saved the Life of the beauteous *Clodomira*, appeared as unconcerned as if his Victory was only to have procured him the Honours of a Triumph, the whole Court resounded with the Voices of those that demanded his Death. The Tumult was so great, and the Crowd so innumerable, that the Guards of the Temple, and those of the King, were dispersed amongst them, without a Possibility of keeping any Order, or even being able to reassemble themselves together. *Araspes* hurried away as the rest, by the Impetuosity of this Torrent, was so far distant from the High Priest, that he had not a Possibility of informing him of an important Discovery that he had made, and in fine, there could not be seen a more terrible Confusion. In the mean time, *Witkind* willing to terminate it, by satisfying his innate Cruelty, gave so many repeated Orders to seize upon the Conqueror of the consecrated Animal, that every one was eager to obey them. But the High Priest interposing his Authority against that barbarous Populace, made *Eric* be conducted into the Temple, closed the Gates of it, and pressing through the Multitude to come up to the King, he remonstrated to him that the Criminal ought to be trusted to his keeping only; and that, by his Crime, being become the Victim of *Irminsul*, in the Place of that which had been destined to him, all those who presumed to lay their Hands upon him, would render themselves guilty of the same Sacrilege that

he

he had committed, and be liable by the same Law to be sacrificed.

The *Saxon* Monarch, struck with the Truth of this Reasoning, and filled with Veneration for the Pontiff, yielded to his Remonstrance, and prepared to leave him the Master of that illustrious Criminal, when the Priestess, ignorant of the Interest the High Priest took in his Fate, and dreading as much to see her brave Defender in his Hands as in those of *Witkind*, advancing at the Head of her Vestals, threw herself at the Feet of that Prince, and speaking to him with an Eagerness and Fire, that a more pressing Motive than the Service of *Irminsul* had alighted in her Heart, she represented to him that the High Priest had no Right over this Victim; that the Law appointed him indeed to sacrifice him at a proper Time, but did not ordain that he should remain in his Power till the Moment of the Sacrifice; that this Unknown having killed the consecrated Bull which she was to have sacrificed, he ought to be delivered to her instead of the Victim which he had deprived her of; and that it was from her Hands alone that the High Priest ought to receive him, when it was necessary to conduct him to the Altar; and that she conjured him to suffer the Criminal to be conducted into the Prisons of her Temple, and put under the Guard of those who watched over the Safety of the Vestals.

Clodomark astonished at this Obstacle, and taking that for Cruelty which sprung from a very different Source, appeared irritated with it,

it, and looking upon her with Haughtiness — If you had not Strength to sacrifice a Beast, said he to her, how dare you flatter yourself with being able to guard a Man, who has this Moment proved that he can defend himself more than the most terrible Animal can. The beauteous *Clodomira* blushed at this Reproach; and as she knew the Respect she was obliged to have for the High Priest, she answered him with great Softness — Oh, my Father! said she, think it not wrong that I assert my Right; I am not rash enough to dispute those which you have over the Lives of the Guilty, but I imagine I ought not to yield up those that the Law gives me over them to the Moment of their Death. Well then, interrupted *Witikind*, let him be sacrificed this Instant. The Priestesses and the Pontiff were in equal Consternation at this Discourse; and *Clodomark* dreading lest this Dispute should precipitate the Fate of the young Prince, moved also by the soft Name of Father, which the Vestal had given him, and feeling the most extraordinary Emotions for her in his Heart, said to the *Saxon* King, that he could offer no Victim to the God *Irminsul* till the Temple had been purified, that fifteen Days Interval, at least, would be necessary, and that he approved of the Priestesses's having the Prisoner under her Care, upon Condition he was permitted to see him whenever he thought proper, the Laws commanding the High Priest to have an Inspection over those who were to be sacrificed; *Witikind* consented to it; and at the same Moment the
Priestesses

Priestess ordering the Guards of her Temple to advance, made them seize upon *Eric*, who seeing *Clodomira* herself command him to be disarmed, gave no Hindrance to them; but being willing she should be sensible of the Motive of his Submission, he put one Knee to the Ground, and presenting to her his Sabre, — *Witikind*, Madam, said he to her, could not have found a safer Expedient of attempting upon my Liberty, than by leaving you Mistress of my Fate; I should have sold my Life dearly to any one that had presumed to attack it; and the admirable *Clodomira* alone could disarm a Man who, till this Day, has been unconquerable.

The charming Vestal blush'd, and taking the Instrument which had so lately preserved her Life — I know what I owe to thy Valour, replied she; the Laws of this Country ordain thee to Death, but those of Gratitude will prove too strong for them. They could say no more to each other, the Guards being too near them not to over-hear it. In the mean time, the Priestess having caused him, in her Presence, to be confined in a Tower belonging to the Temple of the Vestals, she returned back to it that Instant, and shut herself up with her dear *Tirinda*, to converse with her on this strange Event, and to take proper Measures for the Delivery of her illustrious Prisoner. Whilst she had these Thoughts, the High Priest, occupied with the same Care, sought every where for *Araspe*, to consult with him, what was possible to be done in such an Extremity, and confide to him

the Confusion that the Vestal had raised within his Heart. Her Youth, her surprizing Beauty, and the Resemblance he thought he found in her to his dear *Urisberte*, had struck him to so great a degree, that he could not lose the Idea of her. *Araspes*, on his side, perswaded that he was not mistaken, and that the Priestess *Clodomira* was that *Hildegarde*, for whom he had searched through so many Provinces, used his utmost Efforts to pierce thro' the Crowd, and join *Clodomark*. At length the People, satisfied with having seen *Eric* in Custody, having insensibly decreased, and *Witiking* with his Court being returned to his Palace, this faithful Friend made his way thro' the Populace, and penetrating as far as the Temple, arrived there at the Moment that they were closing the Gates.

The High Priest no sooner perceived him, than he ran to him with open Arms, and having carried him to his Apartment — My dear *Araspes*, said he to him, the Gods are resolved not to terminate my Misfortunes! Not satisfied with having separated me from what was most dear to me, they destine me also to dip my Hands in my own Blood. This valiant Unknown, who has now put to Death the Bull of *Irminful*, is the young *Eric*, that amiable Prince of *Norway*, whose Actions I related to thee yesterday. The Priestess has seized upon him, and ravishes from me all Hopes of preserving him from the Danger that threatens him. I would have disputed my Rights; but I know not what Magic prevented me. I had scarce heard the
Sound,

Sound of the Vestal's Voice, when my Heart was moved, my Soul was softened, and imagining I saw in this Priestess my dear *Urisberte*, such as she was when Love and *Hymen* united us for ever, far from opposing the yielding up of *Eric* to her, I should have rendered her Mistress of my own Life too, if her Cruelty had led her to demand it. Oh, my Lord! interrupted *Araspes*, complain not of the Gods, and acknowledge the Force of Nature in the Movements that *Clodomira* has inspired you with. She is your Daughter; it is *Hildegarde*, whom I have so long sought, and who, under this borrowed Name, has been concealed from my Perquisitions. *Hildegarde!* returned the Pontiff eagerly. She, herself, said *Araspes*; my Eyes were too stedfastly fixed on her, during the barbarous Ceremony, to be able to mistake her; I saw her's fixed upon *Eric*, whose Rank I was ignorant of, and who regarded her with still more Attention than myself. She changed Colour at it; she was confused; her Hand trembled, and she missed the Victim. Then I saw the Prince fly to her Assistance, and expose himself for her to the furious Bull. But whilst, without knowing him, I made secret Vows for his Success, still attentive to the Motions of the Priestess, I read plainly in her Face less Concern for her own Life than for that of her Defender. Far from flying with her affrighted Vestals, she did not quit the Place of the Combat, and seemed to wish to reanimate, by her Presence, the Courage of this young Hero. Doubt not, my Lord, she in-

terests herself in his Life, and looking upon you only as one who was to sacrifice her Deliverer, she endeavoured to retrieve him from your Care, in order to preserve him from an ignominious Death.

This Discourse making *Clodomark* recollect the Respect with which *Eric* had surrendered his Arms, he easily perswaded himself that Love was the sole Author of the Confusion of this Day; but tho' he felt an extreme Joy at knowing *Hildegarde* was so near him, and that he flattered himself that *Eric* was in Safety, not penetrating how they could possibly have seen each other before this fatal Day, nor in what manner the Vestal hoped to save him, he relapsed into his former Apprehensions, and found himself still more embarrassed than he was before. *Araspes* had prepared every thing for his Flight; a large subterranean Vault, which ran beneath the Length of the three Temples, was to serve for his Escape; the Entrance to it was in the Court of the Temple of *Irminful*; it was destined for the Sepulchre of the Kings and the Priests, and the Pontiff alone had a Key of it. The End of this Vault reached to the Banks of the River *Imel*, but there was no Opening to it, and that was what had occupied *Araspes* and *Clodomark* all the preceding Night. *Araspes* had carried on his Work on the Side of the River, and *Clodomark* within the Vault; and both of them had succeeded so well, that they had made an Opening large enough for a Man to pass thro', and closed it again with a Tombstone. *Clodomark* not designing

signing to depart till the Time when the Ambassador had had his Audience of Leave, that he might have Leisure to instruct *Eric* of what he had done, and enquire how he might rejoin him.

The Imprisonment of this young Prince rendering his Project vain, or at least delaying the Execution of it, made his Concern and Embarrass still greater, as he was now not only to fly with *Araspes*, but also to convey away *Eric* and the Priestess, an Enterprize as difficult as it was dangerous, and which, if it was discovered, must put the Lives of them all into inevitable Danger. At length, after having duly weighed all Circumstances, they concluded that *Araspes* should write to the Priestess, to inform her that the High-Priest was Prince *Clodomark* her Father, and that the valiant *Eric* was united to her by the Ties of Blood; that he should instruct her in the Design they formed of carrying her off together with the Prince; and that, in order to effect this, she must, under a Pretext of Hunting, be in the Forest on such a Day; be as little accompanied as possible, and turn her Steps to the River's Bank; that he would be there in a Boat, and would take a proper care of what was to follow.

The Letter writ in this manner, and by *Araspes*, that *Hildegarde*, who knew his Hand, might have no Doubt of the Truth of what it contained, was to be sent to her as from the High Priest, as the Orders he was accustomed to send her in that manner, that the other Vestals might have no Knowledge

of them. In regard to *Eric*, the Design of *Clodomark* was to demand the next Day to see him, to carry him the Habit of a Sacrificer, to clothe him in it, and, under that Disguise, to bring him out with him as one of the attendant Priests of his Train. But all these Projects were overturned when they least expected it. The beauteous Princess *Hildegarde*, who was then consulting with *Tirinda*, her dear Confidante, by what Methods she might preserve him, whom she looked upon as her Deliverer, after having long deplored the Misfortune that attended him, looking upon the Vestal with Eyes that would have softened the most savage Mind — My dear *Tirinda*, said she, shall we let this young and amiable Hero perish! Thy Friendship for me, does it inspire thee with nothing to prevent a Death, which will certainly be attended by mine? For, alas! continued she, it is not in my Power to overcome the Inclination which sways me towards him; what he has done to preserve my Life triumphs over my Reason. Yesterday it had only those Charms to combat, which Time and Virtue might have effaced from my Heart; but, alas! what Weapons can it make use of against the justest Gratitude! Can I ever forget that this amiable Stranger has saved my Life, and can I give him up to Death without being guilty of the most horrid Ingratitude! *Tirinda*, sincerely moved at the Fate of *Eric*, and at the Sorrow of the Priestess, proposed many Expedients to her; but the Time the Execution of them demanded, was what the Impatience

Impatience of the Vestal's Tenderness could not submit to. In this Perplexity *Tirinda* reflecting that the Commander of the Guards of the Temple was her near Relation, and that it was to her Solicitations with the Priestess, that he owed the Post he enjoyed, undertook to gain him over, it being solely in his Power to disperse the Guards in such a manner, as might make it impossible for them to prevent the Escape of the Prisoner. *Glodomira* was permitted Entrance into the Tower in which he was confined, that she might see whether the Curiosity of the Vestals had not conducted some of them thither; but it was not in her Power to fetch him from thence, unless it was by the Order of the High-Priest, when he demanded the Sight of him. They were obliged then to counterfeit this Order, and have the Commander in their Confidence, without which it was not possible to hazard it, and that was what *Tirinda* offered to endeavour at. The Priestess, whose Inquietude was augmented even by the smallest Delay, pressed her to make the Proposal immediately, that they might, if possible, that very Night set the Prisoner at Liberty. The compassionate Vestal did not hesitate to satisfy her, and went to the Commander that Moment, under the Pretext of communicating an important Order from *Glodomira*. This Man was a *Saxon*, extremely ambitious and revengeful; he preserved a secret Hatred in his Soul against *Witiking*, which Time could never conquer. He had in his Youth been a Favourite of that Prince;
and

and that Title giving him a Right to pretend to the highest Fortune, he had indulged himself in a Passion to a young Woman of great Quality. As he was not hated by her, and that her Family by his Favour with the King hoped to obtain great Posts, they had consented to this Alliance. *Witikind* had appeared charmed with it; and *Kindson*, which was the Name of this Commander, imagined himself at the Height of human Happiness, when all his Felicity vanished in a Moment, by the Love that Monarch conceived for her whom he was going to espouse: And as that Prince thought nothing sacred that contradicted his Passions, he had forced away from *Kindson* the Object of his Wishes, broke off the Marriage, and banished him from the Court. This Stroke, which was not less severe to his Fortune than it was to his Love, had constrained him to lead an obscure Life for several Years; but *Tirinda* having entered amongst the Vestals, and knowing the Disorder of his Affairs, had insinuated herself so thoroughly into the Mind of the Predecessor of *Clodomira*, that she had obtained for him the Place of Commander of the Vestals Guards; and tho' she did not imagine that the Remembrance of the Injury he had received from *Witikind*, was still strong enough to oblige him to revenge himself, yet she flattered herself that the Gratitude he owed to her, would render him favourable to her Intreaties; and it was in this Hope that, disclosing to him her Compassion for the Prisoner, and the Horror she felt in her Mind

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at the unjust Law which condemned him to Death, she owned to him that if he wished to do her a Service, it should be to preserve this illustrious Victim from the Knife of the High Priest, since it was certain that if he had not attacked the Bull, the Priests must have lost her Life.

There was no Necessity of a long Discourse to persuade *Kindson*; he had just learned in the City that the Ambassador of *France* interested himself in the Fate of the Prisoner; that it was reported every where that he was a Prince, that People's Sentiments were divided in regard to him, and that *Witiking* alone seemed to desire his Death. These Reports, joined to the Sollicitation of *Tirinda*, awakening in his Heart the Desire of Vengeance, he made no Hesitation to assure her that he was ready to seize upon this Occasion of proving his Zeal to her, upon Condition that she would carry it on in such a manner, that he might be in no Danger of being surprized by the Priests, and that he might escape along with the Stranger. *Tirinda*, who knew him to be a rigid Observer of his Word, charmed at having so easily overcome him, declared to him that, far from his having any Reason to distrust *Clodomira*, he might be certain of her Consent, since she would herself deliver the Stranger out of his Prison.

Upon this Promise, they agreed that he should call off those that were upon Guard at the Gates of the Temple, under a Pretext of having been advertised that there was a Design formed to scale the Walls of the Park,

Park, and carry away the Prisoner by Force ; that he should place them all in Ambuscade on that Side, and reserve the Care of the Gate to himself, and those in whom he could confide ; and that when the Priestess was satisfied that the Vestals were asleep, she should go herself to the Tower, deliver the Captive, put him into his Hands, and leave to him the Care of the rest. *Tirinda* gave him her Promise that she would execute this Project punctually, and went to rejoin the Priestess with a Heart filled with the most pleasing Hopes. She gave her an exact Account of her Conversation with the Commander, and of the Reports that were spread about the City concerning her valiant Defender. The Quality of the Unknown redoubling still more in the Mind of *Clodemira* her Desire of saving him, she embraced the Vestal, and by her touching Caresses, plainly convinced her of the pressing Interest she took in the Fate of *Eric*.

She was not, however, the only Person who was in Pain for his Destiny. The Ambassador of *Charlemagne*, instructed of what had passed at the Sacrifice, and not seeing the Prince appear, made no Doubt, upon the Recital that had been made him of the Valour of the Conqueror of the Victim, but that it was this young Warrior, and some of his Train, who had been there ; having assur'd him of it, he flew to *Witikind*, and represented strongly to him, that it was violating the Law of Nations, to attempt upon the Liberty of a Prince, who had enter'd into his

his Dominions under the Protection, and with the Privileges that those, who follow an Ambassador, ought to enjoy, without Molestation : That *Eric*, not being of his Religion, was ignorant of the Laws of it, and could not be accounted a Criminal for having preserv'd so many Lives, that were exposed to the Fury of the Bull, by vanquishing it : That his Action ought to be admired, and not blamed ; and that he demanded this illustrious Prisoner of him, in the Name of *Charlemagne*, whose Vengeance he conjured him not to excite, at the very Moment that he was desiring a Peace.

But the barbarous *Saxon*, who had just learn'd that the *Danish* Troops were arrived to his Assistance, charmed at having a Christian of that Importance to sacrifice to his God *Irminful*, answered the Ambassador with Fierceness, That all Strangers, of whatsoever Rank they were, ought to conform themselves to the Laws of those Countries into which their Curiosity led them : That *Eric* was guilty, and that he must perish : That he would have no Peace with *Charlemagne*, and had no Dread of his Arms : Adding, that he advised him to leave *Eresbourg* himself, or he should be obliged to have him seized upon. The Despair of the Ambassador was excessive ; but, not being in a Situation to revenge the Injury done to his Character, and rightly judging that the King his Master would never leave it unpunished, he hastened his Departure, that that Monarch might prevent, if possible, the Fate that was destined for the Prince

Prince of *Norway* ; and the very same Night quitting that sanguinary Court, he travelled with the greatest Diligence to join the King of *France*, who advanced by hasty Marches, with a Design of surprizing *Eresbourg*. Whilst the Ambassador flew in this manner to the Succour of *Eric*, whom *Witikind* flattered himself he should make his Victim, and *Clodomark* hoped the next Day to deliver him from his Imprisonment, the beauteous *Hildegarde*, more speedy in the Execution of her Project, waited with Impatience 'till all the Vestals were buried in Sleep, that she might repair to the Tower of that illustrious Captive. *Tirinda*, who conducted this great Design, no sooner heard the Bell cease, that sounded for the Retreat of her Companions, than she went from Cell to Cell, to be assured that none of them would come to interrupt her Enterprize ; and, when the profound Silence that reigned throughout the Temple, had perswaded them that they had nothing to fear, the Priestess and this Vestal passed softly to the Tower of *Eric*, who, far from thinking that they were endeavouring his Liberty, was then making the most melancholy Reflections upon his Love, and upon the Fate that was prepared for him. He doubted not but that the Ambassador had instructed *Charlemagne* of his Adventure, and that that Prince would come with an Army to his Assistance ; but he dreaded beholding the Priestess buried in the Ruins of the City of *Eresbourg*, without *Clodomark* himself having it in his Power to preserve her. As he
was

was ignorant of the Measures that he had taken for his Flight, and the Interest he had in rendering the Vestal the Companion of it, he was agitated with the most cruel Inquietudes, and was in the deepest Reverie when he heard the Doors of the Prison open: But what was his Joy and his Surprise, when he saw the amiable *Clodomira* enter! *Tirinda* bore a Flambeau, and the Priestess had in her Hand the Sabre of *Eric*. Tho' the uncommon Hour of this Visit, and the armed Hand of the Priestess, made him have some Suspicion that they came only to put him to Death, yet he felt no Terror at it; and satisfied with losing his Life by so dear a Hand, she was no sooner advanced nearer to him, than, perceiving that she trembled and remained silent, he put himself into as humble a Posture as the Chains with which he was confined would give him Leave; and looking upon her with equal Love and Respect — Strike, Madam; said he to her, hesitate not to punish a rash Stranger, who is resolved to adore you to his last Sigh: If that is a Crime which deserves Death, I think it my Glory to be a Criminal. Do more Justice to the Design which brings me hither, replied she with Majesty, as *Tirinda*, with her Assistance, unloosed his Chains; if you have any Sentiments that are in Favour of me, an eternal Absence will be Punishment enough, without my seeking to revenge myself by the Loss of your Life; sacrificing my just Anger to my Gratitude, I am resolved to forget the Rashness of your

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Words,

Words, to remember only the Excess of that Danger to which you exposed yourself for me. I will restore you your Arms, with Liberty to make use of them against all those who would attack your Life ; but if it is true that you were born a Prince, and are of the Number of *Charlemagne's* Warriors, prove your Esteem of me, by obliging him to protect the innocent and timid Virgins of this Temple, if the Fate of War should again render him the Conqueror of the *Saxons*.

Eric, astonished at the Danger which this generous Vestal incurred by delivering him out of his Prison, threw himself at her Feet, and giving a free Vent to his Transports — No, said he to her, too admirable *Clodomira* ! I will never quit this Temple unless you consent to fly with me: I am ignorant who you are; but I know that this Heart, of which you were the Mistress from the first Moment that I beheld you, is not unworthy of being offered to you, and that the passionate *Eric*, Prince of *Norway*, may, without Fear of Disgrace to you, unite his Fate to your's. Alas ! Madam, continued he, let me conjure you to quit for ever the odious Service of your Idols ; the Sovereign Master of the Universe has not formed you so perfect as you are, but to render you more worthy of knowing and adoring him: Open to me the Gates of this fatal Habitation, advertise the High Priest of our Escape, powerful Reasons oblige him to love me, and will oblige him to follow me; he will be as a Father to you, his venerable
Age,

Age, and his exalted Prudence will be an inviolable Security that my Respect shall always equal the Ardour of my Love.

If *Eric* had not spoke with so much Fire, the Surprize of the Princess would not have permitted her to interrupt him: *Araspes* had too thoroughly instructed her in the History of her Family, for her to be ignorant how strictly the Ties of Blood attached her to the Prince of *Norway*: a secret Joy seized upon her Heart when she found that he whom she had loved, without knowing him, was the Prince who, from her Infancy, had been destined for her Husband; and seeing nothing in her Tenderneſs that could be condemned, she was tempted to declare her Birth to him and to follow his Steps, when a Movement of Reserve and Modesty triumphed over the Emotions of Love, and constrained her to reflect that, besides the Imprudence of abandoning herself to the Conduct of a Man who might have named himself what he was not, and deceived her Confidence in him, she run a Hazard of being an Obſtacle to his Flight, by the Embarraſs of ſaving her from the Purſuit of the *Saxons*; and that the moſt ſafe way would be to let him eſcape alone, that he might be more in a Situation to defend himſelf if he was attacked; judging likewise, that if the High Prieſt acted in concert with him, it would be eaſy to them to find out means of reſcuing her from the Service of the Temple, ſhe determined therefore to conceal her Secret from him, and to reſuſe a Propoſal which ſhe imagined as prejudicial to her

Glory, as it was dangerous to the Desire she had of preserving him from the Fate he was threatened with.

But unable wholly to dissemble what passed within her Heart, and to part from the Prince without animating him with some Ray of Hope — It is not in the least surprising, my Lord, said she, that you should not know the unfortunate *Clodomira*; but it is impossible she should be ignorant of the Regard she owes to the Prince *Eric*, that Illustrious Name, for Reasons which I must not now discover to you, but which I have the most earnest Wish that you may soon be instructed in, engages me as strongly to preserve you as my Gratitude does. But expect not that I should carry any farther the Sentiments which they inspire me with. I fear not to expose my Life to preserve your's; but I dread exposing my Honour, which is far dearer to me. I took Refuge in this Temple only to preserve me from the criminal Desires of the cruel *Witikind*. What would he say, how terrible would be his Fury, if, pursuing our Steps, he should unfortunately apprehend us? Ah! my Lord, continued she, spare me the Horror of such a Spectacle; if you wish I should believe that I am dear to you, suffer me to make use of the Power that those Sentiments give me over you, and let me command you to obey me. I do not oppose what your Tenderneſs may suggest, of conveying me to a less barbarous Climate; and I dare to confess that, looking upon Prince *Eric* very differently from the King of the *Saxons*, I shall seek for

no Asylum against his Pretensions. The beauteous Priestess could not prevent a rising Blush as she pronounced these tender Expressions; and the passionate Prince of *Norway* was so transported with them, that he could find no Words expressive enough to shew the Excess of his Joy.

But *Tirinda* not giving him Leisure to use his Eloquence, and pressing *Clodomira* to leave the Tower, the charming Vestal with so much Earnestness commanded her Prisoner to follow her, that he was obliged to submit to her Desires. She restored his Sabre to him, and guiding her trembling Steps by the Light of *Tirinda's* Flambeau, she conducted him to the Place where *Kindson* had posted himself; who holding the Gate of the Temple ready to be opened, was that Moment preparing to give him his Liberty, when a dreadful Noise of Voices, who cried, To Arms, To Arms, resounded in all Parts of the Temple, and several of the Vestals, assisted by those of the Guards who were not in the Secret, immediately surrounded them, seized upon the Priestess, and used their utmost Efforts to do the same to *Eric*. But that valiant Prince, penetrated with the most lively Despair at seeing the Danger that *Clodomira* was engaged in, and flattering himself with a Hope of delivering her from it, notwithstanding the Attempts of her perfidious Companions, defended himself with such surprizing Courage, that he put to Flight the Guards of the Temple, killed several of them, and would not even have spared the Vestals, if their re-

doubled Shrieks had not drawn thither the Guards, and all the Priests of the Temple of *Irminful*. *Clodomark*, and the faithful *Araspes*, who apprehended a Part of what had passed, run to them at the first Alarm ; but, as they were unarmed, and that the Guards would have inevitably seized upon them, if they had testified the least Intelligence with *Eric*, the High Priest had no other Resolution to take, than to appear animated with the same Fury as the others ; and as the Valour of *Eric* scattered Terror and Affright around him, and that, supported by the Commander, who seconded him with inexpressible Courage, he drove off all those who endeavoured to approach him : *Clodomark* making use of this Disorder, and judging rightly, that sooner or later their Number must overcome the Valour of *Eric*, he made a Sign to his dear *Araspes*, who conceiving his Attention, seized upon the Arms of one of the Guards, who was just expiring, and feigning to second the others, strikes, eagerly presses upon the Combatants, and constrains them to go out of the Gate of the Temple. Then the Obscurity of the Night concealing him from those who strove to take him, *Araspes* approached him, named himself, and conjured him to follow him.

The Prince, who, no more than his Enemies, could see upon whom his Blows fell, gave him his Hand, and let himself be conducted by him. *Araspes* led him to the Temple of the High Priest, and, taking him thro' several private Passages, he made him enter into the subterraneous Vault, enclosed him within

within it, and, returning to the Place of the Combat, mingled himself amongst the Guards, who had just thrown the brave *Kindson* upon the Earth, taking him for *Eric*, and made him expire under their Blows. Then crying out, Victory ! they returned to inform the High Priest of it, who, during the Combat, had instructed himself of the Occasion of it. The most antient of the Vestals told him, That hearing some Person speak in the Park which joined to her Cell, she went out of it with a Design of advertising *Clodomira* ; but, her Voice close to the Tower, her Curiosity had forced her to guide her Steps the most gently she could ; that her Astonishment had been amazing, when she saw the Priestesses give her Hand to the Prisoner, and lead him towards the Gate of the Temple, to convey him from the Punishment due to his Crime ; and that, unable to suffer her to dishonour in this Manner the glorious Title of Vestal, she had sounded the Trumpet of War to call her Companions and the Guards to her Assistance ; adding, that she demanded, in the Name of all the others, that *Clodomira* should submit to the Punishment destined for those who had rendered themselves unworthy of their Condition by their Commerce with Mankind. As she finished her Discourse, which the beauteous Priestesses listened to, with her Eyes fixed upon the Earth, and, without condescending to pronounce one Word in her own Defence, the Conquerors of the unfortunate *Kindson* came to declare the Death of the Fugitive. This dreadful
News

News making more Impression upon the Heart of *Clodomira*, than all the Invectives with which her jealous Companions loaded her, she fainted away in the Arms of *Tirinda*, who, resolving not to part from her, took hold of her on one Side, as her Accuser did on the other.

The unfortunate *Clodomark*, who had been near enough to *Araspes* to know the Truth, and whose Heart was torn in Pieces by the Situation the Priestess was in, penetrated with the most lively Sorrow, immediately endeavoured to assist her, and in spite of the Vestals, who desired her Ruin, made her be conveyed to his Apartment, where his Cares, and those of the faithful *Tirinda*, soon recalled her to Life ; but it was only to shed a Torrent of Tears that she revived. The High Priest earnestly wished to give her the Consolation of knowing that he was her Father ; yet this Conjunction, not being favourable to the Declaration of his Secret, he forced his Tenderness to Silence, and seeing her entirely recovered from her Weakness, he named *Tirinda* and two of her Companions, who appeared truly affected at this Adventure, for her Guards, forbidding all the others to approach her, and went in search of *Araspes*, who waited for him at the Gates of the Temple, the Vestals having hindered him from coming farther.

He had no sooner joined him, than he instructed him that *Eric* was in Safety ; that the Guards, in that Obscurity, had taken the Commander, *Kindson*, for him ; and that he had

had shut him up in the Subterranean. These Words having revived the Hopes of the High Priest, he thought now only in what Manner he might save *Hildegard* from the Rigour of the Laws of the barbarous *Saxons*, who retaining none of those of the *Romans*, but what agreed with their natural Cruelty, as they did, buried those Vestals alive whose Virtue was suspected; *Clodomark*, who was not ignorant of this cruel Custom, assembled them all, and would have perswaded them that their Glory was interested in approving the Compassion that the Fate of the Prisoner had inspired their Priests with: That it was that Motive alone which made her set him at Liberty; adding, that he was assured of her Virtue, but that nevertheless he should punish her for her Imprudence in a manner that would satisfy their Indignation; and that he conjured them to prevent the King's being informed of this Adventure, since the Cause of *Irminsul* was sufficiently revenged by the Death of the Stranger. All the young Vestals acquiesced in this Proposition; but the antient ones, jealous of the Merit of *Clodomira*, opposed it with the utmost Firmness, and imagining they gave a new Lustre to their false Virtue by tarnishing her's, they resolved upon her Ruin, and declared to the High-Priest, that if he refused to make her submit to the Sentence of the Laws, they would go and demand Justice of the King against him. *Clodomark*, who was unwilling to make them his Enemies, and hinder himself from pursuing those Schemes
which

which he had formed for the Delivery of the Priestesses, feigned to agree to their Sentiments, and promised to instruct *Witiking* punctually of their Zeal and their Prudence: After that, having examined into the Number of the Guards, he found that all those of the Temple of the Vestals had been killed, as well as their Commander, so that he was obliged to leave them Part of his, which he did with the more Pleasure, as it disembarassed him from those who were most suspected by him, keeping only those who were the most attached to him, to fetch off the dead Bodies, that they might not be freed from the Error they were in as to the Fate of *Eric*. In effect, immediately repairing to the Place of the Combat with them and the faithful *Araspes*, who passed for a poor Herdsman, whom the High Priest entertained out of Hospitality, they acted with so much Address, that the Guards perceived nothing of the Matter, and threw all the Bodies indifferently upon the same Pile, where they consumed them in the Flames, according to the Custom of their Country, still perswaded that the Stranger was one of the Number, *Kindson* having been so disfigured by repeated Wounds, that it was impossible to know him.

After this *Clodomark* and *Araspes* repairing to the subterraneous Vault, found there the valiant *Eric*, much less unquiet at what might be their Design in bringing him to this obscure Place, than at the Uncertainty he was in as to the Fate of the Priestesses. As they had concerted to hide from him the Danger
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she was in, they employed all their Eloquence to convince him that she had nothing to fear, and that he ought positively to take Advantage of their Belief of his Death in order to join *Charlemagne*, and hasten the Approach of his Troops. But that Prince, being no longer able to disguise his Sentiments from *Clodomark*, declared so positively to him that he would never quit *Eresbourg* without having the Vestal in his Possession, that he was obliged to discover to him that he was not the only one who interested himself in her Life, and that paternal Love rendered her too dear to him to be able to leave her a Prey to the Fury of a barbarous People. Doubt it not, invincible *Eric*, continued he, perceiving his Surprize, that *Clodomira*, who has captivated your Heart, whose Life you have preserved, and who has now exposed her's for your Preservation, is the same *Hildegarde* for whom I have shed so many Tears, whom *Araspes* educated, and who was ravished from him, now near two Years since: Judge then, my dear *Eric*, whether you can have any Apprehensions of my abandoning her? Ah! rather dread, lest by your Presence you should be raising an invincible Obstacle to the Design I have formed of rendering you for ever happy: Consider, that by destroying the Report of your Death, you will cause my Ruin, and that it is from my Hand alone that you can receive *Hildegarde*. No Consideration less strong could have made *Eric* submit to his Desires; and tho' the present Situation of them all, hindered him from abandoning himself

self to the Joy of finding in *Clodomira*, a Princess destined to receive his Faith, yet he expressed enough to assure the High Priest that this Discovery had animated his Love with a double Ardour. He embraced *Araspes* a thousand times, and conjured them both to instruct him what he could do, to prove to them his Zeal, his Gratitude, and his lively Passion for the beauteous *Hildegarde*. They then discovered to him the Opening they had made in the Vault, which joined to the Banks of the River *Imel*, where the faithful *Araspes* had a Bark in Readiness for their Flight; he desired him to make use of it for his Escape, to join the Army of the *French*, and to hasten their March towards *Eresbourg*; assuring him that before *Charlemagne* could attack that City, he might hope to see him arrive at his Camp with *Hildegarde*.

Prince *Eric*, whose Love had inspired him with a Project as dangerous as it was extraordinary, consented to what they exacted from him; and being unwilling to lose the least Time, he bid adieu to *Clodomark*, recommended his Princess to him, and protested to him, that his Return should be even more speedy than his own Design of quitting it. *Araspes* unloosed the Stone, and the Prince having remarked that a slight Effort on the Outside would throw it down, confirmed himself in his secret Resolution; and leaping into the Bark with *Araspes*, who was to serve him as a Pilot, they were soon at a great Distance from this hateful Place; and *Clodomark* no sooner lost Sight of, than he re-
closed

closed the Vault, *Araspes* designing to return into the City by the usual Road, his Habit of a Shepherd freeing him from all Suspicions. Whilst the Darkness of the Night favoured them, and the Current of the Water conveyed them according to their Wishes, *Clodomark* judging that the antient Vestals would most certainly inform *Witikind* of this Disorder in a Light the most favourable to their Animosity, he resolved to prevent them, and to endeavour to obtain a Pardon for the Priestesses, in favour of the Love which he had formerly felt for her. To this effect, he repaired to the Palace, hoping that he should be the first at his being awakened; but he had the Sorrow to find that Monarch instructed of the Adventure, and in a Fury and a Wrath which nothing could calm. He had rose, and was holding in his Hand a Letter from her by whom the Priestesses had been surprized. The Moment he perceived the High-Priest, he went up to him, and looking upon him with Eyes inflamed with Anger — Minister of *Irminful*, said he to him, I command you to punish *Clodomira* according to our Laws, our Gods are insulted, their Victims have escaped them, and they demand Vengeance; I should draw down their Wrath upon my People and myself, if I so much as hesitated upon sacrificing her who has offended them, and who alone has been the Cause of this Confusion.

Clodomark, who endeavoured only to gain Time, would not irritate him by again opposing this Sentence; but wishing by Address

to move his Passion — I am not ignorant, my Lord, said he to him, of the Crime of the Priestess; but knowing how dear she formerly was to you, and believing that her Youth and her Inexperience might make her perhaps appear less guilty to you, I judged that it was my Duty not to decide her Fate till I had your Majesty's Consent, and the more, as the Blood of the Stranger has now appeased the Wrath of *Irminful*. But mine is not appeased, returned that barbarous King; the ungrateful *Clodomira* has shewn too plainly that Virtue has had no Share in her Contempt of my Love, since she could forget, for an Unknown, the Duties of her Condition. *Irminful* alone is worthy to be the Rival of *Witikind*; the Stranger has been his Victim, and *Clodomira* shall be mine; the Populace are in Terrors, my Warriors in Consternation, and both of them regarding this sinister unexampled Event as a fatal Presage, already imagine they see the Christians at our Gates; they must be reassured by seeing the Object of their Terror perish, and I must by that convince them that I will maintain their Laws and the Service of our Gods to the last Moment of my Life; then without condescending to listen to his Answer, he declared to him, that being obliged in five Days to put himself at the Head of his Troops, in order to meet the *French*, he commanded *Clodomira* should undergo her Sentence before his Departure, that this Testimony of his Justice might reanimate the Courage of his Soldiers; and having dismissed him after these cruel Words, it was impossible

to induce him to grant him a longer Audience.

It is easy to imagine the Situation of *Clodomark*; but without Arms, without Defence, in the midst of a superstitious People and a barbarous Court, Diffimulation was the only Part he had to resolve upon, and upon that his Prudence immediately made him determine. But that Providence who designed to rouse him from his Blindness by these extraordinary Events, making use of the Emotions of Nature to inspire him with a Detestation for these dreadful Rites, gave him so strong a Horror at the Barbarity they caused in their Followers, that he was no sooner returned to his Apartment, than transported by his Concern — God of the Christians, cried he, raising his Hands to Heaven, protect the innocent *Hildegarde*, preserve me from the Storm now falling on my devoted Head, and I protest to consecrate the Remainder of my Life to thy Service. This ardent Prayer was not long in producing its Effect; *Clodomark* unquiet, agitated, and in a Confusion which allowed him no Repose, passed the Night walking in his Apartment, and waiting with Impatience for the Return of *Araspes*; but this Agitation giving no Relief to his Concern, he went down into the subterranean Vault, and continued for some time in the same Occupation, the Confusion of his Ideas preventing him from the Use of his Reason, when lifting his Eyes towards the upper Part of the Vault, he was in a Moment struck with a Thought, which in an Instant banished

all those which had before obscured his Mind; and reflecting that as it was in his Power to chuse the Place which was to serve for a Grave to the Vestal, he might have it sunk directly over this Vault, and find Methods for her descending into it without his Artifice being perceived; he returned Thanks to that Power which had inspired him with this Expedient, and immediately endeavoured to procure secretly what he thought necessary to the Execution of this Design and its Success; he employed himself till Day-break in considering upon proper Measures, and seeing the Hour approach of *Araspes's* Return, he re-entered his Apartment to wait for him there. In effect, this faithful Friend soon after arrived; he had conveyed *Eric*, without any Accident, to the farthest Bank of the River which joined upon the Fields, and having conducted him to a House which furnished their *Saxon* Travellers with the Conveniences they stood in need of, the Prince had there took Horses and a Guide in order to leave the Dominions of *Witiking*, and had departed with his Conductor in hopes of soon meeting him again.

The High Priest, at hearing the Prince was out of Danger, instructed *Araspes* in what he had done since his Departure, and communicated the Project he had formed to save *Hildegarde*; he was charmed with it; and as he had a free Entrance into the Temple without the least Suspicion, he took upon himself the Care of providing the Instruments necessary for that Enterprize, which he performed the
same

same Day; and the following Night, he and the High Priest wrought with so great Affiduity and Industry, that they succeeded in loosening a large Stone in the Vault, with an Opening large enough for a Person to pass through. They then reposed themselves, and afterwards formed a Machine with Pullies and Weights, that made the Stone rise and descend as they thought proper; and when they were assured on that Side, they pierced the Vault, to mark without the Place where this Opening was, after which the High Priest went to search for the Mark, which happening to be in the Sanctuary of the Temple, was fortunately in the most proper Place for the Ceremony of the Burial of the Vestal to be regularly performed. The following Night they laboured to prepare the Grave in such a manner, as to leave a proper Quantity of Earth to conceal the Machine, which *Clodomark* resolved to make a Trial of; so that having laid himself down in the Grave, *Araspes* in the Vault drawing down the Weights that moved it, let down the High Priest with great Safety almost to the Ground. The Joy they had at seeing the happy Success of their Imagination, taking from them the Remembrance of all their Misfortunes, and animating them to leave nothing imperfect in this great Design, they re-established so well the Place, that it was impossible to perceive the least Appearance of Deceit. Three whole Days and Nights were employed in this Work, during which *Witikind* and the Vestals ceased not to press the High Priest to

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hasten

hasten the Punishment of *Clodomira*, who on her Side expected that fatal Moment with a Courage that amazed her barbarous Enemies.

In effect, this beauteous Princess, perfwaded of the Death of *Eric*, looked upon her own as the only Termination of her Sorrows, and far from being afraid, wished earnestly to finish a Life which her Love and her Sorrow equally rendered a Burthen to her. The faithful *Tirinda*, whose Tears and Sighs had never ceased since this fatal Adventure, accused Heaven, Earth, and Men of Injustice and Cruelty, and omitted no Opportunity of reproaching the Vestals with the Indignity of their Proceedings. But neither the Constancy of the Priestesses, nor the Invectives of *Tirinda*, had any Power over these barbarous Minds; and as it was absolutely necessary that *Clodomark* should pronounce in public the Sentence of the Priestesses and her Confidante, the third Day of his Labours in the subterranean Vault, he appeared in the Tribune of the Temple, where the Multitude was assembled, and with a loud Voice condemned *Clodomira* to the dreadful Punishment of being buried alive, as the Chastisement due to her Crimes. He declared *Tirinda*, her Accomplice, unworthy of living amongst the Vestals, degraded her from that glorious Title, condemned her to place the Priestess herself in the Tomb, and banished her for ever from her Country, declaring that the Ceremony and the accomplishing of this Sentence, should be executed the following Night by the Light of Flambeaux, with
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all the Pomp and Magnificence that was proper for the Sacrifice that was to be made of the Life of *Clodomira* to the God *Irmimful*.

That barbarous People applauded this Discourse by a thousand Cries and Acclamations; and tho' the High Priest was certain of the Safety of his Daughter, yet the detestable Joy of the *Saxons* filled his Soul with so much Grief, that he shut himself up with *Araspes*, under a Pretext of passing that Day and the Night in Retirement, Prayers and Fasting, and commanded his Priests to do the same, to render their God propitious to them. In the mean time the passionate *Eric* imagining to himself a Part of what had passed in *Eresbourg*, and eager to prevent the Consequences of it, hastened his Journey in so surprizing a manner, that he found himself upon the Confines of the County of *Waldeck*, before the Close of the Day of his Departure from *Eresbourg*. There sending back his Guide and his Horses, he took fresh ones, and used such uncommon Diligence, that he arrived at one of the Places destined for the Conjunction of the Armies of *Charles*, where several Bodies of his Troops were already reassembled. Their Joy was excessive at the Sight of the valiant Prince of *Norway*, who, to lose no Time, and to profit by the Love that the Soldiers expressed for him, detached a Hundred of the most resolute of them, had them armed and clothed in the *Saxon* manner, put on himself the same Disguise, and dispatched a Courier to *Charlemagne* to instruct him of what he designed to do, he put himself at the Head of his Detachment,

tachment, and conducted it without any Obstacle to the Banks of the River *Imel*, because those *Saxons* who saw them march took them to be a Part of their own Troops. After a March of three Days and three Nights, on the fourth Night they passed the River, and proceeded to the Entrance of the subterranean Vault of the Temple, where *Eric* threw down the Stone to procure a Passage for his Soldiers. But the Instant of his Arrival, being that of the Obsequies of *Clodomira*, he was extremely astonished to find the Place lighted by several Flambeaux; and to perceive *Araspes* alone in it, who seemed to fix his whole Attention upon the Top of the Vault, at which he looked with the utmost Stedfastness. The Noise which *Eric* made as he entered with his Soldiers, having roused him from his Occupation, he believed himself ruined when he saw so many Men in Arms; and taking them for the Guards of *Witiking*, he thought of nothing but preserving himself from the Horror of that Spectacle, which he imagined he must be the Witness of: and struck with this Idea — Barbarians, said he, advancing towards them, begin by taking away my Life, and render me the first Victim of the Fury of your inhuman Monarch. My dear *Araspes*, said the Prince, holding out his Arms to embrace him, recover yourself from your Error, and know *Eric* who flies to the Assistance of the adorable *Clodomira*; deliver up to us the Passages of the Temple, let us penetrate into the City, and suffer me to open the Gates of it to the Army of the
French,

French, who must by this Time be encamped under your Ramparts.

These Words, and the Presence of the Prince of *Norway*, having recovered *Araspes* from his Terror, he informed him succinctly of what in an Hour or two was to be put in Execution, and conjured him to wait for that Event before he began his Enterprize. *Erio* was struck with Horror at this News, and unable to figure to himself that the Stratagem of *Clodomark* was sufficient to save *Hildegarde*, he would have interrupted this dreadful Ceremony, put all to Fire and Sword, penetrated even to *Witikind* thro' the midst of his Guards, and plunged a Poniard into his Breast; but *Araspes* made him so clearly apprehend that in a few Moments the Princess would be in the same Vault, without any Possibility of endangering her, and that his Precipitation must occasion the Miscarriage of both their Designs, that he at length consented to what he desired. Then having imposed Silence upon themselves, they ranged their Soldiers without Noise in two Lines along the Vault, and keeping themselves in Readiness to move the Weights when it was a proper Time, they waited for the Signal which was to advertise them of it.

Whilst these Things passed beneath the Temple, the People, assembled within its Inclosure, at length saw the innocent *Clodomira* arrive in the midst of her cruel and inhuman Companions, with a Bandage over her Eyes, and her Hands chained behind her. The desolate *Tirinda* unveil'd, and strip'd of all the Ornaments.

Ornaments of a Vestal, marched immediately after her, with Despair painted strongly upon her Face. The Priests came after, having the Pontiff at their Head; and in this Order having conducted the Victim into the Sanctuary, where the barbarous *Witiking* was placed with all his Court, the High Priest commanded the Tomb to be opened, and when that was done, approaching *Clodomira*, he demanded if she had any thing to say? No, replied she, I die innocent, but I die with Joy. Those Words having excited a Murmur amongst the People, which prevented any thing from being heard that was said by those near the Priestess, *Clodomark* seizing upon that Moment, and feigning to tye the Bandage straiter upon her Eyes — My dear *Hildegarde*, said he to her, fear nothing, *Eric* is living, and you shall not dye, it is your Father that assures you of it. Then raising his Voice, he made *Tirinda* advance, and commanded her to put her down into the Grave.

That Virgin, whose Situation is impossible to be described, gave the most terrible Shrieks, and would have resisted the Order; but *Clodomira*, guided by the Sound of her Voice, embracing her with an Intention to console her, the generous *Tirinda*, pressed by the Vestals to obey the High Priest, took her in her Arms, and leaped down with her into the Grave so suddenly, that it was not in the Power of any Person to force her from her. Then the High Priest, charmed with this Action, cried out, Let them both dye then, and let the Stone be put upon their Tomb.

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This Order was immediately executed the Moment it was given; and *Clodomark* having struck three Blows upon the Tomb with a Battle-Ax, as if to press it down according to their usual Ceremony, *Araspes* advertised *Eric* that that was the Signal, and at that Moment drawing the Weights, they gently let down the Machine upon which were the two Vestals, almost as much terrified at feeling the Earth sink down beneath them, as at the horrible Punishment they imagined they were to undergo.

Araspes, astonished at seeing two Women, immediately took *Tirinda*; and the amorous Prince seizing upon *Clodomira*, unloosed her Bandage and her Chains; and having set her gently upon the Ground by *Tirinda*, to whom *Araspes* had rendered the same Service, they look'd upon each other, and then casting their Eyes around, strove to comprehend the Mystery of their Adventure, when the Prince of *Norway* throwing himself at the Feet of the Princess—Recover your Spirits, Madam, said he, and see at your Knees *Eric* living, *Eric*, the most in Love of all Mankind, who comes to second *Araspes* and *Clodomark* in rescuing you from this fatal Place. Doubt it not, my Princess, said *Araspes*, approaching her; not only Heaven has preserved Prince *Eric*, but it restores to you your illustrious Father, and that *Araspes*, whom you have so long honoured with that glorious Title.

Oh, Heaven! then cried *Hildegarde*, what do I see! What do I see! What do I hear! My Senses do they deceive me! Oh, my Father!

Father! Oh, dear Prince! continued she, holding out her Hands to them: Is not this a Dream! Or does the Fear of Death, and the Desire of seeing you both again obscure my Reason, and make me take illusive Phantoms for real Objects! *Tirinda*, whose Surprise was not less great, said almost the same, and could scarce believe this amazing Event. But at length *Araspes* and the Prince having hastily instructed them in all this Mystery, they were reassured, and giving themselves up to Joy, they returned a thousand Thanks to their Deliverers. The beauteous *Hildegarde* recollecting the Words of the High Priest, and joining them to what *Araspes* had said, was sensible at that Moment that the Respect she had been struck with at the first time he had offered himself to her Sight, sprung solely from the Emotions which Nature had excited in her Heart; and eager to embrace his Knees, she conjured *Araspes* to conduct her to him, just as he entered into the Vault.

A less pressing Motive than that which conducted him thither, could not have made him seen so many Soldiers under Arms without Fear and Astonishment. But *Hildegarde* and the Prince of *Norway* presented themselves to his Sight so immediately, that he had not Leisure to reflect upon that Spectacle. The Princess would have thrown herself at his Feet; but preventing her by pressing her in his Arms—Oh, my dear *Hildegarde*! said he, how many Tears have you cost me, how many dreadful Alarms, and how deeply ought we to revere the invisible Hand which, by
such

such surprizing Paths of its Providence, has so wonderfully united us. The young Princess returned these Words by the most touching Caresses ; and presenting *Tirinda* to him, beg'd him to be a second Father to her, and to permit her, who had so generously followed her to the Grave, to be with her the Remainder of her Life. *Clodomark* embraced this amiable Maid, and gave the highest Applause to the Action she had done, assuring her that in the Sentence he had given against her, his sole Design was to rescue her from the Service of the Temple, that she might live for ever with *Hildegarde*. *Araspes* was extremely sensible of the Marks she had given of the Solidity of her Friendship, and conceived for her, from that Moment, so tender an Esteem; that it might have been named Love, if the present Conjunction could have been favourable to that Passion ; but the Situation of their Affairs not permitting those illustrious Persons to have any other Thoughts but in what manner they should leave this Place, *Eric* made known to *Clodomark* of what Consequence it was to him to march into the City with his Troop, having given his Promise to *Charlemagne* to facilitate an Entrance to him that very Night, upon the Calculation he had made of the Time that was necessary to arrive at the Temple, and of the Progress the Army of that Monarch could make in order to surprize the City.

Then, after many Reflections, it was concluded that *Clodomark* and the faithful *Araspes* should remain upon Guard in the Temple

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with

with thirty of the Soldiers of *Eric*, and that they should keep themselves in Readiness to fall out by the subterranean Vault in case of Accident, and that the Prince of *Norway*, with the Remainder of his People, should go and seize upon one of the Gates of the City. Thus, when all was hushed, *Eric* and the Soldiers marched out of the Temple in great Silence, by a private Gate which opened into the Forest, the Centinel of which was entirely devoted to the High Priest, who conceiving that they went upon some great Design, strove to prove his Zeal, by demanding to follow *Eric* in his Expedition; to which he consented, and the more willingly, as he judg'd that this *Saxon* might be necessary to him in order to deceive the others.

All that disquieted him at that Moment was his Fear lest *Charlemagne* should not be yet arrived; but that invincible Monarch had taken such prudent Measures, and Spies had served him so faithfully, that having learned that the Army of *Witiking* was assembled some Leagues distant from *Eresbourg*, to wait there for the King, and for the *Danish* Reinforcement which was to join them, he had marched thither with so much Diligence, that he came within Sight of the Enemy the Evening before the Burial of the Princess, had given them Battle, routed them entirely, put them all to the Sword, and continued his March to the very Walls of *Eresbourg*, before *Witiking* could possibly receive the News of the Defeat of his Troops; so that the Prince of *Norway* having traversed the

the City, and having presented himself with his Soldiers to the Guards as a *Saxon*, which Language he spoke as fluently as the Natives of the Country, and giving them the Word, which he had learned from the Centinel of the Temple, he made them open the Barrier to him as by the Order of *Witikind*, feigning that it was to give Entrance to a Detachment of the *Danish* Troops, who waited only for the Signal to advance.

They believed him. Then having made himself Master of the Gate with his Soldiers, he mounted upon one of the Towers with which it was flank'd, and gave the Signal agreed upon. It was answered without delay. At the same Instant opening the Gate, the *French* Troops began to enter. The *Saxons* perceiving, but too late, that they had been deceived, would have opposed their Passage; but the brave *Eric*, seconded by his Followers, sustained their Efforts with so much Valour, that they were almost totally put to the Sword. Those who could escape, ran immediately to spread the Alarm throughout the City. *Witikind*, awaken'd by the redoubled Cries that resounded every where, hastily put on his Arms, mounted his Horse, and gathering up all the Troops he had in *Eresbourg*, flew to the Succour of the City; but those of *Charlemagne*, dispersed in every Quarter, slaughtered all those who endeavoured to resist them; and notwithstanding the Valour and the Despair of *Witikind*, he had the Sorrow to see his People subdued, and his Capital in the Power of the Christians. In the mean time

Eric, still trembling for the Safety of *Hildegarde*, and having no more Enemies to combat in his Quarter, repaired hastily to the Temple, to prevent any Insult to the Object of his Love. The Guards put themselves into a Posture of Defence at his Approach; but their Intrepidity served only to procure them Death. *Clodomark*, advertised by the clashing of the Arms and the Cries of the Combatants, marched with *Araspes* and the rest of the Soldiers to the Place of the Combat, and the Day, which was already broke, shewing them that it was *Eric*, they ranged themselves on his Side, and forced the *Saxons* to beg for Quarter.

At length the formidable *Charlemagne* having himself entered the City, he constrained the Inhabitants to implore his Clemency, whilst *Witikind*, abandoned by his Subjects, and without Hope, found himself obliged to seek his Safety by Flight, his haughty Courage not permitting him to implore Mercy from his Conqueror. In effect, profiting by the Confusion of his own People, and the great Hurry of the *French*, he escaped, with only one Attendant; and gaining the open Country, he joined the *Danes*, who were marching to his Assistance. In the mean time *Charles* having made himself absolutely Master of *Eresbourg*, and in Possession of the Palace of the vanquish'd King, gave his Royal Promise that he would treat the *Saxons* as his own Subjects, upon Condition they embraced Christianity; and would take no Repose till he had broke down the Statue of
Irminful,

Irminsul, and destroyed, without Resource, all the Things that were of Use in its sacrilegious Rites.

For this effect, having repaired to the Temple, he was received there by Prince *Eric*, who presented to him *Clodomark* and the beautiful *Hildegarde*, making them known to him by a succinct Relation of their Adventures, in which he did not forget to include the Zeal and the Fidelity of *Araspes* and *Trinda*. The magnanimous Monarch, charm'd at seeing *Eric* again, embraced him tenderly, giving the most exalted Applauses to his Prudence and his Valour, and testified to *Clodomark* a sincere Joy at his being able to give him a sincere Proof of his Esteem, by rendering the latter Part of his Life more happy than the Beginning had been; and as he was the most gallant Prince of his Time, he made the young Princess sensible, that he was as good a Judge of the Charms of a Beauty, as he was of the Actions of a Warrior. He ordered Apartments to be prepared for them in the Palace; and imagining the Sentiments of *Eric* for *Hildegarde*, he omitted nothing that might prove his Friendship to him.

In the mean time, intending to secure his Conquest, he resolved to pursue *Witiking*, and to combat the *Danes* who had come to his Assistance: and leaving a strong Garrison in *Eresbourg*, with *Clodomark* and *Araspes*, who were to command in that City, he marched out of it at the Head of his Army, having the brave *Eric* at his Side. They had no long March to take; the intrepid *Witiking*

had joined the *Danes*, reassembled to his Standard the broken Remainder of his Troops, and came to meet the *French* with the same undaunted Firmness, as if he had never been overcome. But his Valour was still useless to him; and tho' he shewed on that Occasion Prodigies of Courage, his Army was entirely defeated, the *Danes*, as well as the *Saxons*, put to the Sword, or taken Prisoners. The magnanimous *Charles*, enchanted at finding in *Witikind*, a Hero worthy of his Clemency, commanded that he should be seized, but that they should not endanger his Life. This Moderation facilitated his Flight, that Prince fearing Death much less than the Loss of his Liberty. But as he was now no longer in a Condition to form any Enterprize, *Charles* had him followed only to know the Place of his Retreat, and remained triumphant in *Eresbourg*, where, to solemnize his Victory, he caused the Temple of *Irminful* to be dedicated to the true God, set the Priests and the Vestals of that Idol at Liberty, and afterwards dispersed them into Cloisters of the different Sexes, to be instructed in the only pure Religion. *Clodomark*, strongly perswaded in his Heart that he owed this great Event wholly to the Vow he had made to the God of the Christians, perswaded *Hildegarde*, *Araspes*, and *Tirinda*, to be converted as he was, and went to demand of *Charlemagne* that they might be assisted in this Action by the Reasonings of the most learned Divines.

That Monarch, who was willing to render this Ceremony public, and to favour *Eric*,
gave

gave him the Charge of conducting *Hildegarde* and *Tirinda* to the Abbey of *Farmoutier*, of which the Princess *Hiltrude*, his Daughter, was Abbess, and kept near his own Person *Clodomark* and the faithful *Araspes*. As *Eric* knew *Hiltrude*, and her Exhortations had strongly contributed to his abandoning his Errors, he felt a sincere Joy at putting the beautiful *Hildegarde* into her Hands. Their Journey was prosperous, and that illustrious Abbess received them with the Tenderneſs of a Mother. Not long after, *Charlemagne* having given a Truce to his Conquests, that he might let his Court enjoy his august Preſence, and employ himſelf in ſuccouring the Neceſſities of his People, he permitted *Clodomark* to repair to *Farmoutier* with *Araspes* and the Prince *Eric*, to fetch from thence *Hildegarde* and *Tirinda*, whoſe Abjuration had been performed with the utmoſt Solemnity. The Princess *Hiltrude* received them at the Head of her Community; but at the Inſtant when ſhe was liſtning to the Compliment of the Princess, and preparing to answer them, the exceſſive Sighs and Fears of one of her Religious cauſed ſo great a Confuſion amongſt thoſe holy Virgins, that ſhe was obliged to interrupt herſelf to know the Occaſion of it. Then the Perſon who was the Subject of it having approached, and throwing herſelf at her Feet, ſhe liſt up her Veil, and was preparing to ſpeak, when *Clodomark* perceiving in that beauteous Face, overſpread with Tears, all the Features of his deareſt *Uriſberte*, gave a Cry that redoubled the

the Astonishment of the whole Assembly. He did not leave them in Ignorance of what occasioned his Surprise, but advancing hastily towards her — Just Heaven! cried he, it is *Urisberte*. Great God! cried that illustrious Recluse at the same Moment, I am not deceived, it is *Clodomark* that I see! It is impossible to describe, with Regularity, all that passed at that happy Moment between *Hildegarde*, *Araspes*, *Eric*, and the faithful Pair, united by so surprizing an Adventure. The young Princess threw herself at the Feet of her Mother, *Clodomark* embraced her Knees, *Eric* informed the Abbess, *Araspes* gave a thousand Marks of Joy, and the whole Community, moved at so touching a Spectacle, could not refrain their Tears.

At length the Princess *Hiltrude* wishing to be instructed in this Event, having imposed Silence, raised up *Urisberte*, embraced her, and assuring her of all the Services that were in her Power, conjured her to inform her why she had concealed her Name and her Birth when she entered into the Abbey. The wise *Urisberte* returned Thanks for her Goodness, and judging that *Eric* had informed her of her Adventures till her Shipwreck, she began her Recital only from that Day. I had long, Madam, said she, been a Christian in my Heart, when I conjured *Clodomark* to conduct me into *France*. A Slave of that Nation whom I had about me, had given me the first Instructions in her Religion, and I was so thoroughly perswaded of the Truth of them, that when I desired to undergo the
Trial

Trial of the Burning Iron, in order to justify the Innocence of my Husband, it was with the sole Thought of imploring the Assistance of the God of the Christians, and in the Hope that his Justice would enable me to overcome the Calumny and Malice of his Accusers. My Expectation was not deceived; I lift up my Heart and Vows to him, and I received from his Hands the Victory over my Enemy. From that Moment, burning with the Desire of appearing openly what I was in Secret, I prevail'd on my Husband to retire into *France*, not judging it proper to declare my Intentions to him till I was in a Place of Safety, and under the Protection of a Prince who might preserve me from his Wrath, if he should not approve of my Design; but Providence, which resolved to try my Constancy, made us meet with that cruel Shipwreck, in which I lost at once *Clodomark*, my Daughter, and the faithful *Araspes*, to whom we had the greatest Obligations.

Some charitable Herdsmen succoured me, and conducted me to their Hutts: I was not insensible of the dreadful Losses I had undergone; but continuing firm in my Resolutions, I sacrificed them to him who had delivered me from so many Dangers; and some few Days after my Misfortune, having learned that a Merchant Ship had put into a Creek upon the Shore where the Shepherds inhabited, to be under Covert from the Storm, I got myself conducted thither, and making use of a Clasp of Diamonds I had upon my Robe, to facilitate my Agreement with the Commander,

Commander, he received me with Joy, and promised to land me in one of the Ports of *France*. He kept his Promise; our Navigation was most fortunate, and I received a thousand Marks of Attention from those in the Vessel, who were of *France*, and who landed me upon the Coast of *Bretagne*. The Commander having delivered to me a considerable Sum in Return for my Diamonds, I was in no Embarrass to present myself to a Religious House, where I was instructed, and performed my Abjuration.

It was there I learned that the august *Charlemagne* had made one of the Princesses, his Daughter, Abbess of *Farmoutier*. The Desire of approaching nearer to that great Prince, made me form the Resolution of removing hither, and I entered the House with a Design of never quitting it. I presented myself only under the Name I had received at my Baptism, out of Humility, entirely renouncing my former Name, and the Title of Princess. The uncommon Virtues which I saw daily practised here, having determined me to take the Veil, since I had no Hope of seeing again the Objects that had been so dear to me, you had the Goodness, Madam, to satisfy my Impatience; and since these holy Vows have confined me, disengaged from all Inquietude, no uneasy Moments have troubled my Repose. Sedulously applied to the Duties of my Condition, and constantly in Solitude, I enquired not what was passing in the World, and imagined I should never take any Interest in it, when
this

this young Princess, said she, pointing to *Hildegarde*, arrived in this happy Retirement.

Her Presence excited in my Heart Motions of Tenderness which astonished me; I demanded her Name, her Rank, and her Country. My Companions, deceived by Appearances, told me that she was a *Saxon*, Daughter to the High Priest of their false Gods; that her Father was converted, and that he was at the Court of *Charlemagne*, and that this Conversion was owing to the Cares of Prince *Eric*, of the Royal Family of *Norway*. The Name of *Eric* surprized me; and unable to comprehend by what Accident my Nephew was in this Country, nor why he was concerned in what regarded these Idolators, there arose a Trouble in my Soul which I could never conquer; and never seeing this Princess without being moved even to Tears, I avoided her Presence, and became more retired than ever. Nevertheless, the Orders that were given us some Days ago, to be ready to attend your Highness at the Arrival of the unknown Princes, having forced me to appear, my Eyes were no sooner cast upon them, than immediately perceiving *Clodomark*, I could not restrain my Tears; and judging by his Words that *Hildegarde* was my Daughter, Nature, Love, and Joy agitated so strongly within me, that I was obliged to yield to their Transports. Yes, Madam, added she, I see again every thing that is most dear to me, but I see with Thoughts very different from those of my Youth. I return Thanks to Heaven for having preserved them;
this

this new Blessing which I receive from its Bounty, binds me in still stricter Ties of Gratitude, and I presume to exact from *Clodomark* and my Daughter that they should revere them, and leave me at the Foot of the Altar of God, to return incessant Thanks to him for his Goodness.

The virtuous Princess, whose Discourse had moved all her illustrious Audience, had no sooner ceased to speak, than *Clodomark* looking upon her with a respectful Admiration — No, my dear *Urisberte*, said he to her, fear not that by my prophane Desires, I should wish to disturb your pious Intentions: far from condemning them, animated with the same Zeal that enlightens you, I wish only to imitate you, and to consecrate myself for ever like you to the same holy Service. The Joy of the Princess *Hiltrude* was extream at hearing him speak in this manner; and charmed with the Virtue of these new Profelites, she permitted them to follow the Emotions of their Hearts. The beautiful *Hildegarde* embraced a thousand times her illustrious Mother; *Araspes* and Prince *Eric* testified their Respect and their Tenderness to her; and *Clodomark* loudly blessed this happy Day. In the mean time *Hiltrude*, informed of the Intentions of her Father, and desirous he should share in this Event, departed with *Urisberte*, *Hildegarde* and *Tirinda* for *Paderborn*, where *Charlemagne* then was. The Princes *Eric* and *Clodomark*, attended by *Araspes* and several of the *French* Nobility, accompanied them on Horseback during the whole Course
of

of the Journey. *Charlemagne*, informed of their Arrrival by several Couriers, caused them to be received with the Sound of all the military Musick of his Army, and paid them the most singular Honours. The Princess, his Daughter, gave him a Recital of all that had passed, and conjured him to terminate what she had begun, by answering for *Hildegarde* at the Baptismal Font. The Ceremony was performed with the highest Magnificence. *Eric* did the same Honour to *Tirinda*, with a Princess of *France*; *Clodomark* and *Araspes* having been baptized long before. Some few Days after, *Charlemagne* created Prince *Eric* Duke of *Friouli* and *Carrinthia*, and celebrated his Marriage with *Hildegarde*. *Araspes*, charmed with *Tirinda*, united her Fate to his, and neither of them would be separated from the Duke and Dutcheß of *Friouli*. *Clodomark* retired into a Cloister, took Orders, put on the religious Habit, and by an exemplary Life expiated the Profanations of his Youth. And to complete the Glory of *Charlemagne*, having discovered the Retreat of *Witiking*, he sent to him once more *Amalovinus*, who had been his Ambassador at *Eresbourg*, to endeavour to gain upon him.

That Nobleman, who was one of the most learned Men of his Time, employed his Talents and his Eloquence so successfully, that he convinced the *Saxon* Monarch, and determined him upon throwing himself at the Feet of *Charlemagne*. This truly great Prince received him with his accustomed Magnani-

mity, had him instructed and baptized, and conferred upon him the Dutchy of *Angria*. But what produced the strongest Effect upon *Witikind*, was to behold living that *Clodomira* and *Eric* whom he believed he had put to Death; and seeing, unable to imagine but that so many surprizing Incidents must have been conducted by that Providence which he had so long refused to adore, he submitted himself to it without the least Reserve. *Hiltrude* and the pious *Urisberte*, full of Satisfaction, returned to their holy Retreat, and all of them enjoyed their Happiness for a great Number of Years, under the glorious Reign of the invincible *Charlemagne*.





T H E

TARTARIAN PRINCE.

THIBET and *Tangut*, are two Kingdoms of the Greater *Tartary*, Tributaries to the Great *Cham*, or Emperor of the *Tartars*, to whose Orders the Kings of *Thibet* and *Tangut* are obliged to submit, when it concerns any Wars or Contestations that interest the Nation in general. Yet the Emperor of the *Tartars* who reigned at the Time I shall now mention, notwithstanding all his Authority, could not succeed in making Peace between *Camoucham*, King of *Tangut*, and *Caïoubcam*, King of *Thibet*, whose Hatred was the more violent, as it was occasioned by Love.

These two Princes, young, ambitious and brave, had at the same Time cast their Eyes upon the Daughter of the Emperor, and both demanded her with equal Earnestness; but either because the Princess loved *Caïoubcam*, or that his Alliance was the more agreeable to the Grand *Cham*, he declared himself in his Favour, and gave him the Princess, his Daughter, with so many Marks of Distinction, as filled the Soul of the King of *Tangut* with Fury and Despair; and from this Moment that Prince swore an eternal Hatred to

the King of *Thibet*; and tho' he soon entered into another Alliance, he could never forget the Preference the Emperor had given to his Rival, and carefully sought all Occasions of revenging himself; but as he was not powerful enough to attack the Grand *Cham* personally, he made all his Rage fall upon the King of *Thibet*, against whom he never ceased making War, sometimes with open Force, and sometimes by Stratagem, for the Space of six or seven Years.

The Grand *Cham*, who had Reasons of Policy to oblige the King of *Tangut*, and who always loved the King of *Thibet*, would not enter into their Quarrels as a Master, but only as a Mediator; and by that manner of acting, had sometimes suspended the Effects of their Hatred, and made both Parties lay down their Arms. But *Camoucham* continually broke the Truces, by permitting his Subjects to make Incursions into the Dominions of *Caïoubcam*, and carry off all they could seize upon; and by way of Reprisal, the King of *Thibet* gave the same Permission to his People.

During this continual War, *Caïoubcam* had a Son by that Princess, who was the innocent Cause of it; *Camoucham* a Daughter, by her whom he had espoused in her Room: The Prince of *Thibet* was named *Zulimazin*, which signifies the Ornament of the World; and the Princess of *Tangut* was called *Kizimirca*, which means Divine Beauty.

In effect, these two Infants came into the World like two new Stars, which were to enlighten their People with the most shining Lustre;

Lustre; but whilst their Birth occasioned Joy, both at *Thibet* and *Tangut*, the Hatred of the two Kings took new Strength from it. The Emperor of the *Tartars* imagining that these Children might be the Source of a solid and lasting Peace, proposed to them to terminate their Discord, by the Union of *Kizimirca* with *Zulimazin*; and as the Prince of *Thibet* was to be educated at the Court of the Grand *Cham*, according to their Custom, which is, that the Male Children of the tributary Kings may serve as Hostages of their inviolable Fidelity, this Monarch demanded of the King of *Tangut* the Princess, his Daughter, to be brought up there with the young Prince, that from their earliest Youth they might form a Tenderness strong enough to destroy the Hatred of their Fathers.

The King of *Thibet*, who joined a thousand shining Qualities to the Attachment which he had for the Emperor, consented with Joy to this Accommodation; but that of *Tangut* could not bear the Thought of it. However, as a Refusal might have drawn upon him all the Forces of the Emperor, he feigned an Acceptance of it, fully resolved to employ all his Arts to prevent it; in effect, whilst they were conferring upon the Articles of this Peace, the King of *Thibet* having sent away his Son, still at the Breast, to the Court of the Grand *Cham*, the King of *Tangut*, attentive to every thing that might be a means of preventing the Alliance which he dreaded, and informed by his Spies of the Departure of the young Prince, of the Road he was to

take, and the Number of those who were to be his Escorte, immediately caused a Body of Troops to be assembled, consisting of double the Number of those of *Thibet*, under the Command of one of his most valiant Generals, whom he ordered to march after the Traces of the Prince's Conductors, to hew them in Pieces, and bring *Zulimazin* to him.

The *Tartarian* General, not to fail in so noble an Occasion of proving his Zeal to his Sovereign, neglected nothing that might make him succeed in his Enterprize; and knowing that those of *Thibet* had a long Space of Ground to pass in the Middle of a Forest, he used so much Expedition, that he arrived there the Night before that Day in which the Prince was to pass through it; he caused his Troops to be laid in Ambuscade behind the Trees, with Orders not to appear, nor break Silence till he gave the Signal.

The Conductors of *Zulimazin*, who had been unwilling to engage themselves in the Wood by Night, arrived at that Place when the Sun was at its Height; and Chance favouring the Conspiracy of the King of *Tangut*, the *Thibetans* conceived a Desire of halting in this Wood for the Repose of the Prince and his Nurse; and setting up a Tent with their usual Quickness, they placed them within it, and alighting from their Horses, they contented themselves with surrounding the Tent by some of their Numbers, who might advertise them in case of Need, whilst they took some Hours Refreshment.

But

But the Fatigue of the preceding Days, and the Tranquillity which reigned in that Place, obliging them to give themselves up to Sleep, they were soon out of a Capacity of seeing or hearing any thing that passed.

The General of the King of *Tangut*, informed of their Negligence by one of his Forragers, gave the Signal to his Troops, who, speedy as the Lightning that foreruns the Thunder, fell upon those of *Thibet* with such Impetuosity, that they destroyed the greatest Part of them, before they could put themselves in a Posture of Defence.

The Commander of the Prince's Escorte, distracted with Sorrow at his Neglect, and having neither apprehended nor perceived this Treason, performed incredible Actions to defend the Entrance of the Tent from the Enemies; and the Remains of his People having rallied themselves, the Combat became terrible; but those of *Tangut* were too far superior in Number to be resisted. The *Thibetans* were all hewn in Pieces, chusing rather to expose themselves to the Battle-Axes of their Enemies, than to fly, and be constrained to proclaim their want of Prudence, by carrying this fatal News to *Thibet*. The General of *Camoucham* did not spare one, and penetrating into the Prince's Tent, where his Nurse made most dreadful Shrieks, with a Back-stroke of his Scymetar he struck off her Head; and taking the Prince in his Arms, having no more Enemies to combat, he left the Forest with his Troops, having lost only thirty Men, and regained the Frontiers
of

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of *Tangut* with the same Diligence as he had left them; and as the Treaty of Peace and Alliance between the two Crowns was still going forward, he had Time enough to return safely to *Camoucham*, before the King of *Thibet* could be informed of his Misfortune.

In the mean time the Emperor not seeing the young *Zulimazin* arrive, and *Cajoubcam* hearing nothing of the Return of his People, a mutual Inquietude began to seize upon them, and Envoys were sent on both Sides to inform themselves of the Cause of this Delay.

But what became of them both when, crossing through the Forest, they saw the dreadful Slaughter which had been made of those of *Thibet*, and perceived the Prince's unfortunate Nurse, whose Body lay on one Side and her Head on the other; this fatal Object leaving them no room to doubt, but that it was a premeditated Action to carry off the Prince to put him to Death, they each of them returned back to inform the Emperor and the King of *Thibet* of what they had seen.

It is easy to judge of the Sorrow of that Prince at this terrifying News. His Heart, which till then had had no Share in the War he had made against *Camoucham*, having never taken up Arms but to defend himself, and not to attack him, could not at a Moment refuse the Hatred which that unjust Prince deserved, believing him, without the least Hesitation, guilty of the Loss of his Son; and in the Excess of his Despair, he sent away his Ambassador to the Emperor's Court, with Com-
mission.

mission to demand Justice against the King of *Tangut* for carrying off the Prince his Son, and to beseech him to grant him Succours, that he might enter the Dominions of that Monarch, and put all to Fire and Sword; and at the same Instant putting himself at the Head of his Army, he marched directly to the Kingdom of *Tangut*, into which he entered, and left every where in his Passage cruel Marks of his Sorrow and Resentment.

The Grand *Cham*, justly irritated at the Treason of *Camoucham*, sent a considerable Body of Troops to the King of *Thibet*, and let the King of *Tangut* know that he must justify himself from the Crime which he was suspected of, or expect to see him fall upon his Dominions with all his Forces. The King of *Tangut*, joining Artifice to Treason, were no sooner informed of the Storm that was gathering over his Head, than he sent Deputies to the Armies of *Caioubcam*, who were encamped three Days Journey from the City of *Tangut*, which gave its Name to the whole Kingdom, and Ambassadors to the Grand *Cham*, to assure them both that he had no Share in the Loss of the Prince of *Thibet*, that the Stroke was given neither by his Hand nor by his Orders, and that for a Mark of his Innocence, he was ready to deliver his Daughter into the Power of *Caioubcam*, as the most valuable Pledge he could give of his Sincerity.

But neither the Grand *Cham*, nor the King of *Thibet*, received his Excuses, perswaded that he alone was guilty of the Crime; and as they perceived his Design was, by still
denying

denying the Fact, to oblige them to retire with their Troops, and declare him innocent, that he might have Time to call other Princes, his Allies, to his Assistance, and fall suddenly upon the Kingdom of *Thibet*, they would not allow him Time to do it; nor to send away the Prince in case he had not put him to Death, hoping to find him when they made themselves Masters of the City of *Tangut*. To this effect the King of *Thibet*, with the Consent of the Emperor, continued to approach it, and, notwithstanding the Resistance of *Camoucham's* Troops, came and encamped beneath the Walls of his Capital.

The Siege was long and bloody, the Attack violent, and the Defence vigorous: but the King of *Thibet*, whose Valour and Prudence were accompanied with a just Desire of Vengeance, made such prodigious Efforts, that he carried the Place by Assault. The King of *Tangut* lost his Life by the Hand of that Prince; and the *Tartars* of *Thibet*, animated against those of *Tangut* by the Loss of their Prince, entered into the City with a Fury that *Caïoubcam* could not restrain, killing and massacreing, without Distinction, Men, Women, and Children; but the King of *Thibet*, who had attached himself so strongly to this Conquest, solely with a Hope of finding his Son, having at length put a Stop to the Slaughter, thought only of seizing upon the Palace, in which he imagined the Prince was concealed; he had all the Avenues to it guarded by his victorious Troops, and followed by the bravest Men of his Army; he entered

it Sabre in Hand, in order to exterminate whoever dared to oppose his Passage.

But what a Spectacle offered itself to his Eyes in this solitary Palace! Women in Distraction, some expiring with Fear, and most of them surrounding a Child laid upon a Pile of Cushions, and making the most dreadful Shrieks. *Caïoubcam*, to whom the Emotions of Nature for his own Blood gave a Compassion for that of others, could not see that innocent Creature without being touched with it: Its extreme Beauty struck him with Pity and Admiration; and not doubting but that it was the Princess *Kizimirca*, he approached her more like a tender and a fearful Father, than a formidable Enemy.

He was going to inform himself, when a Woman, who appeared of the greatest Distinction, spoke, and looking haughtily upon him — *Caïoubcam*, King of *Thibet*, said she to him, be satisfied with thy Vengeance, thy Arm has ravished from me my Husband, his Dominions are become thy Prey, his City is sack'd, his Wives Slaves or dead! I alone, an unfortunate Queen, remain still alive, to preserve, if I can, this innocent Princess, or to follow her to the Grave, if her Death is resolved upon: Consider, however, before thou makest her thy Victim, that she is innocent of her Father's Crime, if he was guilty of it: Be assured that I had no Knowledge of it, and that if thy Son had entered into this Palace, I would have shared my Breast between my Daughter and him: After this, follow the Movements of thy Heart, but
condemn

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condemn me not to see that perish which is dearer to me than my Life, but give me Death first.

The Queen of *Tangut* was beautiful, her noble Haughtiness, softened by her Tears, rendered her touching. *Caïoubcam* had a tender Soul, and the Sensibility with which he was penetrated at the Sight of *Kizimirca*, having already prepared him for Softness, it was not difficult to move his Heart entirely.

No, Madam, replied he to her with a respectful Air, fear no Danger to yourself, or to the Princess, your Daughter; I think and act very differently from the King of *Tangut*; he has assassinated my Son, I have subdued his Kingdom, and his Crime has found its Recompence from the Sharpness of my Scymetar; but if I know how to punish the Guilty, I know also how to protect the Innocent.

My Victory puts you into my Power, as well as *Kizimirca*, yet I shall make no use of the Right it gives me, but to serve as a Father to that Princess, and you yourself shall find no Change in your Condition but that of Place.

At these Words having commanded that they should be guilty of no Disorder in the Palace, and that they should remove, from the Presence of the Queen, those fatal Objects with which she was surrounded, he left her in her Apartment, and repaired himself to visit all the Places where his Son might be concealed; there was none of them that he did not search with Exactness, and the most secret Retreats of the Kings of *Tangut* were examined

examined with the extremest Care, without being able to discover where they had conveyed *Zulimazin*, who was the more easily to be known, as Nature had imprinted upon the left Side of his Breast an Arrow, so well formed, that it could not have been more perfectly done by the Hand of Man.

The useless Search of the King of *Thibet* loaded him with Sorrow; but his Clemency towards the Queen, and the Princess of *Tangut*, was not altered by it; whom he caused to depart for *Thibet* with the same Magnificence as if they had been his Wife and his Daughter, and recommended them to the Queen, his Spouse, in the most respectful Terms: He afterwards caused a Manifesto to be published throughout all the Kingdom of *Tangut*, by which he instructed the People of the Motive that had occasioned his seizing upon it, promising an excessive Recompence to whoever should send an Account of his Son, or bring him back to him again; but his Promises had no more Effect than his Searches, and after having stayed at *Tangut* near six Months, he returned to *Thibet* with as little Satisfaction as he departed from thence.

The Grand *Cham* having made him Master of the Kingdom of *Tangut*, he left a Regent there, and retired covered with Glory, and his Heart penetrated with Affliction.

The Queen of *Thibet* had received the Widow and the Daughter of *Camoucham* according to the Orders of her Husband, and let them meet with nothing that might feel like Captivity.

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The Princess *Kizimirca* was brought up in her Court as her own Daughter; and by her uncommon Qualifications, her prodigious Beauty, and the Tenderneſs ſhe felt and teſtified for the King and the Queen, ſeized ſo ſtrongly upon their Hearts; that ſhe almoſt made them forget the Loſs of *Zulimazin*.

Eighteen Years paſſed on in this manner, and augmented ſo extremely the Charms of the Princess of *Tangut*, that ſhe was the Admiration of the *Thibetans*, and the Paſſion of the King and Queen; and the Queen of *Tangut* dying at that Time, had the Conſolation to leave her Daughter a ſecond Mother in the Wife of *Caïoubcam*. *Kizimirca* was extremely touched at this Loſs; but her Tears were ſoon dried up by the tender Affiduities of her generous Conqueror, and the Pleaſures he ſtrove to procure her in his Court.

The *Tartars* of *Thibet*, as well as thoſe of *Cathai*, are the moſt civilized of *Great Tartary*; and as their Religion has leſs abſurd Principles than thoſe of the other Nations, they draw from thence a more ſociable and leſs barbarous manner of living, and are more ſuſceptible of tender Sentiments.

They believe that God is one, and yet three. They name the firſt Perſon *Lama-conjoc*; the ſecond *Cho-conjoc*; and the third *Sanguya-conjoc*, and are perſwaded of a Para-diſe for the Good, and a Hell for the Wicked, which induces them to obſerve the Laws with Severity. They have Palaces and Temples conſecrated to God: Their Priests are called
Lama's,

Lama's, and their Ceremonies are majestic and holy; they all are cloathed, and their Apartments furnished with the most valuable Silks of *Persia*, in that very different from the other *Tartars*, who have neither Cities nor Houses, and are cloathed only in Skins.

In fine, the Kingdom of *Thibet*, which is one of the most considerable of *Great Tartary*, by the Number of States that depend upon it, is filled with a regular People, who are divided in three different Estates: The *Grandeess* of the Kingdom, who form the Council of the Prince; the Warriors; and the Populace, who are the Commonalty.

Most of the Warriors are taken out of the Families of the *Grandeess*, the Young being always destined for Arms, and the Old for Council; and when the Generals are arrived at old Age, they have the first Rank in the Council: Thus we may say that the Warriors and the *Grandeess* form the same Estate, since they are taken from one to the other.

Those who are in the Troops of the Prince are looked upon as a Part of the Commonalty, and never quit the Name of the People till they have distinguished themselves by some great Action, which frequently happens, the *Tartars* being brave even to Intrepidity, and earnestly desirous of the Title of Warriors, which raises them to the Rank of the *Grandeess*.

Such was the Court of *Caïoubcam*, and the People subject to his Sway. That Prince, whose Sentiments were far from those of a Barbarian, had still farther augmented the

happy Dispositions of his Subjects by the Clemency of his Government, and by the Profusion of his Liberality.

His Court was numerous and shining; all the Sovereigns that were in Vassalage to him, being obliged to reside there, or to send their Children to answer for their Fidelity. Therefore, when the Charms of the young *Kizimirca* had effaced the Remembrance of the Prince of *Thibet*, nothing was to be seen at the Court of that King but gallant Feasts, Courses on Horseback for a Prize, in which the *Tartars* excel, and feigned military Skirmishes, the usual Diversion of the warlike Youth, in which the Princess of *Tangut* always gave the Prize to the Conqueror. Her Beauty was not long in exerting its Power: she made most of the Vassals of the King of *Thibet* Slaves to her Charms, and darted her Arrows through the Heart of his bravest Warriors; and if *Caïoubcam* had made himself Master of the Kingdom of her Father by the Force of his Arms, she in return, by one Look only, could triumph over all his Subjects.

But whatever Love she inspired, her own Heart, free from Passion, was ignorant of the Torments she made others feel: as haughty as she was beauteous, she looked upon her Admirers as Slaves destined to the Pomp of her Triumph, and took no farther Notice of their Sighs than as a paying due Homage to her Charms.

The King of *Thibet*, who had no Intention to give this Princess to any of his Allies, her Pretensions

Pretensions upon *Tangut* rendering her too considerable an Alliance, charmed with the Contempt she testified of them, confirmed her in it, by continually recalling to her Memory that she must have been the Consort of the Prince of *Thibet*, but for the Cruelty of the King of *Tangut*; and by promising her that she should have no other Husband if Heaven had preserved him, and should ever restore him to his Arms.

But as he had not the least Hope of such a Blessing, his real Design was to marry her to one of his Subjects, who owing a Crown and so perfect a Wife to him, would be inviolably attached to him. With this Thought his sole Endeavour was to make her remark the Imperfections of all those Princes who came to his Court, and the amiable Qualities of several of his native Subjects.

The young Princess, who did not in the least penetrate into his Policy, shewed an equal Indifference for both, and seemed wholly satisfied with the Pleasure of charming, without making any Distinction between her Admirers. This Tranquillity of Mind was not of long Duration, and her Haughtiness of Spirit soon felt a Humiliation by a fatal Dart which Love had reserved for her. *Kizimirca* drew near her nineteenth Year, and twenty Years had passed since the Loss of the Prince of *Thibet*, without any Possibility of discovering where he had been conveyed. The Queen, who was still inconsolable for this Misfortune, was, without ceasing, at the

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Foot of the Altar, to beg of Heaven that her Son might be restored to her, or the Remembrance of him banished from her Mind.

The Temples of the *Tartarians* of *Thibet* are never opened to the People but twice in the Course of the Year; but it is permitted to the King, to the Queen, and to the Royal Family, to enter them whenever they please, only advertising the principal *Lama*, or High Priest. The beautiful Princess of *Tangut*, who was extremely pious, made frequent use of this Privilege, accompanied by the Women of her Train. No Man whatsoever entered into the Temple whilst she was there; and as the *Thibetans* had no Opportunity of seeing her, but when she came out of the Palace, they always flew thither in Crowds to have that Satisfaction.

The Princess was carried upon the Shoulders of four *Tartarians*, in a kind of triumphant Chariot covered with the richest Gold Stuff: she was seated upon Cushions of Gold Brocade, her Face covered with a Veil, which sometimes agitated by the Wind, discovered Part of her Beauty to their Sight; but at the Gate of the Temple, when she quitted her Chariot, she threw it entirely off, and dazzled the Eyes of the Multitude with those Charms which could not be seen without Admiration: she entered into the Temple thus, and remained in the same manner during all the Time of Prayer; and when she came out from thence she let down her Veil, and drew the Curtains of her Chariot, so that she could be no longer seen,

One

One Day, when she repaired to the Temple in the manner I have just described, having alighted from her Chariot, and thrown up her Veil according to the usual Custom, she perceived the High Priest, who advanced slowly towards her, conversing with a Youth whose Mien, Shape, and surprizing Beauty struck her in such a manner, that she almost lost the Thought of what brought her to that Place; she even stopped a Moment in the Portico of the Temple, to examine more narrowly this amiable Object; and her Application in looking upon him, had thrown her into so deep a Reverie, that the High Priest had already dismissed the Youth, and had approached her, desiring her to advance that the Temple Gates might be closed, without her having heard him; but the *Lama* having several times repeated the same thing, she recollected herself, and blushing at this Absence of her Mind, she advanced hastily towards the Altar to conceal the Trouble of her Heart.

The Temple at that Instant was closed, and *Kizimirca* believing herself without any Witnesses but her Women and the High Priest, and hoping to recover her usual Tranquillity by the Fervour of her Prayers, she raised her Eyes to Heaven as if to demand its Succours against the Emotion with which she was agitated, when she saw herself again prevented by the same Object, whose Eyes, fixed upon her, seemed to wish to dart into her Bosom the same Fire that shone in them.

This second View produced the same Effect

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fect as the first: she fixed her Looks upon this charming Unknown, who, in a suppliant Posture, proper to this sacred Place, appeared more animated with Love than Devotion: he was dressed in the *Persian* manner, a Helmet embroidered with Pearls upon his Head, the Sabre at his Side, a Poniard in his Girdle, his Vest of Gold Brocade adorned with Jewels; and in this Habit he appeared with the Mien of a Warrior, the Majesty of a Sovereign, and the Charms of that God who made the Princess then first feel his Power.

But *Kizimirca* more timid, and still more confused by not being able to take her Eyes from him, let down her Veil to force herself to lose his Sight. This Action, which the Unknown did not explain in his Favour, made him sigh loud enough to be heard by the Princess, who, in spite of all her Precaution, attentive to his Actions, saw him rise from his Place, pass behind the Altar, and disappear entirely from her Sight.

If his Presence had given her Trouble, his Departure was not less sensible to her; and thinking nothing farther remained there, since she had lost Sight of what detained her there, she finished her Prayer, arose and went out in a Situation of Mind so full of Inquietude and embarrassing Thoughts, that she was terrified at it. The *Lama* came to reconduct her to her Litter, and that Princess, pressed by a Curiosity she could not overcome, spoke to him as they advanced — My Father, said she, who is that young Man whom you permitted to enter into the Temple?

Princess,

Princess, replied he to her, our Laws do not extend to Strangers: the young Warrior whom you remarked is a *Persian*; I am ignorant of his Birth; but if I may believe the Gracefulness of his Person, and the Charms of his Mind, it must be most illustrious. It is near a Month that he has been at *Thibet*, where a Desire of visiting Nations different from his own has conducted his Steps; and the better to inform himself of our Manners, our Customs, and our Religion, he addressed himself immediately to me, desiring me that the Temple might be his Habitation during the Time of his Stay, and begging me to let him see all that was beautiful in the City of *Thibet*; and as the Princess of *Tangut* is the most perfect Gift that Heaven has granted to us, I was unwilling he should return into his native Country without having seen her.

He is departing then, returned the Princess with Chagrin, and does not appear at the Court! He travels unknown, continued the High Priest, and wishes to see every thing without being seen, and To-morrow he leaves the City of *Thibet*. As he finished these Words, *Kizimirca* found herself so near her Litter, and so penetrated with the Discourse of the High Priest, that she went into it without being able to answer him, and returned to the Palace with a Heart sunk with a thousand secret Anxieties.

She was no sooner retired into her Apartment, than reflecting upon her Adventure, and upon the Circumstances which accompanied it, she perceived with the extremest Sorrow

Sorrow that the young *Persian* had seized upon her Heart: that Love, which she saw the Effects of in those who adored her, having instructed her in the Emotions of that Passion, she made no doubt of the Situation of her Soul, and whatever Efforts she made to banish the Unknown from her Mind, his Image was too strongly engraved upon her Heart to succeed in it; but what still more opposed her Reason in conquering her growing Flame, was that which she imagined she perceived in the passionate Looks of the amiable Stranger. Full of this Idea, a pleasing Joy seized upon her Heart, a tender Pride forced her to rejoice at having made the same Impression upon his Heart that he had done upon her's; and this new Slave, unknown as he was, flattered her Vanity a thousand times more than the Homages paid by all the Princes who before had loved her; but the next Moment her native Pride revolting against the Object of her Tenderness, she looked upon her Weakness with Contempt, and the admirable *Persian* appearing only a Stranger, an Unknown, without Birth and without a Name, she blushed with Shame at having condescended even to cast her Eyes upon him; and when, to strengthen herself in this last Thought, she recalled to her Memory what the *Lama* had informed her, another Thought struck into her Breast, and representing to her the young *Persian* as the most perfect of Mankind, made her conceive within herself a secret Hatred for the Prince of *Thibet*. Before this fatal Moment, she had felt

felt no Repugnance at the espousing him if Heaven had been his Preserver: she had thought the King of *Tangut* unjust and criminal, and his Death a Retribution due to his Treason.

But the amiable *Persian* made her regard all these Things in a very different Light. The Loss of a Kingdom, that of her Liberty, the Death of the King her Father, and that of her Mother, appeared now as the Effects of a barbarous Vengeance, which ought to prevent her from ever giving her Hand to him who alone had been the Cause of it; and in the Transports of this first Emotion, *Zulimazin*, cried she, take heed how thou appearest before me, unless thou wishest I should look upon thee as my greatest Enemy; the Daughter of *Camoucham* ought not to be destined to the Son of his Murderer. This Resolution was the strongest she could fix at that Moment.

Unable to conquer her Inclination for the Stranger, she formed a Design of hating all other Men; and since, by the Absence of this Unknown, she should have Time perhaps to forget him, or at least the Satisfaction of concealing from the World the Confusion of her Heart, she was resolved either way to find her Consolation, in refusing whoever dared to pretend to her; yet, irritated against herself for preserving the Stranger still in her Imagination, she imposed an eternal Silence upon herself as to all that had happened, carefully concealing it from the King and Queen of *Thibet*, and never mentioning

tioning it to her Women, who, as well as herself, had seen the young *Persian*, but out of respect did not speak of it, still waiting till she should mention it first.

But whilst this beauteous Princess was forming Schemes so contrary to her own Repose; the amiable Stranger was not in less Uneasiness: Love had conducted him into the Temple, and Despair had drove him from it. Important Reasons had brought him into the Kingdom of *Thibet*, hoping there to find some Light into the Mystery of his Fate. When he was there, wishing to judge by his own Eyes of the Beauty of *Kizimirca*, the Fame of which had spread throughout all *Asia*, he had followed her Steps with great Assiduity, and it was the fifth time of his seeing her go from the Palace, when he made himself be remarked by her in the Temple; but unable to behold so dazzling a Beauty without adoring it, he payed for his Curiosity with the Loss of his Heart; and as he had not yet enjoyed her Presence, but with a Precipitation that his ardent Love could not be satisfied with, he had addressed himself to the *Lama*, and feigning a Desire of instructing himself in the Laws and Religion of the *Tartars*, and seeing what was most remarkable in *Thibet*, had conjured him to grant him a Retreat in the Temple, designing to travel unknown, as the High Priest had informed the Princess, but in effect, it was to have an Opportunity of seeing her as long as he could wish.

The

The young *Persian* had such attractive Charms spread over his whole Person, and his Eloquence was so perswasive, that the *Lama*, struck with a Respect which few of the Grandees inspired him with, immediately granted him his Demand, and even prevented him in that he designed to make in regard to the Princess, promising to admit him into the Sanctuary when she repaired there, which happened not till a Month after he had obtained that Favour, which he at length made that use of which we have seen; and the Facility he had of examining at Leisure this charming Princess, augmented his Love so strongly, that he could not prevent his Eyes from discovering a Part of that Flame with which his Heart was consumed.

The Eyes of *Kizimirca* which, in spite of herself, had met with his, appeared so full of a languishing Softness, that he began almost to flatter himself with a favourable Return, when suddenly she let down her Veil with an Air of Anger and Contempt that made the passionate Unknown tremble and sigh, and gave him Reason to believe that Hatred or Contempt must be the Cause of that Action. The Sun in one Moment eclipsed, after having shone with the most dazzling Light, leaves not a Cloud of greater Darkness upon the Earth, than the Princess spread over the Heart of the young *Persian*, when she concealed so many Beauties from his Sight; all was Darkness and Obscurity around him, and leaving the Temple immediately by the Gate of the *Lama's*, he retired into the Apartment

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of the High Priest, where abandoning himself to the most cruel Reflections — I judged too rightly, cried he, oh too haughty Princess! that a secret foreboding would render *Thacmene* an Object hateful to thee!

Good Heavens! continued he, of what Service to me can be the Crowns, the Dominions I am in search of, if I am hated by *Kizimirca*! Too compassionate *Zingis*, why didst thou not let me perish, or why not conceal my Destiny! *Thacmene*, the unknown *Thacmene*, notwithstanding the Elevation of his Sentiments, durst never have raised his Eyes and Wishes to the Princess of *Tangut*!

This admirable Stranger, only unfortunate by imagining himself so, was preparing to continue these melancholy Complaints, when the High Priest came to rejoin him; and as he had remarked his Precipitation in leaving the Temple — What Movement, my Lord, said he, as he came up to him, could oblige you to quit so soon a Sight which many of our Princes would purchase at the Hazard of their Lives? Has the Princess of *Tangut* fewer Charms for your Eyes than for those of the rest of Mankind? My Father, returned the Stranger, have not so mean an Opinion of my Judgment: *Kizimirca* is the most perfect Work of Nature; but it is so dangerous to admire her when we are not Kings and Princes, that I thought it necessary to avoid the Danger by Flight. The Princess herself appeared to me irritated at my Temerity, and the Fear of displeasing her forced me to retire.

Your

Your Prudence, my Son, replied the *Lama*, is highly laudable; but either I am much deceived, or your Presence did not inspire me with such Sentiments: she asked me who you were, with an Air that perswaded me to the contrary; and if I dared to explain myself clearly, and to penetrate into your Secrets, I should say that you are not what you appear to be, and that Heaven never formed two Persons more resembling in Perfections, and more worthy of each other, than you and the Princess of *Tangut*; but doubtless you have your Reasons to act in this manner; and having not been so happy as to do any thing that deserves your Confidence, I ought not to exact from you a Declaration of the Truth.

The *Persian*, at this Discourse, considered within himself for some Time, as uncertain what he ought to do; but on a sudden taking his Resolution — My Father, said he to the *Lama*, I am obliged to you for thinking of me in this manner; I wish I could acknowledge it by disclosing my Heart to you, but it is not now a proper Time: I shall certainly see you again; preserve me your Friendship, and I shall prove to you that it is not for want of Confidence in you that I leave you ignorant who I am. At these Words, drawing a magnificent Diamond from his Finger, he presented it to the High Priest; and tho' the *Lama's* of *Tartary* lived wholly upon Alms, and that their Institution obliges them to receive them, yet the Gift of *Thacmene* appeared so considerable to the *Lama* of *Thibet* that he refused it — You have constrained

me to use you like a private Person, said he to the Stranger, and yet you gratify me like a great Monarch! Suffer me then to refuse you as an Unknown, unless you would have me accept it as coming from the Hand of a powerful Sovereign.

The young *Persian* smiled at these Words, and embracing him with Esteem — Give me what Quality you please, my Father, returned he, but offend me not by rejecting this trifling Mark of my Gratitude. He finished those Words so seriously, that the High Priest judged he ought not to press it farther. Then *Thacmene* having bid him adieu, he conducted him beyond the Enclosure of the Temple, where his Domestic, who had accompanied him, came to join him, and both of them mounting their Horses, disappeared like Lightning from the Sight of the High Priest, who remained perswaded that this amiable Stranger could be no common Person.

In the mean time, whilst the Unknown abandoned to Love and Fortune the Guidance of his Steps, the beauteous and haughty *Kizimirca* struggled incessantly with a Passion which she imagined so wrongly placed, and during eight Days and eight Nights, had no other Occupation but a constant striving to overcome her Tenderneſs; the Torments she gave herself to ſucceed, ſerved only to render it more violent; this threw her into a melancholy which was ſoon perceived by the King and the Queen. *Caïoubcam*, who dreaded leſt Ambition ſhould ſeize upon the Mind of
this

this Princess, and oblige her to yield her Heart to one who might dispute with him the Kingdom of *Tangut*, wished to dissipate these Ideas, and invented continually new Pleasures to amuse her; and as Hunting was one of those that she loved the most, particularly since this secret Alteration of her Heart, he frequently ordered Parties of that kind, to which all the Youth of the Court of both Sexes were admitted.

It was in those Sports that *Kizimirca*, notwithstanding her Melancholy, shone with the greatest Lustre, managing a Horse with as much Grace as the most experienced *Tartar*, and shooting an Arrow with the same Address. The King of *Thibet* was always near her during the Chace, and the Forest, which was chosen to be the Theatre of it, was surrounded by the Guards of that Prince, none being permitted to enter there but those whom the King named to attend him.

Almost fifteen Days had passed since the Adventure of the Temple, when *Caïoubcam* proposed this Diversion to the Queen and to the Princess; they accepted it; and Orders being immediately given for the next Day, the whole Court repaired at Sun-rise to the Forest destined for the Chace, which was at no great Distance from the City.

The Chace that Day was only to make War upon the wild Birds with which that Forest was inhabited: it had already been begun some Hours, and *Kizimirca's* Address had at least equalled the most experienced Shooters, when the King of *Thibet*, out of

Complaisance to the Queen, alighted from his Horse, made the Princess do the same, and retired with them into the thickest Part of the Forest, that they might repose themselves a Moment, letting the rest of the Court pursue the Chace; but they had scarce taken their Places under a Pavillion, which had been immediately set up, when *Caioubcam* perceived coming directly towards him from the Mountains a Tyger of an enormous Size. That Prince was brave, he felt no Apprehensions for himself, but for the Princesses, which made him look round to see if he had People enough about him to stop the Course of this terrible Animal.

But seeing only four or five of his Attendants who had preferred their Repose to the Chace, he resolved to oppose the Fury of the Tyger with this small Support: In the interim this dreadful Beast had soon reached them; *Caioubcam* and his People shot at him, but none of their Arrows having touched him, Fear seized upon his Attendants, and trusting to Flight for their Safety, they left the King as a Prey to the furious Animal.

The Queen and the Princess made the Forest resound with their Cries, whilst *Caioubcam*, with his Scymetar drawn, was struggling with the Tyger for his Life, without a Hope of Success. He had given him some slight Wounds, which, far from weakening him, only irritated him more; and that Prince, fatigued and exhausted by the Agility he was obliged to make use of to avoid this cruel Enemy, whose Claws had offended him in
several

several Places, must at length have been destroyed, when a Cavalier, mounted on a noble *Arabian* Courser, and spurring full Speed with his Scymetar in his Hand, joined the Monarch at the very Moment when the Tyger was making its utmost Effort to leap upon him; and darting himself like Lightning upon the Animal as it roused itself to lance upon its Prey, with one Stroke of his Scymetar, he separated its Head from its lifeless Body.

The Arrival and the Blow of this Cavalier appeared so surprizing to the King of *Thibet*, that he remained almost immoveable. He looked with equal Astonishment upon the Tyger extended dead at his Feet, and upon him who had killed it. In the mean time the Unknown, the Moment he had deprived the dreadful Beast of Life, alighted hastily from his Horse, and putting one Knee upon the Ground before *Caloubcam* — Pardon a rash Stranger, my Lord, said he to him, who, ignorant of the Customs of this Country, found himself engaged in this Forest at the Time when your Majesty entered it, and was prevented by your Guards from quitting it; I shall be happy if the Danger that my Arm has freed you from, may efface a Crime I was only guilty of through want of Knowledge.

Whilst the Unknown spoke in this manner, the King of *Thibet* felt himself agitated with the most tender Emotions; the Beauty, the Youth, the soft, and, at the same time, the majestic Air of the Stranger, his graceful Manner of Address, and the Valour he had just

just shewn, joined to the Gratitude due for such a Service, struck his Heart so deeply, that, unable to resist the Transports of his Soul, he embraced him; and pressing his Head against his Breast — Whoever thou art, brave and charming Unknown, said he to him, I return Thanks to Heaven for the Refusal my Guards gave thee; those Barbarians meant to expose thy Life, and thou hast preserved mine; demand whatever thou canst desire for such a Benefit, and be certain to obtain it.

The Esteem of your Majesty, replied he, and the Happiness of becoming serviceable to you by more important Actions, is the only Recompence I presume to demand. At these Words *Caioubcam* commanding him to rise, and holding out his Hand to him — Well then, said he, since thou refuseth to demand a Recompence, I will set no Bounds to my Gratitude; and since one of our Laws has been infringed so happily for me, I will infringe them all for thee, by offering thee to the Sight of two Princesses whom my Presence alone can reassure; then conducting him to the Queen's Pavillion, they arrived there at the same time when the whole Court were drawn thither by their Shrieks.

Caioubcam entering it with the Stranger, and looking upon that numerous Band of Warriors — Madam, said he to the Queen, who could imagine that, in the midst of so many Darts and Scymetars, I should owe my Life solely to the invincible Arm of this young Unknown? Princess, added he, ad-
dressing

dress'ing himself to *Kizimirca*, who had let down her Veil at the Arrival of so many People, condescend to help me to acknowledge this noble Service, by discovering that miraculous Beauty, whose Sight is beyond the Value of an Empire. The Queen and the beauteous *Kizimirca*, still confused with their Fear, lift up their Veils, scarce knowing what they did; but how great was the Surprise of the young Princess, when she found in this Stranger, whose Valour was so applauded, the fatal Object whose Image had never forsook her Breast!

It was happy for them both that this second Interview happened whilst all Minds were in Trouble and Agitation: the Queen looked upon the Stranger with such Emotions of Joy and Tenderness, as would have astonished her upon any other Occasion; but attributing these Movements wholly to the Gratitude she felt at his having preserved the King, her Husband, she gave herself entirely up to it, and gave him the most tender Reception: the Princess and the Courtiers, confused at the Reproach of *Caïoubcam*, and filled with Envy and Jealousy, turned their Looks from him lest they should find themselves constrained to admire him; and the King of *Thibet* was so fully occupied in hearing him and speaking to him, that he had not given the least Attention to his Wounds.

But the Queen seeing the Blood appear in several Places, conjured him so often to quit this Place, that he remounted his Horse, commanding the Stranger to do the same,
and

and to accompany him to the Palace; the Queen and the Princess entered into their Chariot, attended by the whole Court on Horseback: *Caïoubcam* and the young *Persian* rid close to each other; and as they went slowly, not to be too far distant from the Princesses, the King of *Thibet*, desirous to know the Stranger farther, enquired his Name, what was his Birth, if he was a *Persian*, as his Habit seemed to testify, and what was the Occasion of his being in *Thibet*.

My Lord, replied he, I am named *Thacmene*, my Birth is not of the least illustrious in *Persia*, my Father has neglected nothing that might render me worthy of it, and to succeed in my Education, had always about me Men of different Nations, to instruct me at the same time in their various Languages, Manners, and above all, in their different Arts of War, having destined me for Arms from my earliest Youth: This Education, joined to the Recital which a *Tartar*, who was one of my Masters, gave me continually of the noble Qualities of your Majesty, the Felicity your Subjects enjoyed under your Laws, and the Difference there was between the Belief of the *Persians*, and the Truth of the *Thibetan* Religion, having given me an extreme Desire to visit your Dominions, I resolved to do it, and with the more Facility, as the Death of my Father rendered me the Master of my own Actions: I have been already some Months in this Kingdom; but being unwilling to appear before your Majesty till I had performed some Action of Distinction,

Distinction, and hoping to find such an Occasion in the War which is said to be denounced against the King of *Maurenaher*, Chance, and my own Imprudence, have happily procured me one which I could not have expected.

Caioubcam, charmed with the Grace with which *Thacmene* expressed himself, and wishing to attach him to himself for ever from that Moment, promised him the most considerable Posts in the military Order, and gave him the Rank of a Grandee in his Court. The young *Persian* appeared extremely sensible of so many Favours, and returned his Thanks with a Nobleness of Spirit that shewed him far superior to all that he proposed to do for him. This Conversation lasted to the Gates of the Palace, where the King of *Thibet* obliged *Thacmene* to take the Degree with which he was just then honour'd with, and by that constrained the Courtiers to look upon him with Consideration. The Queen, instructed by *Caioubcam*, declared, when she entered into her Apartment, that she and the Princess should have no appointed Days with regard to *Thacmene*, but that they would be seen whenever he presented himself to pay his Duty.

This Excess of Favour wrought up the Hatred of the Courtiers to the greatest Height, but obliged to submit to it, they concealed their Jealousy under the feigned Disguise of Esteem to the Stranger, saying, that less ought not to be done for a Man to whom they owed the Preservation of the
King,

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King, and every one strove who should be most assiduous in shewing a Consideration for him, which none of them truly felt.

Whether their Sentiments were feigned or real, was not what *Thacmene* wished to penetrate into; those of *Kizimirca* were the sole Employment of his Thoughts, and what he used the utmost Application of his Mind to perceive.

But that haughty Princess had so great a Command over herself, that she made the amorous *Persian* imagine that she did not in the least remember ever to have seen him, and treating him with a cold and serious Civility, threw him into so cruel a Situation, that all the Goodness of the King could not calm his agitated Mind.

In the mean time, *Caioubcam* caused an Apartment to be given him in the Palace; and obliging him to go and repose himself there, every one retired, and found themselves at Liberty to give themselves up to their different Thoughts: *Thacmene* found in the Apartment that was destined for him, every thing necessary to compose the Equipage of a Prince, and a numerous Train of Courtiers, vile Slaves to Fortune and Favour, who had repaired there to make their Court to him; he expressed an equal Consideration for them all; and, in spite of their secret Envy, they confessed within themselves that they had never seen so many Charms; and such uncommon Qualifications joined in one Person. When *Thacmene* had allowed a proper Time to their Assiduities, letting them perceive he wished

wished to be alone, they retired, and the amiable Stranger was left, as he desired, with the Companion of all his Voyages, and sole Confident of his Secrets — Well! dear *Zilim*, said he to him, what thinkest thou of my Fortune, and what wouldst thou advise me to!

My Lord, replied he to him, I am not in the least surprized at what has happened to you, but I am to the utmost astonished at the Mystery you still persist to make of your Birth: Can you imagine the Princess of *Tangut* will ever condescend to let her Heart be subdued by a Passion for one unknown? Ah! my Lord, snatch hold of the glorious Opportunity this shining Action gives you, and declare to the King —

No, *Zilim*, interrupted *Thacmene*, let us be silent, my Happiness depends upon my Silence: there will be always a Time proper to inform *Caïoubcam* of the Truth, but it will not be always so easy for me to find out the Sentiments of *Kizimirca*, and it is too important to me to know what passes in the Heart of the King and of the Queen for *Zulimazin*, and even for *Thacmene*, to neglect any thing that may instruct me in it; let me force this haughty Princess to love me under a common Name before I declare who I am; and by signal Services, an extreme Zeal, and the most submissive Attachment, let me strive to prove to the King and Queen of *Thibet*, that *Thacmene* has rendered himself worthy of drying up those Tears which they have shed for *Zulimazin*.

But yet, my Lord, returned *Zilim*, *Zingis* must soon arrive, his Presence will discover all, and you will be no longer capable of concealing yourself. I will prevent *Zingis*, resumed *Thacmene*, when he arrives here he is only to address himself to the great *Lama* of *Thibet*, whose Worth and Prudence he is sensible of; and I have formed the Design of confiding my Secret to him before he sees his Friend; that *Zingis*, informed from his Mouth of my Resolutions, may remain concealed in the Temple till the Moment that I judge favourable for my Schemes.

Zilim, who knew *Thacmene* was not to be shaken when he had once formed his Plan, pressed him no farther, and strove only to dissipate his Melancholly, by endeavouring to persuade him that *Kizimirca* had examined him with too much Attention, when in the Queen's Tent, not to have known him again; and that even supposing her the most insensible Princess upon Earth, it was impossible she should be so to the powerful Charms which shone in him. *Thacmene* received this Flattery with Modesty, and was preparing to answer him, when he was informed that the King had enquired for him; her repaired immediately to his Apartment, and that Monarch, whose Wounds were just dressed that he had received from the Tyger, and who felt he could not be a Moment easy without seeing the Stranger, gave him a Reception still more tender than the first. *Thacmene*, whom powerful Reasons rendered as sensible of the Affections of this Monarch, as he was
of

of the Service he had received from him, testified his Gratitude with an Ardour that redoubled every Moment the Friendship of *Caïoubcam*.

He looked upon him with a Pleasure that was visible in his Eyes, and could never be satisfied with giving him Marks of his Admiration by a thousand redoubled Praises; at length, after having passed some Moments in this pleasing Occupation, he declared to him, that he had received News which obliged him in fifteen Days at the utmost, to put himself at the Head of his Armies, to prevent the King of *Maurenaber's* Designs of seizing upon the Kingdom of *Tangut*, in which he was advertised that Prince had a considerable Party; and I have formed a Design, brave *Thacmene*, continued he, of giving you in this War Opportunity to signalize your Valour. If I followed my own Inclinations, after myself, my Troops should have no other Chief than you, but Policy obliges me to constrain them; therefore, not daring to name you as General, I will, however, give you a separate Body of Troops who shall be subject to your Command alone, and whom you may conduct wherever you judge they may be most necessary; and in this manner, without your appearing to have any Superiority over my Generals, you may command the Fate of the War, since I depend much more upon your Courage and Intrepidity, than upon that of my *Tartarian* Subjects.

My Lord, replied *Thacmene*, whatever Rank your Majesty bestows upon me, it will be

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always glorious for me, provided it is near your Person, and I will use my utmost Efforts to deserve the Confidence you are pleased to honour me with. *Caïoubcam* embraced him, and having told him to prepare himself for his Departure, he permitted him to pass into the Queen's Apartment, telling him, that since he was forced to deprive himself of his Presence, he was unwilling she should be a Moment without seeing him, being assured that he was as much beloved by her as he was by him. *Thacmene* obeyed; and tho' he knew he should feel uncommon Struggles in his Heart at this Visit, he resolved to make it, and to arm himself with new Firmness to support once more the Sight of a Queen whom his secret Emotions rendered extreamly dear to him.

He found her with the Princess of *Tangut*; they both received him with equal Goodness, with this only Difference, that the Queen appeared tender, affectionate, full of Confidence and Esteem; whilst *Kizimirca*, serious and melancholy, affected an Indifference that distracted him, tho' he might have read in her Eyes that her Heart disagreed with that Appearance; but he was so far from imagining himself beloved, that he interpreted every thing to his Disadvantage. The Queen of *Thibet* made him repeat all that he had told *Caïoubcam* of his Country and of his Birth: She asked him his Age; and when he had satisfied all these Questions — Alas! said she, letting fall some Tears, such would have been *Zulimazin*, and perhaps he might not have been less

less amiable than the valiant *Thacmene*: Your Presence, continued she, oh generous Stranger! recalls a melancholly Remembrance to my Mind, and yet it seems pleasing to me when I look upon you: Something, which I cannot explain, forces me, when I see you, to be concerned and to rejoice: You make me at once forget and remember my Son; I imagine he would have been formed like you, and the Moment after, I dare not flatter myself that Nature, if he had lived, would have adorned him with so many amiable Qualities; in fine, since your Arrival, neither you nor he have ever been out of my Heart or my Mind.

During so moving a Discourse, *Thacmene* was in an inconceivable Agitation; he was even for some time incapable of answering the Queen, and, notwithstanding all his Firmness, it was impossible for him to deny his Tears at the Condition of this Princess; yet, still keeping his Resolution, he made the Share he took in her Sorrow the Pretext of his Sensibility. You see, Madam, said he, to what a degree I am touched with the Emotions my Presence inspires you with: Happy would *Thacmene* be, if he could repair your Loss; and if, at the Expence of his own Life, he could recal that of the Prince of *Thibet*. You have given such convincing Proofs of the little Regard you have for your's, said *Kizimirca* to him with Majesty, that we have no room to doubt but that you would do for the Son, what you have already done for the Father.

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That trifling Service, replied *Thacmene*, looking upon her with Eyes full of the most eager Love, is nothing in comparison of what I wish to do for their Majesties, and for the Divine Princess of *Tangut*; but I dare not flatter myself that they can think me worthy of their Commands, or that my Zeal should not be put in the Rank of those Things which are effaced by the smallest Space of Time.

Kizimirca blushed at these Words, of which she knew the secret Meaning, and unable to forbear answering them — There are Actions, said she, and Adventures, of which it is impossible to lose the Remembrance; and if sometimes they are left in Silence, it is more owing to Prudence than Forgetfulness. This Truth, continued she, concerned that she had said so much, is seen in the Queen herself: she preserves a tender Remembrance of the Prince her Son, and yet she uses her utmost Efforts to drive him from her Memory.

This Conversation continued upon the same Subject for some Moments; the Queen, whose Looks continually examined *Thacmene*, discovered a Part of the Sentiments he felt for the Princess, and continued the Discourse till her Hour of Supper, finding an extreme Pleasure in the noble, elegant, and easy manner in which these two amiable Persons expressed themselves; at length *Thacmene* having behaved himself as much to his Honour in this Visit as in his Combat, bid adieu to the Princesses, and went to his Apartment to seek a Repose which his ardent
Love

Love would not permit him to enjoy. As to *Kiximirca*, more tender than ever, and not less haughty, she resolved, that the more she felt herself charmed with *Thacmene*, the more she would appear with Indifference for him.

In the mean time, the amorous *Persian*, willing to take just Measures for the Execution of his Projects, repaired the next Morning at Break of Day to the principal Temple of the City of *Thibet*; where demanding the *Lama*, he came to receive him with a Joy that plainly appeared in all his Actions — Oh brave and generous *Thacmene*! said he to him, how happy I am to remain still in your Memory! The Action you performed Yesterday has reached even to me, and our Altars still smoak with the Incense which we have all this Night been offering to the Supreme Divinity, to bless him for having conducted you to the Assistance of *Caïoubcam*.

My Father, said *Thacmene* to him, I had given my Promise that I would see you again and prove my Confidence in you; I come to acquit myself of that Promise; I have important Secrets to reveal to you; let us therefore be free from the Danger of being over-heard. The High Priest, at these Words, conducted him into a private Apartment, and of which he himself closed the Doors; and desiring him to be seated, he begged him to explain himself without Fear. *Thacmene* looking fixedly upon him — Have you any Knowledge, said he, of a *Tartarian* of *Tangut*, named *Zingis*? Oh Heaven! cried the *Lama*, do I know him! Alas! my Lord, but too well

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well for my Honour and my Repose: He was one of the Generals of *Camoucham*: He was the Person whom that barbarous King employed to carry off the Prince of *Thibet*, and, I own, I could never have believed him capable of such an Action: We were brought up together, and tho' we entered into different Establishments, he being the General of an Army at *Tangut*, and I the High Priest at *Thibet*, we still preserved the strictest Friendship for each other, till the fatal Moment of his treacherous Enterprize, since which I have never heard from him.

And if *Zingis* had saved the Prince of *Thibet*, resumed *Thacmene*, and conveyed him from the Fury of *Gaioubcam*, would you see him again with Pleasure? Doubt it not, my Lord, returned the *Lama*, not only I should see him with Joy, but I would endeavour to procure him the Clemency of the King. But, valiant Stranger, that is what is scarce possible to believe, since, if *Zingis* had preserved the Prince, nothing could have prevented him from restoring him, especially after the Death of the King of *Tangut*, and the Rewards our Monarch had promised to whoever should bring him back. Yet nothing can be more true, resumed the young *Persian* coldly, and it is wholly owing to his Cares, and to his generous Compassion, that you now see in the Stranger *Thacmene*, *Zulimazin*, Prince of *Thibet*. As he finished these Words, the Prince discovering his left Side, offered to the View of the *Lama* that marvellous Arrow which Nature had imprinted upon his Breast.

Never

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Never Surprise was greater than that of the *Lama*, nor ever Transports of Joy more violent: He had scarce cast his Eyes upon that Object, when he fell at the Feet of *Zulimazin*, and taking his Hand which he kissed with Ardour, and watered with his Tears — Oh my Prince! cried he, oh my Master! do I then see you, and shall I go down to the Grave with the pleasing Satisfaction of having once paid my Homage to you! This young Prince, confused at the excessive Submission of the *Lama*, for whom the Kings of *Thibet* have always the greatest Veneration, obliged him to rise, and embracing him with Tenderness — My Father, said he to him, I came not here with a Design of receiving Honours which are not due to me, but to testify my Esteem for you, to advertise you of the Return of *Zingis*, and instruct you in the Reasons which oblige me to desire you to keep him concealed in the Temple, and not to discover me.

Speak, my Lord, speak, said the *Lama* eagerly to him, and be certain of my Zeal, my Obedience, and my Discretion. Upon this Promise, resumed the Prince, learn then, my Father, that *Zingis*, after having followed the Orders of his King, and torn me from the Arms of my Nurse, at the Moment that he massacre'd her, returned with the greatest Expedition to *Tangut*: He arrived there in the Night; and as his March had been extremely fatiguing, having done in five Days what was seldom performed in ten, he left his Troops encamped near the City, into which

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which he entered alone with me in his Arms. I need not inform you that upon the Road he had the Tenderneſs and the Compaſſion of a Father for me; you may judge of that, ſince, tho' I was ſtill at the Breſt, he brought me living to *Tangut*: He went directly to his own Palace, and repairing to the Apartment of his Women, he gave me to his Wife, whom he found in the firſt Transports of Sorrow at the Death of a Son whom ſhe had loſt the ſame Day.

Zingis learning this News — Well then, ſaid he to her, dry up thy Tears, and take this Child in the Place of thine: The Death of a Son of *Zingis* may be repaired by the Birth of another; but great Princes are not ſo often born.

Then cauſing his dead Son to be brought to him, he took him, and changing the Deſign he had of reſoling himſelf before he ſaw *Camoucham*, he went immediately to the Palace. All the Court was retired, and the King in Bed: *Zingis* had him awakened, and preſenting the dead Child to him — My Lord, ſaid he to him, it was not poſſible for me to bring you the Prince of *Thibet* alive, the Fatigue of the Road has killed him, but you can be under no Apprehenſions now of his becoming the Huſband of the Princeſs. *Camoucham* took the Child, and examined him carefully; but as they then at *Tangut* knew not of the extraordinary Mark I have upon my Breſt, he made all theſe Obſervations only to be certain of my Death; at length convinced that I was ſo, he gave a thouſand Careſſes

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Careſſes to *Zingis*, promiſed him great Re-
compences, and diſmiſſed him, ordering him
to diſpoſe as he thought proper of the Body
of *Zulimazin*. *Zingis*, highly ſatiſfied that
his Artifice ſucceeded ſo well, returned to his
Wife, recommended to her to keep it the
moſt inviolable Secret, and aſſured her that I
ſhould be the Occaſion of making them per-
fectly happy. You know, my Father, that
Zingis joined to the military Art the Study of
Philofophy, and had made ſo great a Progreſs
in the occult Sciences, as to be ſurnamed the
Magician through the whole Kingdom of
Tangut; whether he had Art enough to pene-
trate into future, or that he only imagined
that having preſerved me, the King, my Fa-
ther, muſt be grateful for it, I know not,
but he had the moſt uncommon Care and
Attention over me.

But as one Crime is too often but the Fore-
runner of another, he was informed ſome
Days after his Return, by one of the Confi-
dents of *Camoucham*, that that Prince had
formed a Deſign of putting him to Death,
that he might deny with Safety the Rape and
Death of the Prince of *Thibet*. *Zingis*, who
was conſcious of the Barbarity of his Maſter,
took his Reſolution that Moment, and judg-
ing that *Camoucham* ſooner or later would
procure his Death, even if he was under the
Protection of the Grand *Cham*, or the King,
my Father, he reſolved to fly into *Persia*
with his whole Family, to educate me there
as a Prince ought to be, tho' under the Name
of

of his Son, and to wait for some favourable Event to restore me to *Caïoubcam*.

This Design was no sooner formed, but he made haste to execute it; and his Measures were so rightly took, that he found himself out of the Dominions of the King of *Tangut*, before that Monarch was so much as informed of his Departure.

Zingis arrived in *Persia* without any Accident; and as he had conveyed with him the most valuable of his Treasures, he appeared there with Splendor enough to make himself considered. It was in this Asylum that he gave himself wholly up to the Care of my Education; and when my Age rendered me capable of receiving his Instructions, he did all that was possible to render me worthy of my Birth.

As I believed him my Father, I had the most tender Attachment for him, and strove to return his Cares, by applying myself in such a manner to all that was taught me, as to be able to give him Satisfaction: He informed himself most exactly of all the News that arrived in *Persia*, of the Events of the War in *Tangut*, and instructed me in them, as Things necessary to be known, without speaking to me of the Interest I ought to take in them.

He instructed me in the military Art, the different manner of combating of all the *Asiatic* Nations, and the Policies of their Princes; and at length brought me to be capable of conducting myself properly upon all Occasions;

casions: He made me try my Valour from the Age of fifteen in the Wars against the *Ara-
bians*, where having distinguished myself so far as to let him know what he might expect from me, he declared to me my Birth, and told me the Share I ought to take in the Victory of the King of *Thibet* over that of *Tangut*; and having read to me the Manifestoes of the King my Father, which was dispersed throughout all *Persia*, I saw in it with Joy the Facility there was of making myself known by the Arrow I have upon my left Breast, which was there mentioned. Then the Desire of seeing my Country, the King my Father, and the Queen my Mother, made me eagerly press *Zingis* to depart for *Thibet*; and as he had informed me that the Princess of *Tangut* was destined to me, the Desire of judging whether I thought her worthy of making me forget the Treason of *Camoucham*, mixed with the Ambition I felt of appearing again in the Rank I had been deprived of, I gave *Zingis* no Repose till he had permitted me to leave *Persia* and repair to this Place.

He at length granted it, tho' with Difficulty, not being able himself to accompany me so soon, having Affairs in *Persia* which he was absolutely obliged to terminate before he quitted it: But having given him my Promise to wait till his Arrival before I made myself known to the King my Father, he let me depart with *Zilim* as my Attendant, assuring me that he would rejoin me in less than four Months, and that I should know his Arrival

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from the great *Lama* of *Thibet*, at whose Palace he would alight.

I shall not detain you with a Recital of my Journey; I performed it without any Accident, and arrived in this City as a *Persian* above three Months ago: I visited all the remarkable Places of it, and repaired assiduously to every Place where I might have an Opportunity of seeing the King, the Queen, and the Princess; and if I had not been informed of my Birth, the Emotions of my Heart at their Sight must have taught it me.

But the surprizing Beauty of *Kizimirca* struck me with an invincible Force: I became distractedly in Love with her from the first Moment I saw her: I followed her every where without being perceived, and my Love still increasing, I resolved to appear before her; and to succeed in that, I came to you, my Father, to conjure you to grant me an Asylum in the Temple; the rest is known to you: What I have now to instruct you in, is that I am resolved not to discover myself to the King till I have done him some important Service, or at least have proved to him that I am worthy of being his Son: Besides, I adore the Princess, I am ignorant of her Sentiments, and it is to penetrate into them that I am resolved to continue as *Thacmene* for some Time; but the Fear of *Zingis's* breaking all my Measures, obliges me to desire you to inform him of them, and to make him apprehend that my Happiness depends upon his not discovering me.

The Prince ceased to speak, and the High Priest having promised to obey him exactly, they

they parted, and *Zulimazin* returned to the Palace, where the Report being already spread abroad that *Thacmene* was to command a Body of Troops in the Army of *Caioubcam*, it had already drawn to his Apartment all the young *Tartarian* Nobility, to engage him to let them serve under him. *Thacmene*, who wished to make himself beloved by them, obtained the King's Permission; and as he desired to discipline himself those whom he was to command, he begged *Caioubcam* to consent to his Departure the next Day, in order to join the Army at the appointed Rendezvous, that he might have Time to view the Ground, and to put his Body of Troops in a Condition to distinguish themselves.

The King of *Thibet*, who, in this short Space of Time, had conversed with *Thacmene* upon various Subjects, that he might judge of his Capacity, had been so strongly charmed with his Prudence, his Policy, and his great Knowledge in the Art of War, that he had no other Regret but that of being unable to give him the sole Direction of his Army; but not daring to do that, he granted him every thing else he could demand. If that Prince's Heart had been wholly filled with Ambition and a Thirst of Glory, doubtless he must have been satisfied with his Fate; but Love, cruel Love, embittered the Pleasure he felt in being loved by *Caioubcam* to so great a degree, that he tasted it but imperfectly; and when he was obliged to take Leave of the Queen and of the Princess, he felt that something more strong than Nature made him unable to quit *Thibet* without Pain.

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The Queen received his Adieu with her Eyes bathed in Tears, without being able to imagine from whence arose the Excess of Tenderneſs ſhe felt for him: He was not leſs touched than ſhe was, but he conſtrained himſelf better. The ſame Firmneſs did not accompany him to the Princeſs of *Tangut*: She was alone with her Woman, and at that Moment ſighing for the Constraint that ſhe impoſed upon her Tenderneſs; the Preſence of *Thacmene* augmented her Agitation, and when he had informed her of the Occaſion of his Viſit, it was impoſſible for her to conceal her Emotions; the paſſionate *Zulimazin* ſeizing upon that happy Moment — I go, Madam, ſaid he to her, to ſeek out an Occaſion of rendering *Thacmene* worthy of your Remembrance, and his meriting that you ſhould condeſcend to recall to your Memory the fortunate Moment that offered him firſt to your Sight.

I have not forgot, replied ſhe, that the *Thacmene* I ſaw in the Temple is the ſame to whom the King of *Thibet* owes his Life; and if all his Actions answer to the firſt, he need be under no Apprehenſions of my loſing the Memory of them. She pronounced theſe Words with ſo much Grace, that *Zulimazin* was upon the Point of declaring his Flame; but the Fear of ſaying too much, and diſpleaſing the Sovereign of his Heart, reſtrained him; and willing to let his Affiduities and his Services procure him a favourable Reception, he contented himſelf then with the Language of his Eyes, and made no Reply to the Princeſs's Diſcourſe, but returned her the moſt
reſpectful

respectful Thanks; yet his Looks expressed his Thoughts so perfectly, and *Kizimirca* understood their Language so plainly, that she blushed at them, and the Apprehension of her answering them, in spite of herself, made her break off the Conversation abruptly, by saying she was obliged to go to the Queen's Apartment. *Thacmene* mutually understood her, and not to constrain her farther, tore himself from her, bid her adieu, and departed the same Day, accompanied by all the young Warriors of *Thibet*.

He arrived upon the Frontiers of *Tangut*, where the Army of *Caicoubcam* was assembled to wait his Orders. The General *Xara*, who commanded it, had already received them in regard to *Thacmene*, and acquitted himself with so much Zeal, by the Testimonies of Consideration that he gave him, that the young Prince conceived the most particular Esteem for him.

Xura was an old Warrior, brave, experienced, and full of acknowledged Merit: The King of *Thibet*, at the Birth of *Zulimazin*, had cast his Eyes upon this *Tartarian* to trust his Education to him, as being the most worthy of such an Employment.

Thacmene was not long without perceiving his Worth, and attached himself assiduously to follow his Instructions. *Xura*, on his side, could not behold him without loving him; and a few Days Conversation having discovered to him the amiable Qualities of that Prince, and the Extent of his Genius, he gave up his Heart to him without Hesitation: He reviewed with him the whole Army,

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communicated to him the Disposition he designed to make when he was in Presence of the Enemy, and chose out himself those who were to compose his select Body of Troops; and in all this *Thacmene* shewed so much Strength of Judgment, and gave him Advices so prudent and so solid, that *Xura* declared openly, that the young Stranger knew more than himself.

Whilst he made himself equally admired and beloved by the Officers and the Soldiers by his Sweetness, and his noble and generous Behaviour, he employed himself in exercising his Troops, who, all charmed with him, took so great a Confidence in his Courage and Management, that they unanimously wished for an Opportunity of being commanded by him; and *Gaioubcam* being arrived there, had the Satisfaction to find *Thacmene* generally esteemed. The old *Xura* spoke to him of him in the most advantageous Terms, and with an Affection that redoubled what the King of *Thibet* already had for him.

Some Days after the Arrival of this Monarch, his Spies having informed him that the Army of *Maurenaber* advanced in good Order with a Design of giving him Battle, he commanded his to decamp in order to prevent them, and seize all Advantages. I shall not enter into a Detail of the different Skirmishes which passed before the general Action, in all of which *Thacmene* discovered the utmost Prudence and Valour.

It is sufficient only to say, that both Armies having met in a vast Plain, which separates the Kingdom of *Tangut* from that of *Maurenaber*,

naher, the two Kings, equally animated, gave each other Battle. *Xura* commanded the right Wing of the *Thibetans*, a Prince of the Royal Family was at the Head of the left, and the King, *Caïoubcam*, commanded in the Center, and *Thacmene*, at the Head of his Body of Reserve, was to be every where, where he thought his Succours necessary.

The King of *Maurenaher*, who was young and full of Fire and Pride, had not disposed his in the same manner: He commanded the right Wing, one of his Brothers the left, and the most antient of his Generals was in the Center: Thus *Xura* had to encounter the King of *Maurenaher*, and the Prince of *Caïoubcam*'s Blood had the Brother of that Monarch to combat. The Battle began on the Side of *Xura*: The Attack and Defence were equally furious, and the *Tartars* of *Thibet* began to give way, when *Thacmene* hastened to their Succour: Things soon changed their Appearance at his Arrival; he repulsed the King of *Maurenaher* with an unequall'd Impetuosity, and put the *Thibetans* in a Condition of hoping for the Victory; but the left Wing not having the same good Fortune, the Prince who commanded there was killed, and the *Tartars*, thrown into Disorder by the prodigious Efforts of the Brother of the King of *Maurenaher*, were seeking their Safety in their Flight, if *Thacmene*, informed of this Disadvantage, had not immediately supplied the Place of the slain Prince.

He rallied the flying Squadrons, led them back to the Battle, and performed such surprising Actions, that the Enemies, in their
Turn,

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Turn, were forced to give way. Then the Advantage being wholly on the Side of the *Thibetans*, the King of *Maurenaher*, provoked at such an unforeseen Turn, abandoned his right Wing, and putting himself at the Head of a Body of reserved Troops, made such incredible Efforts, that he pierced into the Center, where the King of *Thibet* received him with inconceivable Valour: But the Enemy, perswaded that they should conquer, if they could either kill that Monarch or take him Captive, attached themselves to him with so much Fury, that they had already hewn in Pieces most of his People, and had him enclosed in the midst of them; when *Thacmene*, seeing the Victory certain in the two Wings of the Army, returned to the Center to support the King of *Thibet*, whom he found combating on foot, his Horse having been killed under him, and having only a very small Number of his Guards around him.

What a Sight of Horror for *Zulimazin*! and what an Increase of Fury did it not give him to see his Father in such imminent Danger! Then lancing himself upon the Enemy with a generous Anger, he pierced, killed, wounded, and at length penetrated to the Place where the King of *Maurenaher*, with his Sabre raised over the Head of *Caïoubcam*, thought himself already their Conqueror; but the intrepid *Thacmene* throwing himself between them, stopped him in a Moment, and made him turn his Rage upon him; they attacked each other with equal Fury and Courage: *Thacmene* resolved to conquer or to dye, supported by his brave *Tartarians*, pre-
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ses him, surrounds him, seizes all Advantages, and at length makes him receive Death instead of Victory.

The *Maurenaberins* no sooner saw their King fall breathless to the Ground, than their Valour slackened, and *Thacmene* having disengaged the King his Father, and bearing Terror and Affright wherever he went, seconded *Xura* so perfectly, that they hewed to Pieces the Enemy's Army, and remained Masters of the Field of Battle and the Camp of the *Maurenaberins*, which they gave as Pillage to their Soldiers. It is easy to imagine the Joy of *Caïoubcam*, but it is difficult to express it.

Those Prodigies of Valour which he had seen *Thacmene* perform, made him almost believe he must be more than Man; the whole Army was in the same Admiration, and the *Tartars* openly called him their Guardian Angel: *Xura* could not be satisfied with loading him with Praises, and never Conqueror was more universally applauded, nor with more Sincerity; but the modest *Thacmene*, far from being exalted by so much Honour, attributed the Victory entirely to the Orders of the King, the Prudence of the General, and the Valour of the *Tartars*.

Nevertheless *Caïoubcam*, who was convinced of the Truth, formed from that Instant a Design of attaching himself for ever to him with the most indissoluble Ties, by giving him a Crown and the Princess of *Tangut*; but he communicated this important Project only to the General *Xura*, in whom he placed an entire Confidence. That brave Warrior, penetrated

trated with Love and Admiration for *Thacmene*, encouraged him to follow this Resolution, by telling him that he could never do too much for so valiant and amiable a Man, who had twice preserved his Life. The King of *Thibet* having no more Enemies to encounter, and those of *Maurenaher* being no longer able to dispute the Possession of the Kingdom of *Tangut*, he divided his Army, after having given them some Days Refreshment; and having dispersed them into the frontier Posts of his Dominions, he returned to the City of *Thibet*, accompanied by *Thacmene*, *Xura*, and all the Nobility with whom he had been attended.

The *Thibetans* gave him the most joyful Reception, the Heavens resounding with the Names; and it was an uncommon Spectacle to see the King, the old *Xura*, and the young *Tartarian* Warriors point out *Thacmene* to the People, and animate them to do him Homage; never Triumph, with its most magnificent Ornaments and Preparations, could have more Pomp and Majesty than this of *Zulimazin*, notwithstanding its Appearance of Simplicity. They arrived at the Palace, thro' the redoubled Acclamations of the Multitude, and were received by the Queen, the Princess, and the whole Court, with the most excessive Transports of Joy. *Caïoubcam* presented *Thacmene* to the Queen as his Deliverer, and the only Support of his Crown; and looking upon the Princess, said, that whoever did not love that young Hero, must not expect his Friendship. The beauteous *Kizimirca*, whose Heart had a thousand times times sighed in

Secret

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Secret for the Danger of her Lover, could not see him again triumphant and covered with Glory, without discovering an inward Satisfaction; in fine, nothing was wanting to the Happiness of *Thacmene*, but to be assured he did not displease the Princess of *Tangut*.

The King of *Thibet*, then finding himself at Liberty to discover his Sentiments, loaded him with Wealth and Honour, confided in him all his Secrets, brought him into all his Councils, and never Favour could be greater, or more plainly expressed; no Favours were obtained but by his Récommendation, all Posts and Employments were for those he judged most worthy of them, and the Heart of the King was wholly his.

Three Months passed in this manner, during which *Thacmene* omitted nothing that might convince the Princess of the Strength of his Passion; and tho' she behaved to him with more Consideration than usual, she put on so haughty and so cool an Air, whenever he would have explained himself more clearly, that it was impossible for him to discover her real Sentiments: This threw him into the most dreadful Perplexity, as did also the Delay of *Zingis*, who, notwithstanding his Promise, was not yet arrived.

Whilst he abandoned himself to a thousand moving Reflections, the King of *Thibet*, who resolved to put all his Designs in Execution, without mentioning them to *Thacmene*, proposed him to *Kizimirca* as a Consort, exaggerating to her the Charms of his Person, his Valour, and the Glory he had acquired; but that too haughty Princess, who disdained to
confess

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confess her Weakness, and who continually endeavoured to surmount it, received this Proposal with a Contempt that irritated *Cai-oubcam*; the Obligations she was under to him appearing alone sufficient to have made her obey him, he quitted her with Menaces of constraining her to it; and pressed by his just Resentment, he discovered to his young Favourite his Intentions, the Rank to which he destined him, and the Contempt of *Kizimirca*.

Thacmene could not hear, without the extremest Sorrow, the Refusal of the Princess; he turned pale: *Caioubcam* perceived it, and imagining that Ambition was the Cause of it, he bid him, with the utmost Goodness, reassure himself, for if *Kizimirca* still persisted to refuse his Request, he would nevertheless crown him King of *Tangut*.

The virtuous *Thacmene*, unwilling that *Cai-oubcam* should judge so wrongly of his Disinterestedness, rather chose to confess his Love, than to leave him in an Error so unworthy of the noble Sentiments he was inspired with, threw himself at his Feet, and with a Look that strongly proved his Sincerity — I attest the Sun that lights us, said he to him, that all the Crowns upon Earth are vile to me, in Comparison with the Esteem of your Majesty; and that if I had an Ambition to possess them, it would be only to place them on your Head: Sentiments entirely different, cause the Emotion of my Heart: Yes, my Lord, continued he, I adore *Kizimirca*, and I have still loved her without Hope; I cannot hear, without dying, that she hates and despises me. The King of *Thibet*, charmed with
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this Confession, made him rise, embraced him, consoled him, and told him that since he loved the Princess, he must not despair of gaining her Heart, and commanded him no longer to make a Mystery of his Love, since it was sufficient that he approved it. *Thacmene*, thus authorized, did not hesitate to render his Flame public. His Rivals, alarmed at it, felt their Hatred increase; and *Kizimirca*, who thought she deserved other Usage, shewed only Anger and Indignation; but the Queen, more penetrating than *Caitoubeam*, not giving into this Deceit, examined her so thoroughly, that she perceived the secret Thoughts of her Soul: She informed the King, who, upon that Discovery, formed a Resolution to constrain that Princess to declare her Tenderness, and at the same time to put *Thacmene* and the whole Court to the Trial.

To this effect, he began to be less familiar with his Favourite; he afterwards appeared melancholly and silent; and several times ordered the Entrance of his Apartment to be refused to that amiable Prince. This uncommon Conduct gave him great Uneasiness; but, always submissive, he constrained himself, and let no Disquiet appear; there needed no more, however, to banish from his Levee the whole Crowd of Courtiers, this apparent Disgrace setting them at Liberty to follow their Inclinations; every one shewed themselves without Disguise, and were immediately more eager in finding out his Defects, than they had been in paying their Court to him.

Xura alone appeared still the same; and unable to suffer a Man, to whom the whole Kingdom owed so much, to be used in this manner,

he spoke of it to the King with a noble Boldness; but he was extremely surprized when that Prince answered him coldly, that he had Reasons of Importance for acting thus, and that he commanded him to go and seize *Thacmene*, and convey him into the Tower of the Palace.

Xura, distracted with Despair, threw himself at his Feet, and watering them with his Tears, begged him not to be guilty of a Thing so injurious to his Honour, as ruining that amiable Warrior; that he chose rather to die than to hear his King taxed with such Ingratitude, and that he conjured him to take his Head rather than command him to do such an Action. The brave *Xura* accompanied these Words with so many real Marks of Sorrow, that *Caioubcam* could no longer resist, and throwing his Arms around his Neck — You are the only Man, oh *Xura*! said he to him, that has deserved the Esteem of your Sovereign, and I return Thanks to Heaven for its having given you Sentiments so different from this vile Race of Courtiers, who know no Deity but blind Fortune: Then discovering to him his Design, he conjured him to serve him in it, and to keep it secret.

Let us try, said he to him, the Princess of *Tangut*, and find out, without Disguise, the Heart of my *Thacmene*; we have tried him in Battles and in Prosperity, let us now try him in Misfortune; let us see with what Courage he can support his Disgrace. He who is seen firm in Adversity, is truly worthy of being happy; and whoever in that fatal Moment knows how to command himself, is alone capable of reigning.

Xura, whose Fear prevented him from approving

proving this Maxim, did all that was possible to dissuade him from his Design, but not being able to succeed, and being thoroughly assured by *Caioubcam* that it was only a Stratagem, he consented at length to do what he desired; and at the same Instant repairing to the Apartment of *Thacmene*, he declared to him the King's Commands, and the Regret he felt at being charged with this Commission.

Zulimazin, astonished at such a Treatment, considered a Moment to examine what could be the Cause of it; then immediately looking on the Warrior with the calmest Air — Brave *Xura*, said he to him, I am not conscious of any Guilt; but as I have given my Blood and my Life to the King of *Thibet*, they are no longer mine, he is the Master of them, and I still look upon it as an Effect of his Goodness that he commands me to yield up my Arms to none but the valiant *Xura*. At these Words, delivering his Scymetar to him, he let himself be conducted to the Tower without shewing the least Concern. The old *Tartarian* admir'd, in secret, this unshaken Greatness of Mind, and quitted him more in Love than ever with his steady Virtue. The Relation he made of it to *Caioubcam*, drew from him Tears of Joy; but he soon concealed them from the Eyes of his Courtiers, who came in Crowds to his Apartment, upon the Report that was spread about, that *Thacmene* was a Prisoner, and that he would be sentenced to Death.

The King of *Thibet*, to sound their Opinions, appeared extremely irritated against him; and his hidden Enemies then discovering themselves, were prodigal of all the odious

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Accusations their Envy and Malice could invent: Some said he was a Spy of the King of *Persia*; others, a Man of base Extraction, who, by a kind of attracting Mien and Behaviour, hoped to raise himself to the highest Fortune; and all united in concluding, that it was surprising that a Prince, so prudent as *Caioubcam*, should so hastily grant his Favour to this Unknown.

That Monarch hearkened to all their Discourses without making them any Answer, but with so great a Contempt for those that held them, that he stood in need of the utmost Diffimulation not to punish them upon the Spot. But how different were the Sentiments of *Kizimircæ* from those of these base unworthy Flatterers! Her Love, which had been obedient to her all the Time of *Thacmene's* Elevation, became her Sovereign when he was fallen; her Haughtiness vanished at the Danger of this illustrious Lover; the Unknown, the Stranger, the Favourite of *Caioubcam*, disappeared from her Sight, and she saw only *Thacmene* innocent, *Thacmene* persecuted, betrayed by Men and Fortune, and above all, *Thacmene* amiable, tender, respectful, and worthy of being preferred to the greatest Prince. This generous Princess, struck with Sorrow, no sooner heard that he was seized, than she flew to the Feet of the Queen to implore her Protection to the King.

The Queen, who was in the Secret, answered her coldly, that she had already spoke of it, but that he was inflexible. And what! replied the Princess in Tears, that Warrior whom you esteemed so much, this Stranger for whom you felt the Tenderness of a Mother, can you let him

him perish with so much Tranquillity! My Sentiments, returned the Queen, are not more surprizing than your's: I loved *Thacmene* when the whole World admired him, and you take his Part when all abandon him. The King, who entered at that Moment, seeing *Kizimirca* all in Tears, enquired the Cause of it, and appeared extremely surprized when the Queen had informed him; but the beauteous Princess of *Tangut* approaching him, and pressing his Hands tenderly — My Lord, said she to him, if you ever loved me, grant me *Thacmene's* Pardon; his Virtues have created him more Enemies than Admirers: If he is accused, it is falsely; I am too conscious of his Greatness of Soul not to believe him innocent.

Caioubcam, who looked attentively upon her, and saw the Excess of her Grief, was willing for some Moments to punish her for her former Diffimulation — And how! my Daughter, said he to her; you despise him, you cannot suffer his Presence, and yet you plead for him! You defend his Cause, and you tremble for his Life! What can have caused such a Change? I must know it, and will grant no Request but upon these Terms.

Well then, my Lord, resumed the Princess, I love *Thacmene* unfortunate, without Support, and without a Friend; and if to save him I must give up all my Pretensions to the Crown of *Tangut*, and even my own Life, I shall not hesitate a Moment.

I am sorry, said *Caioubcam* to her, that you did not discover these Sentiments when I proposed him to you as a Husband; *Thacmene* would have been still innocent, you would have

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been happy, and I should not have been forced to put him to Death. What! my Lord, cried *Kizimirca*, will you refuse me his Pardon! It is no longer in my Power, replied he, he must dye.

The beauteous and tender Princess then embracing his Knees, conjured him, entreated him, and at length finding it was impossible to move him, she only begged Permission to see this unfortunate Stranger. *Caioubcam* feigning an Unwillingness to consent to it, at length permitted her; and *Kizimirca* dreading, lest he should retract that Favour, repaired immediately to the Tower, accompanied only by two of her Women.

Whilst she went by the usual Way, the King of *Thibet* repaired thither with *Xura* through a private Communication, and having placed themselves where they could hear all that passed, without being perceived, they saw the Princess enter the Chamber of *Thacmene*, who, struck with that unexpected Sight, cried out — Oh Heavens! what Design, adorable Princess, can conduct you hither! That of dying with thee, replied she, and giving thee at least the Consolation of knowing that *Kizimirca* never despised thee, and that the Pride of her Birth alone forced her to conceal the Impression thy Merit had made upon her: *Caioubcam* has resolved thy Death; I have used my utmost Attempts to soften him; nothing would move him, and I come to share thy Fate. Great Gods! resumed *Thacmene*, transported with Love and Joy, can there be a happier Destiny than mine! Oh Princess! continued he, throwing himself at her Feet, what an Excess

Excess of Virtue do you disclose to me at once! What! does the Fear of my Death procure me so transporting a Confession! Ah! have no Apprehensions for my Life; since I don't expire with Joy at this happy Moment, my Life cannot be in Danger. No, *Thacmene*, said the melancholly Princess, flatter not yourself; I love you, it is true, but you must perish; I know the King, his Resolutions are not to be shaken; the whole Court is against you; and those who adored you in your Height of Fortune, now charge you with a thousand Crimes. I, alas! I alone, dare to depend upon your Innocence; my Heart assures me of it, and flatters itself it thoroughly knows yours, and could not have been subdued by a Passion for a Man unworthy of creating it.

Ah! it is too much, interrupted the happy *Thacmene*, let *Caioubcam* dispose of my Life as he pleases, my Death will be too glorious not to be desirable. But, divine Princess, reassure yourself, the King is just and virtuous; obtain from him for me Leave only to be heard before all his ungrateful Court, and I will prove my Innocence with so much Lustre, upon whatever Accusations may be imputed against me, that my Enemies themselves shall fall at my Feet covered with Shame and Remorse. The Princess felt some Surprize at the Assurance of *Thacmene*; but whilst she endeavoured to find out what Method he had to confound his Enemies, the King of *Thibet*, satisfied with what he had heard, immediately quitted the Tower, and returning with *Xura* to his Apartment, where all the Courtiers were assembled, he aloud commanded that antient Warrior to bring *Thac-*
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mené into his Presence. *Xura* obeyed; and every one believing that *Caioubcam* would then pronounce the Sentence on him, whose Glory had given them so much Envy, they waited with Impatience for the Moment when they might insult over his Misfortune.

The Queen, instructed of what was to succeed, repaired immediately to the King's Apartment; and some short Time after, they saw *Thacmene* enter, accompanied by *Xura* and the Princess of *Tangut*, who would not quit him, resolving to follow him even to the Grave, if her last Efforts could not obtain his Pardon.

Thacmene, disarmed and conducted as a Criminal, appeared before the Eyes of his Enemies with an Air of Majesty that disconcerted them; but *Caioubcam* still augmented their growing Confusion, when advancing to his Favourite, and spreading open his Arms to receive him — Dear *Thacmene*, said he to him, excuse the Artifice I have made use of to know at once the Greatness of thy Soul, the Sentiments of *Kizimirca*, and those of thy Rivals; I have never ceased to love thee: My Heart has no Suspicion, no Accusation against thee; and to prove my Sincerity, receive from my Hand that of *Rezimirca* and the Crown of *Tangut*: That Princess can no longer refuse thee, after this Confession of her Tenderneſs: Her Honour and her Repose are both too strongly interested, and I cannot punish those that envied thee more, than by raising thee to a Rank which must force them to pay thee Homage.

The Astonishment of the Courtiers at this Discourse was inconceivable, and the Princess of *Tangut* could not restrain her Blushes at being

being deceived in so extraordinary a manner. But *Thacmene* gave them no Leisure to reflect upon this Event; throwing himself at the Feet of *Caioubcam* — I can never, my Lord, said he to him, return you suitable Thanks, nor enough admire the Prudence of your Designs; yet, my Lord, to judge with Certainty of *Thacmene's* Soul, you must know him thoroughly; triumph over your Indignation against so many brave Men, and let their Blindness excuse their Fault: They beheld in me only a Stranger, an Unknown, who by some few Services had, on a sudden, snatched from them the Heart of their Sovereign, and who was alone loaded with all those Favours which they thought they had deserved by so many Years of Zeal and Attachment. They were ignorant, my Lord, that it was not to my weak Virtues that I owe your Goodness, but to the invincible Power of Blood and Nature that forced you to love the happy *Zulimazin*, under the Name of the unknown *Thacmene*.

Then discovering the fatal Arrow, the Apartment resounded with these Words: It is the Prince! It is *Zulimazin*! Oh my Son! Oh thrice happy King! Oh fortunate Queen! These redoubled Acclamations were accompanied with the most lively Transports in *Caioubcam* and the Queen his Consort; they held *Zulimazin* in their Arms with such Raptures of Joy and Tenderness, as those alone who have felt them are able to conceive.

The Courtiers confused, and struck with Dread and Surprise, prostrated themselves with their Faces on the Ground, to implore the Clemency of *Caioubcam*; and the Prince of
Thibet

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Thibet judging of their Inquietude — It would be unjust, my Lord, said he to the King his Father, that this important Day should not be a Day of general Rejoicing to all your Subjects; I have cost them already too many Tears, for them to shed more at the acknowledging me as their Prince, and I will never quit the Feet of your Majesty, till you have promised me to forget for ever that they once dared to make me the Subject of their Hatred. For you, generous Princess, said he to *Kizimirca*, whose Tears and Silence plainly expressed her Joy and Tenderneſs, dispose of the Fate of *Thacmene* and *Zulimazin*, both are subject to you, and will disdain all Crowns if your Heart does not accompany them.

It is no longer Time, my Lord, answered she tenderly, to dispute with you either my Heart or the Crown. I love the valiant *Thacmene*, I love and I respect the illustrious *Zulimazin*.

As she finished these Words, they saw the great *Lama* of *Thibet* enter precipitately, followed by a venerable old Man, who advancing to *Caioubcam* — Suspend your Sentence, my Lord, cried they, *Thacmene* is your Son, the *Tartar Zingis*, whom you behold here, preserved him; and your Subjects alarmed at the Fate prepared for this young Warrior, whose Birth they are yet ignorant of, are ready to fall upon the Guards to preserve him from your unjust Anger.

Cease, my Father, replied the King to him, cease to be alarmed; the Prince has made himself known, and if he had not, his Life was not in the least Danger. Then *Zulimazin* embracing

bracing *Zingis*, presented him to the King, and easily obtain'd his Pardon in favour of the noble Education he had given him. This venerable *Tartarian* informed *Caïoubcam* of those Adventures which *Zulimazin* had before related to the *Lama*, and finished his Discourse by saying, that a dangerous Illness having obliged him to retard his Journey, he arrived at *Thibet* but that Morning, when the High Priest and himself being informed of the Danger of the Prince, and the Tumult of the People, they had flown with the utmost Haste to perswade his Majesty from a Crime, which he could not have been guilty of but through Ignorance, and the obstinate Silence of *Zulimazin*.

That young Prince confessed the Reasons of Love and Glory which had obliged him to conceal himself so long; and *Caïoubcam* disclosed to the View of the whole Court those which he had for his late Action; and as, by this Eclaircissement, he made known to the Prince the sincere Affection of *Xura*, he expressed his Gratitude for it by the tenderest Marks of Esteem and Consideration.

In the mean time, the tumultuous Multitude making their Cries resound even to the Apartment of the King, that Monarch taking *Zulimazin* by the Hand — Come, said he to him, come, my Son, let us shew my Subjects that they are as ignorant of the Sentiments of their Sovereign as they are of the Birth of *Thacmene*. At these Words, followed by the whole Court, they repaired to a long open Gallery which surrounded the Palace, and opened into the great Square of the City, where all the Multitude were gathered, together with the
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young Warriors who had fought under the Command of *Thacmene*: At his Sight they gave a thousand Cries of Joy, and held out their Arms as if to conjure him to come and join them; but the King having imposed Silence, related to them in few Words, the Event of that glorious Day; and discovering himself the left Breast of *Zulimaxin*, they redoubled their Cries and Acclamations, showering a thousand Benedictions on the *Tartar Zingis*, and laying down their Arms, they separated, to let their Satisfaction break out in Feasts, Sports, and all the Rejoicings customary to their Nation upon such Occasions. These were still farther augmented some few Days after by the Marriage of *Kizimirca* with *Zulimaxin*, the Ceremony of which was performed with all imaginable Magnificence. *Caioubcam* obliged *Zingis* to recal his Family, and to establish himself in *Tibet*, where the Gratitude of *Zulimaxin* raised him to the highest Employments.

The Courtiers ashamed of their Error, and penetrated with the Generosity of the Prince, strove to repair their Fault, by their Zeal, their Attachment, and their Fidelity.

Zulimaxin would never consent to take the supreme Authority in the Kingdom of *Tangut* during the Life of his Father; but after his Death he possessed the two Crowns with more Glory than any of his Predecessors. The beauteous *Kizimirca* had never any Rival to fear: Her Love was extreme for her illustrious Consort, and was recompenced with a Constancy equal to her own. Their Reign over the *Tibetans* and *Tangutans* raised them to such a Height of Felicity and Honour, that they still preserve a tender Remembrance of the Names of *Thacmene*, *Zulimaxin*, and *Kizimirca*.

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